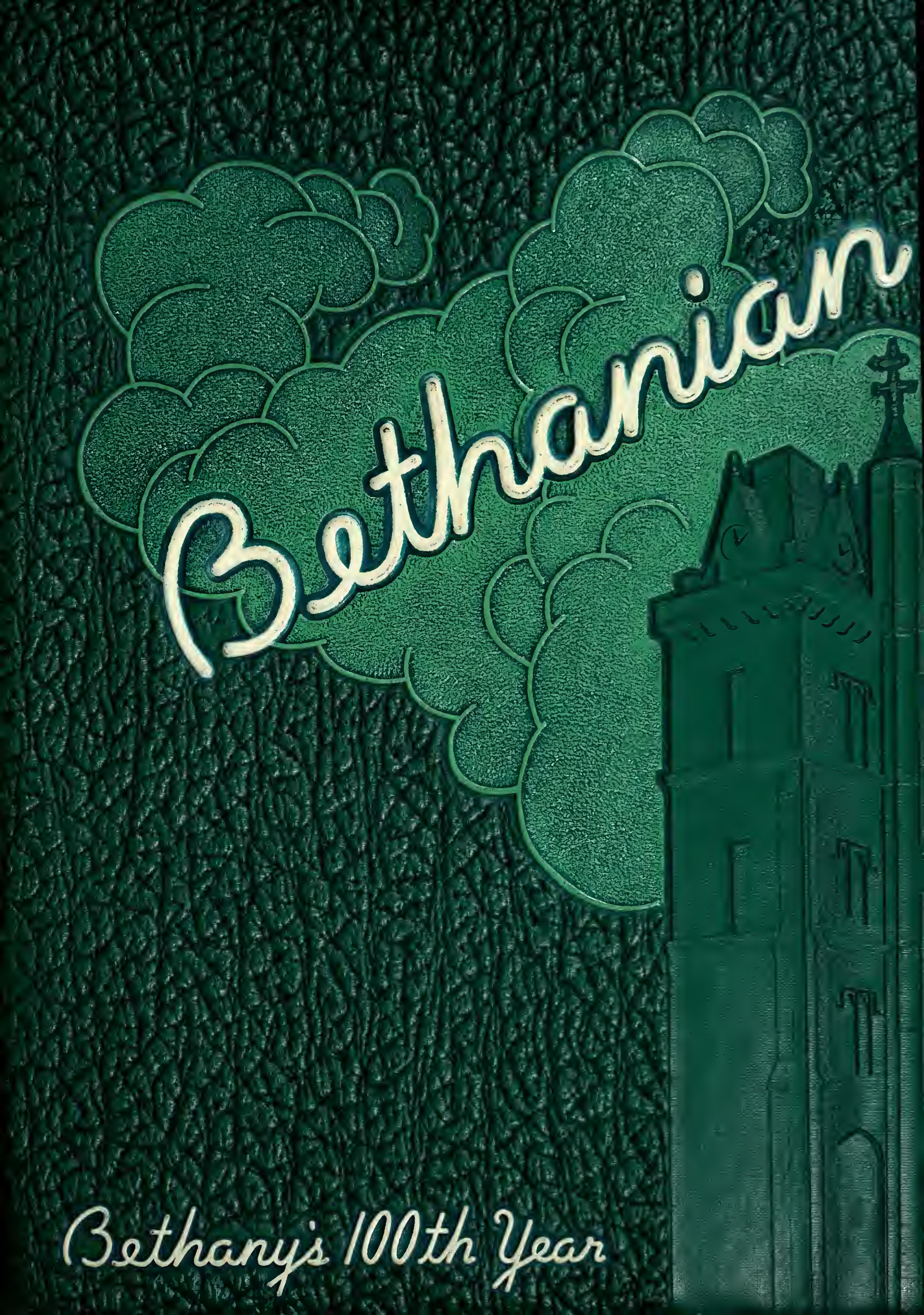
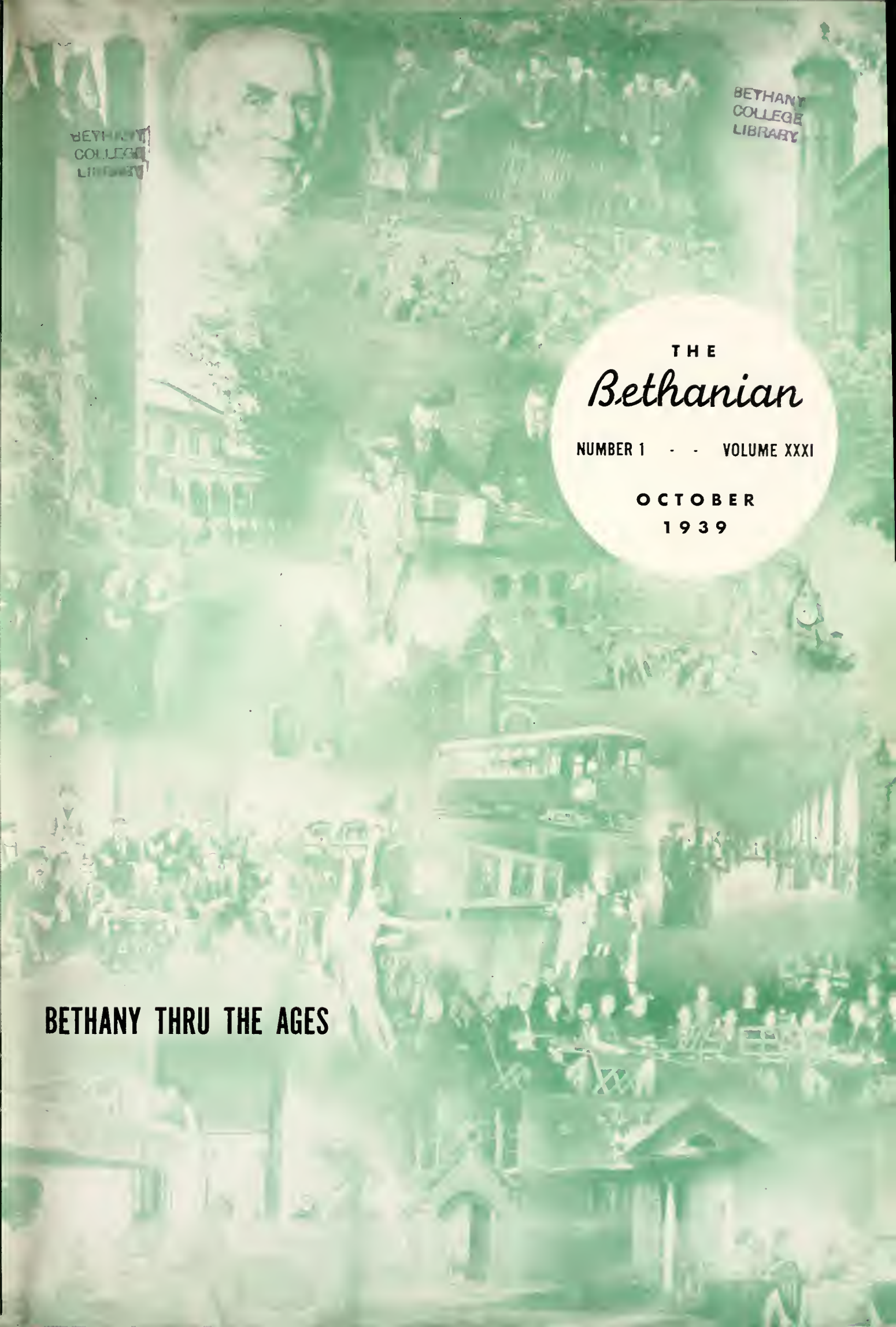




Bethanian

Bethany's 100th Year



BETHANY
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

BETHANY
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

THE
Bethanian

NUMBER 1 - - VOLUME XXXI

OCTOBER
1939

BETHANY THRU THE AGES

Last year we had a revolution in our college publication. Enough Bethanians had enough American pioneer blood in their veins to forsake the beaten path for something new. Thus, the Bethanian, as a monthly magazine, came into being. This year we plan no revolution but will be satisfied with evolution. With one year of valuable experience behind us, we plan to use it as a base of supplies and plunge deeper into this unexplored collegiate journalistic field.

The *Bethanian* has a two-fold purpose. First, it will supply information concerning Bethany life and thought, that will stimulate its readers as individuals and organizations, and serve as a record like the old *Bethanian* as a year-book did. Second, it will be a means of expression for those students that are literary minded, and those interested in creative work in illustration and photography. The staff will attempt to ferret out those that have talent in writing short stories,

The "Hundred Years" have rolled—and the first hundred are reputed to be the hardest. It has been a tough hundred years. Although the years have merely rolled, Bethany has climbed. In its long climb the college has met adversity and even failure. Bacon claimed prosperity discovers vice; adversity, virtue. Andrew Carnegie said that failure should be stepping stones to success. Both were right. Bethany has virtue, and Bethany will succeed. Its traditional ideals and purposes have been the essence of strength and effectiveness. Alexander Campbell's vision is being materialized.

Another hundred years has started to roll. But Bethany must not roll, coast with the years on its past record. Bethany must continue to climb. She can not stand still, nothing can stand still; she must either climb or decline. Bethany must progress—spiritually, academically, socially and physically.

A college is made by its students. The best professors in the world, having the best equip-

ment, or any other form of creative writing. It shall try to co-operate with the Art Club and the Photographer's Club (if one is formed) to produce a well illustrated magazine.

Like last year's *Bethanian*, this year's editorial policy will not be a one-man viewpoint. It shall

try to voice the opinions of the students but only that of those students truly interested in the welfare of our Alma Mater.

We believe in the *Bethanian* as a maga-

zine. We believe in its purposes. We believe it is the best means to portray Bethany life. We believe in its future even as we believe in Bethany's future. We believe in the plan of Alexander Campbell; his "Plan of a Literary, Moral, and Religious School." We believe that the *Bethanian* should have a definite part in helping to carry out that plan. We believe that it can. With these beliefs in mind, we do not hesitate to present our magazine, the *Bethanian* of Bethany.

ment in the world would not make a college. It takes students. Good students.

It is up to us. We, the students, can make or break Bethany. We must be good students. That doesn't mean that we must merely stand high academically; but that we must be faithful

Bethanians, conscious of the fact that we must make our college not only the best academically, but the most pleasant, the most desirable institution to which to come for an

education. We can do this by being our best in athletics, extra-curricular, and social activities. We can do our best by not doing anyone of these too much or too little. Be neither the athlete who is a social bore, nor the social hound whose one feat of dexterity is balancing a teacup. Be neither the brain who can't find time to date, nor the jitterbug who can't find time to study. Find time for a well-balanced college life.

Last century belongs to the past. This century is ours. They did a good job with their hundred years. Let us do a better one with ours.

The Evolution of the Bethanian

Last Century---And This

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY
BY THE
STUDENT
BOARD OF
PUBLICATIONS
OF
BETHANY
COLLEGE

The Bethanian

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VOL. XXXI OCTOBER, 1939 NUMBER 1

EDITOR-IN-
CHIEF
BERT DECKER

* *

BUSINESS
MANAGER
GEO. PETROFF

Editor's Notes

We on this year's staff are just beginning to appreciate the time and energy spent by last year's staff. The sages said that everything comes to he who waits, but those sages never waited for *Bethanian* copy. We have been slow getting started, but make no excuses. Our only consolation is that a slow starter sometimes has a strong finish.

Two letters of advice to the freshmen are found on page eight. One was written by Miss Barbara Murray, the other by Mr. Robert Martin. It is our firm belief that the freshmen who read and heed these can never go wrong.

Miss Gail Close, a freshman, is responsible for some of the art work in this issue. Miss Barbara Murray also contributed her usual share in the same line.

On page 20 Lyle Mayne more than justifies Looie's Lunch for going Phi Tau.

Five new faculty members are pictured on page 12. We apologize for not having pictures for them all. Professor Howard W. Eves, our new mathematics professor, explained that he didn't mind being omitted, because to him the most interesting thing is an unknown quantity.

Ned Metal, Austrian-born freshman, who spent four years in English schools, explains highlights of their school system to us on page 19. It may surprise you to learn that the English Public Schools are not public schools but private, similar to our prep-schools. Not only that, they are not co-educational.

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This school year will be of double significance in the history of Bethany College, as it will mark the termination of a hundred years of educational progress, and also begin another century of existence.

Wheels have been set in motion to celebrate this centennial of Bethany College in a manner befitting its age, dignity, and traditions. The first events of the centennial celebration will take place during the Fall Homecoming, which will be held Friday and Saturday, October 27 and 28.

On October 27, the Board of Trustees of Bethany College will meet, at which meeting the final decision concerning the program for celebrating the centennial throughout the year will be made. Also, on the night of October 27, a dinner will be held to formally open the drive for \$400,000 with which the college will build the Alexander Campbell Memorial Library. This drive was approved by the Board of Trustees at its last meeting. Churches throughout the country, Alumni Associations, present students and faculty members, and also friends of the college will be asked to cooperate in the drive, which will end May 11, 1940.

The new library building, according to President W. H. Cramblet, will probably be located on the campus between Oglebay Hall and Gateway Hall, and will be built to carry out the Gothic Architectural theme of the other buildings on the campus. President Cramblet also stated

that the actual cost of the building would probably not exceed \$350,000, and that the remainder of the \$400,000 would be used to purchase more books for the Memorial Library.

The committee in charge of the proposed Alexander Campbell Memorial Library included: Hon. W. S.

Wilkin, general chairman; Donald L. Boyd, Alumni chairman; Archy T. Schrock, associate; W. H. Cramblet, president of Bethany College; Dean Forrest H. Kirkpatrick, publicity chairman; George C. Hettler, secretary; and George W. Williams, director.

The other members of the Executive Committee, which is made up of alumni, trustees, and friends of the college, include: R. A. Balderson, Miss Grace Bleming, Argyle Campbell, F. O. Carter, Hon. Bennett Champ Clark, Harold Cramblet, Charles V. Critchfield, James H. R.

Cromwell, Dr. L. L. Darsie, Miss Grace Dennis, Cecil B. Dodd, H. O. Evans, W. H. Fields, W. F. Frederick, Mrs. C. L. Goodwin, Mrs. Walter M. Haushalter, Dan Helphrey, Miss Gail Holliday, A. H. Hunt, Ben W. Irvin, Miss Ida M. Irvin, Ben S. Johnson, Perry Jones, Mrs. Edward L. Kemp.

Frank J. Kent, John Marshall, W. H. McKinney, Dr. J. Parke McMullen, J. C. Morris, Herschel C. Ogden, Lewis Perry, W. E.

As 'Tis Fitting

Plans to celebrate centennial of Bethany in memorial of Alexander Campbell, his ideals and his purposes.

by DELEVIN M. BARNHART

A NEW INSTITUTION.

PLAN OF A LITERARY, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS SCHOOL; OR THE UNION OF FOUR INSTITUTIONS IN ONE—THE COMBINATION OF THE FAMILY, THE PRIMARY SCHOOL, THE COLLEGE, AND THE CHURCH IN ONE GREAT SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

I AM now about to divulge to this community, to philanthropists, to lovers of good order, to the Disciples of Christ a favorite scheme deeply impressed upon my mind; long cherished, and in the establishment and supervision of it, it is probable, *if the Lord will*, I shall close all my earthly projects.

In the first place, the location must be entirely rural—in the country, detached from all external society; not convenient to any town or place of rendezvous—in the midst of forests, fields, and gardens—salubrious

This is a reproduction of the opening paragraphs of Alexander Campbell's announcement in the *Millennial Harbinger* one hundred years ago this month.

Pierce, D. M.
Price, Thomas W.
Phillips, Jr., Dr.
R. R. Renner, S.
J. Reno, Kenneth
Ressenger, John
Riddell, Paul
Schaefer, Paul
Shank, John M.
Smith, W. W.
Van Horn, Harry
Vodrey, Oliver C.
Vodrey, George
A. Waddle, Miss
Margaret Watson.
Ralph Whitehead,
and Alfred E.
Wright.



DR. W. H. CRAMBLET



W. S. WILKIN

renovated into a building of much-needed classrooms.

Another event which will take place at the Fall Homecoming will be the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the announcement of "The New Institution" by Alexander Campbell, founder of Bethany College, on October 1, 1839.

Just what disposition will be made of the present Carnegie Library building now in use on the Bethany College campus will be determined by the Board of Trustees at some future date. It was said by one administration official that it would probably be

date will be celebrated on Saturday, October 28, with students, faculty, alumni, and friends of the college participating.

On March 2, 1940, Bethany College will celebrate
continued on page 22



Reproduction of the architect's drawing of the new Alexander Campbell library

"Oh, say, young man, can you tell me something about the freshman class this year?"

The speaker was a man in his late forties of ordinary dress and demeanor. He continued:

"Are there any freshmen in Bethany? I haven't seen anyone wearing a dink yet."

The nonchalant individual whom he had addressed flicked his cigarette down through the Oglebay Gates and replied, "Sure there are. There are 168 of us. But we don't wear dinks this year."

"No dinks? We wore them. Enough girls to go around?"

The freshman grinned. "Too many. There are 93 girls and only 75 boys. There will probably be a race to see who gets dates and who doesn't."

"Pretty big freshman class," said the man.

"Yep, there are only one half as many seniors as there are freshmen, and less juniors than seniors by twelve. But the sophomores have 119."

"Where do they all come from? Pennsylvania, I suppose."

"Yep," agreed the students, "a lot are from Pennsy, but over one-fourth of the United States is represented. Thirteen states. They come from the heart of the South in Kentucky, others came from as far West as the farm lands of Indiana and Illinois. We also have some Yankees from New England. But you are right, most of them do come from the Keystone state. Seventy-three I think."

The older man

smiled. "You do have the figures down pat."

"Oh, yeah, I got them all," replied the freshman. "West Virginia sent thirty. Even New York, which is quite a ways away, sent twenty-four. Ohio which is only across the river sent twenty-two. New Jersey sent six, Connecticut sent half

that many, while Kentucky, Massachusetts, Indiana, and Illinois each sent two. There is also one from Michigan, one from Maryland, and one from Virginia."

"Were there any exchange students sent from abroad?"

"No, unfortunately not," smiled the freshman. "We were supposed to get three of them, one from Germany, one from France, and one from Peru, but this war in Europe has made it too dangerous to travel. I guess that it has disrupted the whole exchange system because some of our graduates who were supposed to go abroad as exchange students have not been able to do so either. Perhaps if England accepts Hitler's peace terms we might get those exchange students here by the second semester."

"Let's hope so. Say, you sure have a lot of information at your finger tips. Are all the boys as smart as you?" asked the alumnus.

"Huh," grunted the freshman, "I should say so. Smarter. And the girls are smarter than they are. There are eleven girls who were members of the National Honor Society, but only nine boys made it."

The Freshmen Flock In

One Hundred and sixty-eight Freshmen in Bethany. Thirteen states represented.

by ARCHIE CONN
and E. F. BROWN



This is not trick photography; just twins coming to Bethany

"Yes, but there are more girls than there are boys," protested the alumnus.

"Yeah, that's true," agreed the freshman, "but three of those girls were valedictorians of their graduating classes, and two were salutatorians. There wasn't one boy that was either of those."

"Well, the boys beat them in sports anyhow."

"Well, perhaps," said the student. "There are fifteen freshman boys who played high school ball out for Bethany's team, and there are quite a few who were on high school cross-country teams that will help our team there, but although twenty percent of the freshman class played basketball in high school, twenty-eight of that forty freshmen were girls."

A bevy of chattering girls climbed up the Oglebay Gates steps and with the usual cheery Bethany 'Hello' continued up the walk towards Phillips Hall.

"Good looking girls," commented the alumnus. "You wouldn't find any better looking ones in Hollywood. By the way, are there any prospective Helen Hayes or John Barrymores in the class? And how about operatic talent? Any Carusos?"

"From the blood-curdling yells that well up from certain parts of this campus it seems quite unlikely that any Metropolitan Opera material will be found, but about fifteen girls and ten boys have had experience in singing and quite a few of them show promising talent. But we have a lot of instrumentalists. At least thirty-five boys and girls played some sort of instrument in their high school band or orchestra. Some of them are really good too. Incidentally there are eleven freshmen on the Bethany band. That is over one-third of the whole band. And there are eight freshmen in the choir."

"You forgot the dramatic talent."

"That's right. Well, about twenty-four of the freshmen did work of some sort in dramatics in high school."

"What have you been doing since you got here? Have they kept you busy?"

"And how!" said the freshman strongly. "These placement tests are well named. They sure placed me behind the eight ball. I never saw so many tests."

"You didn't just have tests, did you?"

"Oh, no, we had informal parties and receptions. They finished up Freshman Week with a reception held up at Pendleton Heights, Dr. Cramblet's home. That gave the freshmen a chance to meet their instructors informally and try a little apple-polishing before their classes started."

continued on page 23

1. Dorm Dwellers trudge trunks. 2. Bevy of freshmen girls inspect the town. 3. Bethany bound with bonnets and bundles. 4 From near and far. In this case, the Heights and England.



Most important topic of the day is war. Most bombarded people with war propaganda and accusations of "muddleheaded thinking and lounge lizard complacency" are American college students. If the daily bushel of "news" releases to the *Bethanian* and Student Board of Governors from "a German student", anti-neutrality societies, and the like is any indication, it would seem that European interests are trying to pinch the American student by the nose, and carry him into a propagandistic woodshop to have his mind whipped into shape for the great day when United States gets an invitation to play sucker again.

Conscientious undergraduates find themselves in so much of a quandry as to what they ought to believe, that they begin to apply Marjorie Hillis' *Live Alone and Like It* advice to the war situation or else set up "committees for the investigation of America's mind-ing its own business in the German situation". Students develop a definite "ho-hum" to be used in ignoring foreign atrocities. Significant is this remark in a student newspaper of Kansas State Teacher's College in Emporia: "We support nothing. We are against everything. We do not feel that we have sufficient information to justify anything, especially effort."

When confronted by such an attitude of dramatized non-intervention on the part of students, Dr. W. K. Woolery, head of the department of history, boils, (that is for Dr. Woolery). "United States has come of age," he says. "We must assume an intelligent interest and concern over foreign affairs. It is

true that we know little of what is going on in Europe today. The people of Europe, leaders of state included, are not even sure of what is happening. But the college student can study the war in light of what has taken place in the past and arrive upon a fair interpretation of contemporaneous events," continued Dr. Woolery. "That is why history courses at college assume such importance today."

This opinion was reiterated by Dr. Chandler Shaw, professor of history. "If we evaluate properly the war incidents of today we must have the background which history gives us — particularly of the last century. Both the courses in Modern European History and International Relations Since 1933 offered this year give such a background.

According to both Dr. Shaw and Dr. Woolery no attempt is made to indoctrinate students with "professors' views." No professor is sure enough of the actual events to assume a position which he might wish students to adopt as their own. "Any history professor recognizes the danger of drawing historical parallels or analogies," explained Dr. Shaw.

Many history departments in American colleges have, since 1918, become "little more than propaganda for the League of Nations, collective security, collaboration with Great Britain and France, or some kind of regularized intervention by the United States Government in foreign controversies," as Charles A. Beard charges in a recent *Harpers Magazine* article, Dr. Woolery was reminded.

"I do not believe that Bethany's history de-

We Support Nothing

Dr. Woolery and Dr. Shaw interviewed. Bethany's history department attempts to teach unbiased facts and lets students draw own conclusions.

Bethanians should assume an intelligent interest and concern over foreign affairs.

History background necessary for proper evaluation of war incidents.

by KENNETH UNDERWOOD



The author, a senior and ex-editor of the *Bethanian*.

partment has been guilty of such one sidedness," asserted Dr. Woolery. "Even now, the German justification, as well as the English is being taught here."

The intelligent student of European affairs will read everything he can from good books such as Van Paassen's *Days of Our Years*, or Vincent Sheean's *Not Peace But the Sword*, to such authoritative magazines as the well written *Foreign Affairs*, and the opinionated *New Republic*, suggested Dr. Woolery.

"What are your own convictions on the war crisis?" was the last question put to Dr. Woolery by one who was aware, at least, that convictions arrived at after years of study and observation are not to be explained in a few statements.

"The answer to war is the use of common sense. Not subterfuge. Not power politics. Nations which have, must give to those which have not. What are the ends to such a war as this? Poland cannot be maintained independent," Dr. Woolery said. "If you want a complete statement of my views, you'll find them in the article I mentioned before. It's Charles A. Beard's titled 'Giddy Minds and Foreign Quarrels' in the September *Harper's*. I'd sign my name to it, all except the last section in which Beard criticizes Walter Lippman for his demand that America assume her natural responsibilities as a world power."

For the remainder of the space allotted us, suppose we turn then briefly to Beard's article. From 1783 to 1890, United States kept out of European troubles, and there were plenty of troubles, according to Mr. Beard. But with the entrance on the national scene of such men as A. T. Mahan, Teddy Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Albert J. Beveridge, a new doctrine of imperialism appeared in which America was

expected to plunge into every European dispute for the sake of enlightening barbarians and spreading democracy. At the end of the World War United States decided that the loss of life and repudiated war debts did not balance the joy of playing savior.

During the first years of the Roosevelt era, domestic troubles kept the government men busy. When the alphabet soup turned into poor fare for a hungry nation, the Roosevelts turned an inquisitive eye to South America where they tried to teach our democratic way of life to a continent of which three-fifth of the people are now under dictatorships.

In the east we hung on to the Philippines, which Beard terms the Achilles' heel of United States; meanwhile refusing to recognize the war in China as a war, but selling Japan one-half the munitions she used in China.

A month after the election of 1936, won on a platform of neutrality among other things, the Roosevelt administration, says Beard, in violation of international law and U. S. neutrality, passed a bill placing an embargo on munitions to the loyalist government in Spain, which was fighting fascist domination.

In January, 1938, the White House, not the navy (for the navy, according to Admiral Leahy, had adequate forces to protect the Western hemisphere) demanded an enormous increase in naval outlay, presumably for an "European bound navy." With these and other definite examples cited by Beard, of United States meddling into European incessant quarrels, it would appear that America is getting closer to becoming victims of the foreign malestrom.

According to the July 4th *New York Times*, the president asserted in an interview that "prevention of war in all parts of the world was the first policy of his administration."

continued on page 22



DR. WILLIAM KIRK WOOLERY
Provost and Professor of History
and Political Science



DR. CHANDLER SHAW
Assistant Professor of History



Letters from home

Dear Son: Your entry into college is so momentous an event in our lives that I feel I want to write you a few words of advice.

We here at home have a great stake in your future. If it is happy and successful your mother and I will be content, for it will fulfill our hopes and dreams and justify the years of struggle and planning and the sacrifices we made that you might have the opportunity for higher education.

From now on, you are largely on your own. How well you adjust to your new environment and what you learn will determine how successful you will be in later life. College offers you three things: Knowledge, friends, and a chance to develop some "skills."

Starting with the latter I urge you to take part in extra-class activities, if they bring you pleasure. Determine for yourself which activity has most value and interest for you. Then go out and give it everything you have. Don't attempt to be in everything. Do one thing well and others will follow naturally.

If you attain prominence in activities or athletics, drink gladly of the joy it brings; but remember that, four years from now, there will be no one on the campus to whom your name will mean anything. Even the great are soon forgotten.

Don't hold your professors in awe. Cultivate friendships with members of the faculty.

Finally, always remember that the primary purpose in going to college is to get an education. If you finish your four years of college without having developed a love for learning and acquired an intellectual curiosity these years will have been a failure. "If a man empty his purse into his head, no one can take it from him." Remember this.

As ever, Dad.

Dear Daughter: So you're really at college. Certainly, it should be one of your greatest experiences. Dad and I know that you'll be true to our hope.

All that we ask is that you be true to yourself, that you make yourself the finest, broadest, most thorough, and most thinking individual possible. You will find it easy to slip into the habits of those around you, and, if their habits are what you sincerely want, then slip. But first, take a little time out to think. Don't be afraid to be yourself — people are thankful for an individual.

You asked about joining a sorority. If you will be happier, dear, Dad and I say, "Go ahead." But if you join a sorority, we want you to keep open-mindedness and tolerance. Don't build a barbed-wire fence around your sorority sisters, or pin a "No Trespassing" sign on your heart against other friends.

Become interested in campus activities, but not to the exclusion of the wider world around you. Read a newspaper and some current literature. Keep in touch with the world.

Take care of your health. Don't burn yourself out now; you don't want to feel like an old woman when you graduate.

You'll acquire poise, and lose self-consciousness when you think of other people's happiness first. Charm and personality spring from your consideration and thoughtfulness. You'll find these by thinking first of others, rather than trying to play the lead yourself.

Your loving Mother.



The rural delivery

Freshmen! I ask you a favor! Won't you stop for a moment—only a small moment—it's all I ask—and remember the forgotten man, the upperclassman. He's right here among you— so, someday, take a look around you, in chapel, say. Behold him—sitting there. Take off your dinks and place them over your hearts for the small moment I mentioned. It's the decent thing to do.

It may surprise you to hear that such an animal as the upperclassman exists, but he does. Statistics and the Admissions and Personnel Office have told us there are, enrolled in Bethany, 119 sophomores, 44 juniors, and 56 seniors. Amazing, isn't it?

You are 168 strong, and, I might add, self-sufficient. You have a right to feel that way, I suppose. All summer long professors turned promoters, have been chasing over hill and dale, wearing out the best products Goodrich has to offer for the pedal extremities of the automobile. Time, money, and energy has been spent in persuading you that Bethany is THE one and only college and you are THE only ones worthy of populating her halls (Gateway (to) Helwig, Phillips and Cochran). And speaking of halls, two professors were summarily ejected from their hearths and homes in order to make more room for the incoming class. The vacated houses were joined together (effect okay in spite of dire predictions) and we are now to pretend that it ain't never been no other way.

When you arrived at college, you were feted, fed. Also, tested, of course: no doubt your first inkling of your future oppression. Furthermore, you were too new and dazzling for the world worn and tarnished upperclassman. He was kept away from you, shunted off downtown to find sustenance, perhaps even forbidden entrance to town (oh drastic! and perhaps not true. Cer-

tainly, he wasn't welcome, poor soul). Then he was admitted to your sacred presences and had his turn at exulting your already sky-high ego. Remember how you came to the final and seemingly irrevocable conclusion that you were God's own gift to the world—(if we don't think so — just ask you)?

There's a lot of you, now, 168 of you THIS year. But, whether you know it or not— that THIS has a pessimistic and ominous sound. How many of you will move into that sophomore section NEXT year? Think you'll be able to fill it, my proud

Freshmen? I doubt it. Why, this year's juniors added up to 82 when they were sophomores. Lookit them now. Depression, huh? Oh, you think it can't happen here? Wait and see, babes, just you wait. We upperclassmen know what it's like—seeing our numbers decrease each year. Where do they go? Well, any number of colleges and universities have "Transfer from Bethany College" registered in their offices. Two former Bethanians are doing library work this year. Others are doing office work. Then some have gone and taken the big jump, the final blow, I mean marriage. We won't investigate the personnel of various and sundry breadlines, but we venture—uh — nothing. So, kids, take a lesson from that junior class. They've been robbed.

And also, ma frans, another small warning. Those pledge pins are anchored now. May I warn you of what is to come? Thanks. You've heard, no doubt, of pledge work? It's a combination of manual labor, ego deflation, and expense saver for the fraternities and sororities. Then there's the small matter of "Hell Week"—an interesting title. It's one of those things (quote) anything can happen (unquote). It has its place: through the years to come the meliferous tones of "Twelve o'clock—

all's well—no pirates on the Buffalo" resounding from yon Reservoir Hill, will linger in

your memories long after *sum, es, er*, etc., have long since departed. Your memories of your fraternity and sorority house will be mingled with the poignant odor of dust mops, the industrious

continued on page 21

Hail ! The Forgotten Man

**Rush week is over, the upper
classmen relax and remember---**



The author is a senior
majoring in English

by MARILYNN ROBERTS

Comes fall, comes the first *Bethanian*, and, as a natural consequence, comes a general preview of the sports situation here at Bethany. After two weeks of feeling the pulse of the campus in regards to the opinion of the student body as to how we will do this year—your correspondent has found that the ticker is going at an alarming rate, and the diagnosis would be a severe case of optimism. The only apparent remedy seems to be continuous encouragement with no sudden let-down. At this stage of the game, the general opinion is that the patient will pull through nobly.

Enough for literary flights! Let's get down to some facts as related by Coach Knight in regards to football and Coach Boettcher in regards to cross-country and the not too far distant track situation. At the time this article was written the World Series was in progress, and, as a result the writer just about wore himself ragged trying to find the above named football mentor. He finally caught Boettch when he was cornered in the barber chair having his eyebrows trimmed and his mustachio clipped, and could not escape.

We are assuming that by now everyone is acquainted with the football schedule, and if he isn't, the Moo Moo Moos will get him if he doesn't watch out. There is one new school being added to the schedule this year and two victims of last year are being dropped. Possibly a few pertinent information facts about Heidelberg, the newcomer, might fit in here, as some may not know much about her. Heidelberg College of Tiffin, Ohio, is a member

of the Ohio Conference, of which conference they were champs in 1930. We have signed a two-year contract with them and will play there next year. It is a co-educational institution with 168 women and 246 men, about the same size as Bethany. The teams dropped this year were Holbrook and Morris Harvey.

In regard to the team itself, this year there is a better attitude among the men on the field. A more determined spirit than was apparent last year exists, which is a hopeful sign. Rine Field, should the weather not make too soggy a mire of it, will be the scene of all our home engagements. No further improvements are planned as yet, although there is still considerable work to be done on the field itself. There is also planned an athletic building and running track. A couple of surprises showed up in the Westminster game. The first, which was rather expected, was the fine performance turned in by Stitt, Harris and Myers. The other, which struck

most of us like a bolt from the blue, was the fine performance turned in by the band. Dr. Weimer should be in for a back-slapping session for the organization he has turned out. May we make an aside here, we hope the good work keeps up not only for football but also for the whole year. Although nothing definite has been done as yet, Dr. Weimer was overheard in the bookstore remarking that he was working on some sort of uniform for the band. At least caps and capes. Am sorry that no further information is forthcoming, but just as the conversation began to get specific one of the new profs walked in and I lost all interest in bands, uniforms, etc.

Preview of the Bison

by ED ELSASSER

Coach Knight and Boettcher interviewed. More determined spirit among footballers. Twenty-five Frosh turn out for cross-country team.



First action on Rine Field where the Bison beat Westminster 7-0



The author



Four dependable Bison backfieldmen:—Petroff, Cormany, Jackson, and Cullison

In regards to the games yet to be played, one is really sticking his neck out and asking for it when he attempts to say anything definite. Although an attempt was made to pin Coach down to something definite, he deftly evaded the issue and made the following remark, or at last a reasonable facsimile: W. & J. is still plenty strong and rates just about as they did last year. Geneva is just about the same as W. & J., with some improvement. Fairmont indications right now are that she is not so strong, although by the time we meet her there will undoubtedly be improvement. Knight has scouted some of the others already and is making plans to take a look at the remainder before we meet them. It is too early to make any comments about basketball outside of the fact that the schedule, with one or two exceptions, is complete.

To get back to Boettcher in the barber chair before he loses every hair in his head! The cross-country team this year will lean heavily on freshman material what with the loss of McCarthy, Parker and Ryan. The two returning lettermen are Montagna and Red Ryan and the other men from last year are Cramblet, Wright, and McCord. All told to date, twenty-five frosh have turned out, but at the time of this writing there have been no "time" trials and hence there is nothing definite as to just what the story will be.

The schedule as set up now stands with Carnegie Tech on the 27th of October, Hiram on November 4, Westminster on the 10th of November and Muskingum and Ohio U yet to be arranged. Carnegie will be the toughest as they have, with the exception of one man, the same team they had last year. All the meets with the exception of Muskingum will be held here, which will be a large factor in our favor as we are granted the toughest course in this part of the country, most of the others being considerably flatter.

We have an enviable record in cross-country meets here at Bethany and a sort of self-satisfied gleam pops into Boettcher's eyes when he mentions it, for which one can hardly blame him. Even with the loss of Ryan, McCarthy and Parker the situation doesn't look so awfully bad. This year's frosh will more than fill the shoes of these men. With two undefeated seasons behind them the Galloping Bisons are looking forward confidently to a repetition of the same sort of successful season this year.

In regards to track, which can be worked on this fall, Boettch says we will feel the loss of Bob Sovetts, but that with others of last year's freshman team coming into shape the outlook is not absolutely black. Laird will take over some of Bob's specialties, but there are one or two spots,

continued inside back cover

It Is Your Team Support It

FRESHMEN ON THE FACULTY



PROFESSOR CLYDE J. CROBAUGH
Head of the Economics and Business
Department

Here they are; new members of the faculty. From the best institutions of learning in the country: Harvard, Ohio, Washington, Stanford, Chicago, Boston, Indiana, Babson, Barnard, Columbia, Virginia, and Princeton — these professors have come to Bethany to help keep Bethany "primarily an educational institution." Already they have proven that they can help make this process of edification a glorious adventure into the unknown. May they like us as much as we like them, and may they never graduate.



MISS MARGARET CARRIGAN
Head of Residence at Phillips Hall and Instructor in English. Miss Carrigan is also in charge of the social program at the college.



MISS MARJORIE HENDRICK
Faculty Resident at Gateway Hall and Instructor in Speech and Dramatics



MR. WILLIAM M. McCULLOUGH
Assistant Professor of Economics



MISS MARY ELLAN BIBBEE
Faculty Resident at Helwig Hall and Instructor in Sociology

NEWS COPY

edited by JOHN COSTANZA

● Miss Annamarie Dettinger, German exchange student at Bethany last year, recently wrote to Dr. W. H. Cramblet from her home in Biberach, Germany, saying in part:

"It was a very interesting and valuable experience to me to stay over here in such a lovely place, and to learn to know and to like the people, the country, and such a fine American College. I was especially fortunate to be at Bethany, which has shown me all the time the spirit of cheerful friendliness and the will of understanding."

Another German student, Karl Heyers, who studied at Bethany during 1936 and 1937, has written to Alumni Secretary George C. Hettler, saying he would like to visit Bethany during the centennial year, but must needs complete his studies at the University of Bonn. Since Mr. Heyer's message was written before

the outbreak of the European war, it is not known whether he is taking part in the fighting.

● Students join hands with professors in a new Bethany club created to expedite the interchange of ideas between students and faculty in friendly, informal conversations.

Named the "Gargoyles", the new organization plans to meet twice monthly at luncheon or dinner engagements. Students in the "Gargoyle" club are Caroline Butchko, Lester Raub, Donald Regier, Virginia Richardson, William Rutter, Jean Short, and Mary Jane South.

Faculty members are Dr. Florence M. Hoagland, E. E. Roberts, Rev. Dwight Stevenson, Dr. H. O. Werner, and Dr. F. K. Woolery.

● Interfraternity football, now rabidly partisan, had a compar-

atively mild birth this year. Coach Walter E. Boettcher, conducting an initial meeting with typical informality on the steps of the Main building, found only three fraternities represented.

While touch-footballers of Alpha Kappa Pi, Kappa Alpha, and non-fraternity readily ayed his suggestions, Coach Boettcher formulated plans for the league season. Maximum size of any team is nine men. Quarters are 10 minutes in length. Players must wear shoes with heelless rubber soles, to protect the turf on the new Rine field.

In the case of a tie game, Coach Boettcher and his proteges decided, a new game shall immediately be started, and the first team to score shall be declared the winner of the contest.

● Subject of much legend and of an article in last year's *Bethanian*, Milton Carlin, famed signer of bulletin board announcements, dispelled some of the mystery surrounding himself when he visited Bethany several weeks ago.

Carlin, who graduated in '37, is known to most Bethanians only as a signature scrawled on official notices. Actually he is a member of the United Press staff, in Buffalo. During his visit to his Alma Mater, Carlin stayed with Bill Marsh, of Marsh Manor.

● Acting vigorously under the new Sunday ruling, Mrs. Gibson, proprietor of the College Inn, student rendezvous, ousted three former college students from a



In spite of the rain, Bethany's Band helped open Rine Field, and cheered the Bison on to victory over Westminster. Its new leader, Dr. Welmer, is not in the picture because he is in his usual position of pun formation.

NEWS COPY cont'd

booth in which they were playing bridge.

The ex-Bethanians, Charles Hurford, Cloud Rutter, and Charles Williamson, not to be daunted by the new regulations, improvised a card table out of luggage and continued their game in front of the Inn.

- Students who berate Dean Bernal R. Weimer's wit will be silenced when they learn that the Studebaker Motor Company has purchased a Weimer cartoon for advertising purposes.

The cartoon is a picture of a centipede talking to a salesman in a Studebaker garage. The caption underneath reads:

"I dropped in to look at the new Studebaker; I've heard so much about the extra leg room in them."

Dean Weimer has previously sold humorous poems to "College Life", "College Humor", and the "Farmer's Wife" magazines.

- Dr. William H. Erskine, former assistant professor of mathematics, is now on the staff of Wright Junior College, Chicago, Illinois. Artist and promoter of the arts for the past few years on the Bethany campus, Dr. Erskine maintains a co-operative studio in Chicago with several other artists. Having studied for the past few summers at the Chicago Art Institute and the University of Chicago, Dr. Erskine has decided to spend more time at his favorite hobby, sculpturing. He has completed work on a sculptured bust of William S. Hamilton, who brought Kappa Alpha fraternity to the Bethany campus; and also

finished a plaque portraying Bethany education.

- Nonplussed when student bowlers complained that the holes in his bowling balls were uncomfortable, Leroy Strasser, proprietor of the new Bethany Bowling alleys, solved the problem by having the balls re-drilled.

Strasser boxed the wooden spheres and sent them back to the Pittsburgh house from which he bought them. Several days later the bowling balls came back, drilled so that the most fickle bowler could grasp them with ease.

- Dr. R. H. Eliassen, head of the education department, has accepted the editorship of the yearbook number of the "Open Book," publication of Kappa Phi Kappa, national professional education fraternity.

When the editorial committee of the magazine invited Dr. Eliassen to edit their yearbook,

they said they were seeking "someone who is not wholly satisfied with the present condition and who can see some frontiers in education."

Already busy drafting plans for the yearbook, Dr. Eliassen said the theme will be "New Frontiers in Education." Scheduled for release sometime in the spring of 1940, the book will be packed with reviews of developments and plans in progressive education.

- Forty-four bulging sacks of mail, the largest shipment to Bethany since 1903, flooded the local postoffice on October 3, scrambling delivery schedules on the hill and hustling Postmaster S. C. Underwood and Assistant Verna Martin.

The record mail weighed more than 1000 pounds. There were 500 pieces of first class mail, 300 pieces of third class advertising matter, 100 daily newspapers, 21 insured packages, six



Dr. Erskine's plaque portraying Bethany Education. The figure on left represents, Reading, or Knowledge from the Past; picture on the right, Thinking, or Knowledge of the Future, and the picture in the center, Acting, or Knowledge of the Present. Note Bethany tower.

News Copy cont'd

special delivery letters, and four registered letters.

"Ninety per cent of Bethany's mail comes in the morning delivery," explained the weary postmaster.

• Biggest scientific news in Bethany's one hundred years flashed out over press association wires October 18, after Paleontologist Le Roy Kay, of the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburgh, identified bones unearthed one mile west of the college as remains of a 20,000-year-old mastodon.

A steam shovel engaged in strip mining operations less than a half-mile off route 67, gouged out the first fragments late on the night of October 16. Next morning, one of the workers brought a rounded end of a bone to Professor W. J. Sumpstine.

Aroused by the six-inch diameter of the piece, Sumpstine called on Dr. Weimer. Hastily the two professors planned an expedition to investigate the find. In the afternoon Sumpstine, with students Delivan Barnhart, John Constanza, and Marvin Siegel, drove to the excavation.

Already on the scene was newspaperman George Larrimore, Wellsburg. Larrimore snapped pictures as the diggers went to work. Throughout the afternoon Sumpstine's party, reinforced several times by other

curious collegians, uncovered fragments and packed them in baskets and paper sacks.

With approximately one-eighth of the skeleton transported to the college and cached in the small biology laboratory, Dr. Weimer called R. L. Fricke, preparator at the Pittsburgh museum. Fricke and Dr. Kay hurried to Bethany, examined the fist-sized tooth, the toe bone large as a grapefruit, and announced that West Virginia's first mastodon had been found.

• It is probable that a limit will be set on the number of extra-curricular activities a Bethany college student can engage in, following discussion by the Student Board of Governors of a point system designed to prevent any one person from holding too many offices.

Backed by Dr. Florence M. Hoagland, academic adviser to women, a student committee investigating such a plan recommended its adoption. Essentially, the rating system would evaluate the worth of each extra-curricular activity in points, and a maximum allowable of such points would be set.

During the years of 1927 and 1928, the Student Board of Governors, imposed a similar ruling on students. It is believed, however, that the 1927 ruling established an allowable too high to be effective.

*Bethany Drugs
are bought at
CARSON and SCOTT
Rexall Store in
Wellsburg*

BORDEN
OFFICE EQUIPMENT
Royal Portables
STEUBENVILLE, OHIO

WELLSBURG NATIONAL
BANK

*"The keyword—
It's the Service"*

MRS. GIBSON'S
COLLEGE INN
"where students go"
PHONE 2442

White
Wet
Wash
Laundry

J. L. HALTER, PROP.

GIFTS LANDSCAPES
FUNK'S FLOWERS
for all occasions
Her favorite, my specialty
Dial 2601

*Smart college students
go to
NAY'S
for smart
College Shoes*



WHY WE CAME TO BETHANY

by

PEG HALLOCK

and

TOM COMMITTEE

PAGE SIXTEEN

Survey of Freshmen shows that they came to Bethany for individual attention. Barlow and alumni given credit for making prospective students Bethany conscious.

A survey covering the entire freshman class found there are two main reasons why it came to Bethany: first, Bethany is a small school; second, the successful "propaganda" issued by C. C. Barlow, Director of High School Relations, and the Bethany alumni.

As to the first reason— it is only natural that, from a small school, more individual attention might be expected. Classes would be less formal. The method of teaching would be changed to meet the individual requirements of the student. Large classes would be replaced by smaller ones, and a smaller group is always more conducive to study. Recitation, in all probability, would be daily; therefore, the student at Bethany must be prepared at all times, making for a more thorough preparation in each course. These are the distinct advantages of a small college over a large university.

The advertising or publicity end of Bethany College was evidently handled very well. Of every two students, one came upon the recommendation of either Mr. Barlow or an alumnus.

When an alumnus of a college recommends his alma mater to a high school graduate, she must be, in his opinion, the best place possible to obtain a higher education. Whether the alumnus took advantage of what was offered or not is immaterial; if he failed to realize fully the opportunities, he would have little or no knowledge as to the ad-

vantages of his alma mater. No alumnus would recommend an institution which he thought was not capable of producing the best for its students. The responsibility and the possibility of the student's failure would be too great. His decision would make or break the student. An alumnus must think twice before giving his recommendation.

Mr. Barlow also must be careful as to what he says and how he says it. He must represent the college factually and and truthfully. He must present each department of the college for what it is. The same holds true for the faculty members. No matter how they are represented, no matter how they are glorified and praised, if the representation is false, repercussions will be felt not only by the entering freshmen but by the faculty and administration as well. Such a misrepresentation of the college would, in time, mean only one thing—the degeneration of the college in the mind of the prospective student, eventually leading to the death of the college. However, this hypothetical case and its potential effects will cause no doubt to arise regarding the college and its administration. Mr. Barlow, in presenting the case of the college, presented it as it is, with no exaggeration, no falsification, and no orchids where orchids do not belong. The freshman class was not let astray regarding Bethany. They knew it, knew what it was like, knew its

cont'd on page 21

Bethany Dawn

Short Short Story

by E. F. BROWN

Dawn was showing in the East. A young couple, sitting dejectedly on the worn steps of Old Main, stared with unseeing eyes at the wisps of fog which the glinting rays of sun were chasing to bed.

"We can't go on like this," said the young man dully. "Here I am, unable to continue. I can't obtain any more money and I have so many bills due. Sometimes I think I'd like to chuck the whole thing overboard."

"Well, I don't know, there isn't much else," she admitted slowly. "Shall we do as we had planned? It is the last thing that we can do together."

"I know Mr. Strasser pretty well, I think he would let us have the keys to the tower," he said, now aroused and excited.

She toyed with the button of her coat before answering.

"Do—do you think we really should?" This rather hesitant. Impulsively, he took her arm and started up the steps, where they found Mr. Strasser putting out the lights that had been on all night.

"I don't think I should," hesitated Mr. Strasser in answer to their request for the key to the tower.

"Aw, come on, Mr. Strasser, just a favor. You know what I mean." The young man shifted from one foot to the other.

"Well, all right," grumbled Mr. Strasser. Here is the key."

The steps were tortuously small and winding. Their path was punctuated by weak shafts of light that filtered in through the narrow windows which appeared at regular intervals in their ascent.

Their footsteps resounded hollowly on the worn treads as they tramped their way into the



The author is a freshman majoring in Journalism.



The steps were tortuously small and winding

eerie dimness. Near the top of the steps, she said in a small, frightened voice, "I'm afraid, dear."

"Don't worry, it's going to be all right," he assured her, with an attempted air of bravado.

At the top of the one hundred and twenty-sixth step they found themselves out on the narrow confines of the stone walk that encircles the tower.

"Oh-h-h, isn't it far down to the ground," she breathed as she peered over the railing.

"It is pretty far," he admitted; somewhat taken back by the enormity and sheerness of the drop.

"Well, here we go."

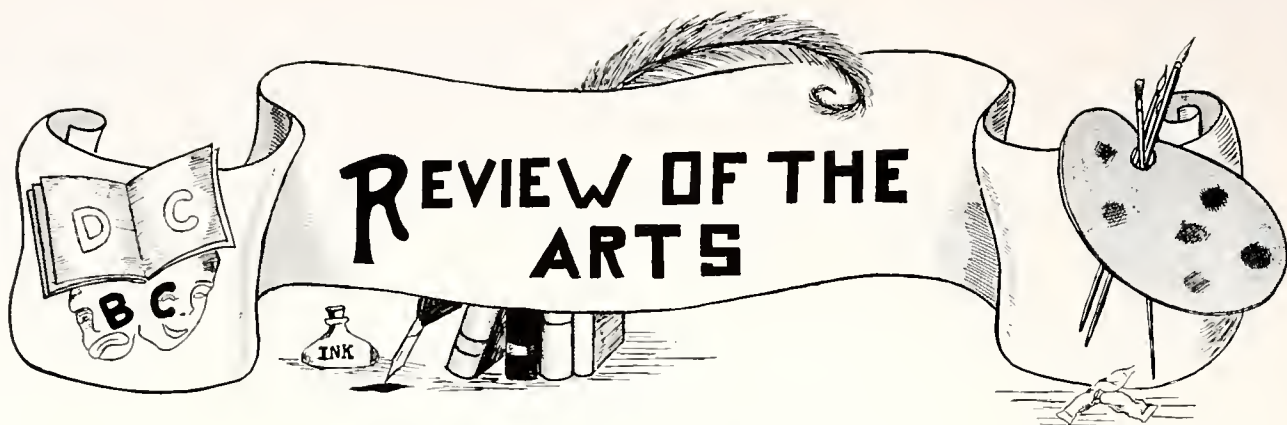
The man climbed up the wrought-iron railing. Balancing himself against the slight morning breeze, he put down his hand to help her up.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes-yes— I guess so."

"Give me your hand," he said quickly, and added, "do you want to be first?"

"No," she replied. "You take the first picture; after all, it's your camera." The end



by ROBERT MARTIN

HELEN HAYES, last seen on the stage as the queen in "Victoria Regina", put aside her royal robes for the first time in eight years and returned to the Nixon last week in "Ladies and Gentlemen", a play written for her by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Co-starred with Miss Hayes was Philip Merivale, who played opposite her in "Mary of Scotland."

"Ladies and Gentlemen" definitely is not a starring vehicle for Miss Hayes, and is not the sort of thing one would expect of her after "Victoria Regina." It is more an entertainment than a play. If the piece is remembered at all it will be because it brings Miss Hayes back to us as a fresh, modern star, for in it she demonstrates her ability as one of the stage's ablest ladies and one of its brightest comediennesses, too.

The play is concerned with 12 men and women, who are trying a screen writer for murdering his wife. Miss Hayes plays the part of Terry Scott, the sympathetic secretary of a movie Midas, who wheedles the jurors into changing their votes to acquittal.

The play abounds with choice witticisms, spread out nicely among Miss Hayes; Connie Gilchrist, the dull-witted Swedish mother; Joseph Sweeney, the burial magnate; George Watts, the owner of a faithless wife; Pat Harrington, the practical joker; William Lynn, the beleaguered sheriff; Evelyn Varden, the right-minded representative of 20,000 women; Roy Roberts, the rising young nephew of a yacht-owner; and Frank Conlan, the alternate with a mind of stone.

Throughout the play Mr. Hecht

PROSPECTUS -

These are troubled times in some parts of the world, but there still is, in this land of ours, a little beauty, a bit of unspoken thought, a thread of fancy, and the whisper of a song.

We are having the grim realities of life-struggle thrust upon us in all its sordid uglinesses. The art treasures of England, France, and Germany may be buried under sandbags, but we are not going to let those forces over which we have no control rob us of our portion, meager though it may seem, of those things which make civilization out of sheer barbarity: art, drama, music, and poetry.

Our campus is but an insignificant corner of the world, but we can keep alive in it these arts which have been forgotten in warring nations.

and Mr. MacArthur fling jibes at the movies, big business, Yale, the jury system, women's clubs, justice and whatever other vulnerable subject comes into their scurrilous minds.

CONCERTS by top-ranking vocal and instrumental artists, interspersed among grand opera, choral and dance performances, constitute the attractions that May Beegle has announced for the 1939-1940 season at Syria Mosque.

Fritz Kreisler, violinist, opened the season October 13. On October 27 the San Carlo Opera company will make an appearance, giving Puccini's "Madam Butter-

fly". Featured will be the Japanese prima-donna, Hize Koyke.

Devi-Dja and her Bali and Java Dancers, an Oriental group which has been appearing in Europe and will not arrive in this country until sometime next month, are scheduled for November 11.

Lily Pons sings on December 5 and Marian Anderson on January 9. A program of sacred and folk songs, followed by a costume operetta, "Tales of the Vienna Woods", will be given by the Mozart Boys' Choir, February 6.

Returning to America after an absence of four years, Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, will appear March 26. Horowitz has been described by Paderewski as "the greatest of the younger generation of pianists."

The season will be brought to a close by Nelson Eddy, April 19.

An extra attraction, not included in the subscription to the series, will be the performance of Argentinita and her company of Spanish dancers on February 17. Subscribers have the choice of this event or the Bali and Java Dancers.

MAURICE EVANS, who brought his record-breaking "Richard II" to Pittsburgh last year, returns this week to the Nixon theater to present his latest Broadway success, "Hamlet". During its tremendously popular run in New York, Mr. Evans' "Hamlet" was acclaimed by critics and public alike as "the finest Hamlet of our time." This is the first time in over a hundred years that the play has been given in its entirety.

"I trust that I shall do right by Harrow" was Baldwin's speech to Parliament upon becoming prime minister to England. This showed that a public school educated Englishman put his old school even above his country.

But let us first study the background of the English Public School system. An Englishman's education starts upon entering prep school at the age of eight; there he spends about five years preparing for the common entrance examinations. On passing this examination he has the choice of either entering a state owned "grammar school," or a public school owned and operated by a governing body made up of the arch-bishop of Canterbury and some titled alumni. This is similar to an American prep-school, in the sense that the student pays tuition unless he wins a scholarship.

At the public school he is allotted a "house" which is under the supervision of a house master and there he boards, sleeps, and does his home-work. Five monitors, who are the elder boys of the house, supervise all that goes on in the house. They also see that the smaller boys don't get themselves into mischief by seeing that the rules of the house are strictly observed. Up to this point the monitors have absolute authority and it is only when it comes to beating a boy for some major offense like going out of bounds that the house-master or even the

head-master, who is in charge of the whole school, has to be consulted.

In his first year the boy is made a junior "fag." In this position he is expected to answer fag—calls from the monitors who have him run messages to fellow monitors in other houses. His

other jobs include serving them at meals, bringing them wash water in the morning and if he is a "study fag" (a monitor's special fag) he is expected to clean out their studies every Sunday and to keep their personal belongings in order.

After the second week "a fag's exams" take place. Fags who have been prepared for this by their "fathers" (like our little brother system) are expected to know every date concerning the school but questions concerning the nicknames of the new master's fiancée are not rare. Failing this exam means singing or doing any other entertainment before the monitors.

As the boy proceeds in his career the fagging will gradually decrease as "Newbugs" (this, a name applied to new boys) takes his place. Nor will he be expected to observe so many "postees." These are petty privileges, such as walking on the road or carrying an umbrella after the second year at school. Although this may seem silly to a stranger, no member of the school would ever think of giving them up as this would mean destroying the age old traditions which the school has

continued on page 22

Building Empire Builders

Foreign educated student explains English public school system.

by NED METAL



Charter house, England, where the author spent four years. This picture, taken and developed by the author, was exhibited in the Oxford University Camera Club Gallery.

I suppose that my first step should be to introduce myself. I'm Father Looie, the spirit of "Looie's Lunch." To those of you who were on this campus last year, those words will be sufficient. But, even with my now feeble vision, I can still make out new faces here in Bethany, so perhaps for you more recent additions to the Bursar's Books, I'd better explain a little more fully what "Looie's Lunch" means to Bethany.

I was born over a can of Campbell's soup. Six fellows helped me get my start in this old world—namely, E. J. Honenberger, "Bud" Kuhns, Lyle Mayne, "Lew" Newman, Harold Taylor, and Gerald Croushore. These were the boys who co-operated with me throughout the year, and I with them. We had a lot of fun that first night, sipping soup and laughing at our troubles, and later on, we were thankful that fate had brought those six hungry boys and me together.

I grew rapidly after I became accustomed to this world. You all know what I, Father Looie, represented in Bethany. And my boys, due to my

assistance, both in physical and spiritual ways, waxed strong in campus affairs. Why just consider, with those six boys, and two others, Tom Cullison, and Dick Jackson, who visited us so often that I had to adopt them, too, we were represented in almost every campus activity—two

all-state football players, two regulars in addition to them on the varsity squad, four starters on the Bethany Bucketeers, two representatives on the SBOG, including the Vice Prexy, the president of the Bethespian

Club, also member of Alpha Psi Omega, a member of the Athletic Board of Control, and well-represented in other organizations such as the French Club, Ministerial Association, etc. Yes, my boys were soon outstanding on the campus—all except for the Glee Club; but I don't even take that into consideration, for we had more glee at Looie's than that club will ever have.

Then, too, you can't forget the time that I, Father Looie, entertained three hundred *odd* people at a Spaghetti Dinner. (Gosh! Wasn't that some starch.) Even though Jerry did get a new suit next day, the proceeds still went in to buy the high school kids some much needed equipment.

We were socially prominent, too. I don't know whether it was because of the two that we had on the basket-ball team or whether it was because we had an abundance of food, but anyway, the leading sororities marked "Looie's Lunch" on their program for serenades. Our song leader, Lew Newman, always managed to have some

cont'd on page 23

Poor Pappa Looie---Deserted

New Phi Tau justifies pledging of upperclassmen.



William Ashley, Phi Tau president, welcomes his pledged group of upperclassmen.

● ZETA TAU ALPHA—Margaret Close, Gail Close, Virginia Ponzio, Virginia Bell, Betty Jo Burgess, Ester Machey, Mary Jane Hinkle, Anna Bell Bruner, Jane Douglas, Grace Runnion, Marjorie Blackmoor, Faith Eidemiller, Margaret Deibel, Dorothy Minor, Betty McIntyre, Marion Lemon, Jean Henderson, Kate Anna Drake and Betty Wilson.

● KAPPA DELTA — Marion Brown, Jayne Corcoran, Dawn Davis, Francis Dvorak, June Fiess, Marjorie Finney, Doris Keys, Betty Kitchen, Dale Marriott, Shirley Meinhold, Lois Moelter, Hilda Sarver, Kathleen Shannon, June Smith, Jean Sturgis, Ardath Willoschat.

● ALPHA DELTA THETA—Lois Bancroft, Marjorie Black, Anna Laura Burke, Jean Fraim, Emma Jane Freshwater, Sara Goodfellow, Betty Hewitt, Margaret Middleton, Mary Ella Nye, Beverly Palmiter, Betty Wuller.

● ALPHA XI DELTA—Ann Har-

mon, Jean Berggren, Coinne Cashman, Helen Arensburg, Joan Cramblet, Pauline Gilbert, Janice Perdum, Marietta Shore, Janice Cooper, Marion Shreffler, Jane Williamson, Virginia West-

Bethanians Pledged

land, Rita Cleary, Elizabeth Lewis, Jean McCroba, Barbara Schutt.

● ALPHA KAPPA PI—Thomas Committee, Angelo Daniel, Lewis Deer, Maynard Garner, Robert Jackson, Vernon Jackson, John McKenna, Thomas Otto, Richard Wallace.

● BETA THETA PI—George Albee, Nelson Banks, Ralph Burbridge, George Callendine, Charles Camarata, Charles Cluss, Archie Conn, Gerald Ferguson, Donn Hillstrom, Paul Hogg, Charles Huhn, David Huntsberger, Stewart Moore, Don Wells, Richard Wells.

● KAPPA ALPHA — Harold Blank, Wm. Laird, John Medick, Theodore Steele, Harry Wilson.

● PHI KAPPA TAU — Robert Connell, Thomas Cullison, Lewis Finch, Irving Glassman, E. J. Honenberger, Edward Harris, Eugene Keckey, Walter Kuhns, Lyle Mayne, Anthony Pinto, Glenn Ritchey, Fred Robinson, Jay Schaeffer, Stanley Stitt, Harold Taylor, Roger Waterman.

● SIGMA NU—Richard Barker, E. F. Brown, Robert Fritz, Fred Haenzel, Robert Kaiser, Frank Long, William Loper, Ned Metcal, Harry Meyers, Walter Meyers, Loren Thompson, Richard Umbel, John Whitehill, Sanford Winters, Donald Wolf, William Weaver.

● MOO MOO'S — Sammy Bernard, Ed. Elsasser, Norman Fair, Darrel Fultz, Bill Neuman, Lew Newman, Lester Raub, Gordon Seidel.

WHY WE CAME—*cont'd*
advantages and disadvantages, and you must admit that the college and the town do possess some disadvantages, however small they may, before entering. Theirs was not a blind leap, but a carefully planned, guided, and executed venture.

Dean Forrest H. Kirkpatrick suggested three things that one should consider when choosing a college. They are as follows: Rating, Instructors, and Location. Whether you realize it or not, Bethany is rated very high in comparison to other colleges

in the country. It is approved by the North Central Association of Colleges and the American Association of Colleges.

The instructors—their acceptance by the freshmen depends upon their personality, their methods, and their effect upon the freshmen.

Bethany is a typical college town, conducive to study. Disregarding specialization in one's major field, one can obtain a two-year liberal training that is on a par with any other small college in the country.

Whether it was your idea or

not, you're at Bethany, and it's a darn good place. So, dig in—you have everything to gain.

THE FORGOTTEN—*cont'd*
whir of the vacuum cleaner, a thorough knowledge of that darn bath tub that wouldn't come clean, and the "wham" of a paddle on that part of your anatomy for which paddles are built.

There are many other things—not included in my word limit, which—like the Campbells—are coming. Beware thereof, oh yez. I say unto you, the forgotten man is about to be remembered.

AS 'TIS FITTING—*cont'd*

brate the centennial of the granting of the charter to John C. Campbell by the Virginia Legislature, with a program, the exact nature of which has not as yet been decided by the administration.

On May 11, 1940, exactly 100 years after the first meeting of the original Board of Trustees, the present Board will meet to discuss plans for the Commencement program, and also to hear reports on the drive for the Alexander Campbell Memorial Library, etc.

At the annual Commencement of Bethany College, to be held June 1 to 3, 1940, representatives from many colleges and universities of the country will be in Bethany to honor and to pay tribute to the years of service that Bethany College has rendered to the church, the state, and the professions.

Plans for the celebration of Bethany's centennial have been progressing for months; as early as last spring, actual work was begun, when several thousand folders were sent out to alumni from the Centennial Office, under the direction of George C. Hettler, Executive Secretary of Bethany College. These folders contained nine objectives of the home office of the Bethany College Alumni Association, and were accompanied by a pledge of service which every alumni of Bethany was to sign and return to the office.

These aims of the Alumni Office are as follows: 1. To have established by the centennial year, a total of 15 active alumni associations throughout the country; 2, to hold a reunion at Commencement time of every class since 1890; 3, to have a

total of 1,000 Bethany alumni visit the campus in 1939 and 1940; 4, to distribute 15 Regional Alumni Scholarships provided by the administration; 5, to have an enrollment of 430 students in Bethany College this school year; 6, to gather a well-rounded collection of Bethany historical material; 7, to donate an annual gift of \$5,000 to the college to be used for any needed repairs, improvements, or to buy necessary equipment; 8, to reach a goal of 500 contributors; and 9, to have accurate and complete alumni records.

Some of these objectives have been reached, and others are still in the distance. It is the wish of the Alumni Advisory Council to have attained these goals by Commencement time in 1940.

It is the duty of every man and woman who has ever known, and of those who now know, the exultation of walking in the shadow of the age-old tower, to cooperate and participate in the celebration of this first hundred years of progress of Bethany College.

WE SUPPORT—*cont'd*

How, Beard asks, can United States help? Does she know the facts of Europe? Has not Europe a set of primary interests which have little or no relation to us? Can she insure anything but temporary consequences from a war? Can she offer any solution to the economic problems at the very basis of the European conflict? Then comes the very pertinent query from Beard: If the countries concerned will not unite for self protection, how

can we expect the United States to get them to?

Is not a policy of intervention founded on the basis that internally United States is strong? Would the student of U. S. social and economic problems say we are fit for participation in a war?

Are we not more independent today in an economic sense than in 1783 when Washington set up his policy of independence which enabled us to direct all our resources to the conquering of the West?

What is the annual value of American goods shipped out of this country today? Has there been any prosperity of lasting gain from past wars?

Why should we love one power and hate another? Has Great Britain ever done so to her own disadvantage?

These are but a few of the questions which such an article as Beard's raises and seeks to answer. What the *Bethanian* and the history department is chiefly concerned with however, is the manner in which Bethany College students seek to answer these and similar questions. They require the background of history, the up-to-datedness of the daily newspapers and monthly periodicals, and the honest and deliberate judgment of intelligent students searching for the truth. It is time, that we assume the responsibility of leadership attributed to the "privileged many" and support *something* with reason and enthusiasm.

BUILDING EMPIRE—*cont'd*

acquired during its existence.

On reaching his fourth year at school, the boy will probably have taken his "school certificate" which gives him admission

to a university, scientific college or the army. But his days at the school are not yet over. By now he will be specializing in the subject that he is most suited to and if he is an athlete he will most likely be a member of one of the four Cricket or football elevens and be called a "blood" which entitles him to special privileges. If he is good at classics (they are still the most important part of any public school) he has a good chance at becoming a house-monitor. The brightest of these are chosen for the post of school monitors enjoying monitorial privileges in every part of the school ground. A Head of the school is also appointed who in conjunction with the captains of the various sports played at the school, represent the school at public occasions.

Of course it cannot be denied that this system has its faults, but it does achieve its purpose; to educate boys for leadership. It must be remembered that the products of these schools are the men who will later take a hand in ruling the empire; it is on their shoulders that Britain's future lies today.

Although it has worked perfectly as far as this is concerned it has one major drawback: it does not prepare boys for everyday life. "A public school man will be ideal in a shipwreck, a good partner at a dance, but quite hopeless when it comes to fixing an electric plug" is a saying which needs no further comment.

A public means the same to an Englishman as does the fraternity to an American; it gives him something to live up to; its annual conventions, which are held all over the world, help to keep the old boys together. The

almost too pronounced solidarity which has thus arisen led to some hard feeling between ordinary Englishmen and the public school class. This makes itself felt in most walks of life where the public school men always form a group by themselves, never mixing with the others.

But in spite of this the public school is a thing of which every Englishman is proud and without which England would not be what it is. Wellington's quotation after defeating Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo: "Waterloo was won on the playing field of Eaton", bears witness to the adoration every old boy feels towards his public school.

FRESHMEN FLOCK—*cont'd*

The alumnus laughed. "Same old game"; he chuckled, "did you polish the apple a little?"

"No, I'm too dumb," the freshman admitted. Then he added thoughtfully, "or else the profs are too smart. I haven't quite figured out which."

The alumnus laughed again. "You never will find out," he said; "at least, I didn't. But tell me, no Sodbusters this year?"

"Oh sure, the Sodbusters. I almost forgot that. And that was the best thing of the week. It was held up at Phillips Hall again, and the whole college turned out to look us over."

"What did they think of you?"

"Well, for a while, especially all during Rush Week, I thought that they thought we were pretty hot stuff. I never had my back slapped so much in all my life. I began to think that I was quite the guy."

The alumnus laughed again.

"And then you were pledged."

The freshman gave a big sigh and then grinned. "And then I was pledged. I found out that I wasn't so smart after all."

"Well, I don't know," said the alumnus, "you seem pretty smart to me. I never knew how many freshmen were in my class or how many could do what, like you do. How did you pick up all that data anyhow?"

The freshman grinned. "It seems that I am a problem child, and I broke a pledge rule, so they made me look up all that done and learn it."

"Kind 'a hard on you, isn't it?"

"Well, kinda hard on my head, but it would be harder on another part of my anatomy if I didn't learn it." He started to walk away, but turned his head over his shoulder and said with a grin: "And I don't have to sit on my head."

POOR PAPPA—*cont'd*

new ditty to wow them. Remember "Thanx for the serenade," girls?

With such an ambitious life, and with Lew getting his six

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quality points, it isn't much wonder that I aged rapidly, and I did. Now, I am no longer able to look after my boys as I should, and they feel that I am old enough to take care of myself.

So this year there was another spirit floating around town. (There ain't even any ethics among spirits in these modern days.) So, this little spirit vamped my boys, and took them with her. Oh! I'm not blaming the boys any—Phi Kappa Tau had quality but was sadly lacking in quantity. And we could supply, at least, quantity. All the helping that the few fellows they had down there gave to revive her wasn't working, and she would have been worse after this year. So, my boys went to help her get on her feet. Although I'm a little sorry to see them go, as Father Looie, whom they brought into this life, I can't be anything but pleased to see how they wanted to help keep Phi Tau on the level it has been on in the past.

I floated out over the football field last Saturday, (you saw my

boys playing there, didn't you?) and along the side lines, the spirit of Phi Kappa Tau was just roaring. It did my poor old heart good to see these new faces, mingling with my boys and all working for the same spirit. And even the test of criticism during rushing week, didn't weaken, but went on to strengthen that spirit.

I hope you will forgive an old spirit for going on about spirit, but I am on my last legs—the boys have almost forgotten me, they are so filled with the new spirit, and I must talk fast before I pass on completely.

You see, I as an old spirit, have a greater perspective than you poor humans, and I can see that my boys will never regret the decision they have made. I've seen the new fellows they have elected to share this fraternal feeling with them, and I know that they will fit in beautifully in bringing that weak whisper of a spirit up to the roar that it once had. I can prophesy that my boys will work just as diligently for this new and greater spirit as they did for

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me; need I say more? For I was born over a can of soup, and this new spirit was born in the hearts of many men before. Just as the beginning was greater, so shall be the results.

So, you have my blessing, boys. Go on with that new spirit, and treat her well. Make her as proud of you, as is your old "Father Looie"

PREVIEW OF BISONS—*cont'd*
particularly the 100 and 220, that will have to depend on the frosh. Boettcher also gave out with some information on what he is planning to do with the freshmen, both in and out of gym classes.

There will be the usual fare of touchball, basketball, and mushball, with swimming and handball thrown in for the regular phys ed classes. Also, plans for a freshman interfraternity tennis tournament will be considered.

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THE
Bethanian

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NOVEMBER
1939

Colleges have been criticized since the time they began. They've been accused of mollycoddling the student, of killing the student, of being too much like a country club, of having not enough recreation, of being too commercial, of not having a business-like administration. Some have even accused the college of being a waste of time and money. However, these arguments have been of no avail. It has been said that the only good derived from an argument is to impress the audience with the fact that the presenter is a bigger jackass than was previously supposed. But we're willing to run that risk

Whoever said that colleges were only a waste of money was not as narrow-minded, as bigoted, as cynical as he appears to be from the first inspection of his argument. That the chap had a point will become evident upon a more complete analysis

If a high school graduate so desired, he could easily obtain a college education for himself. He could easily digest and assimilate all the knowledge that is incorporated in the person, and sometimes the mind, of the average college graduate. The consideration of a hypothetical case will serve to make more clear this statement. A high-school graduate desires to enter medical school. If the prime requirement for entrance is, not a bachelor's, but a knowledge of certain fundamentals prescribed by that school, why must he spend three, or even four years, in college at a waste of both time and money, when, by study at home and personal supervision of material, guided by the requirements of the particular school to which he desires attendance, he can complete his "undergraduate work," or his preparation, and meet the entrance requirements in a period of time considerably shorter?

Why don't more high-school graduates attempt to educate themselves? Why do the majority insist upon a college education as a requirement for success, or use the denial of one as an excuse for failure? Why is it that we're thinking more and more that a college education is a necessary, integral, part of our lives and that without it, life is bare, devoid of all joys and pleasures, of the happiness that is derived from

one's "career", of the ability to appreciate its beauties, of all culture?

The average college student has insufficient will power to hold himself to a task, once he has assigned himself to it. He has no perseverance. He requires someone to stand watch daily over him, to prod him along when he's tardy, to pick him up when he's fallen, to boost him atop a glorified pedestal and keep him there. Then, too, he needs someone to as-

No Push! So We Came To College

sign the material to be covered daily, and to make sure that he has prepared and completed the assignment. Our hero, in other words, can't depend upon himself. He is merely a slave to his own inconsistencies and weaknesses. He comes to college, spends more money, for he could be at home saving room rent, transportation, while not paying quite as much board, and wastes more time than otherwise would be needed to complete two "undergraduate" courses at home on his own initiative. And what does he receive? A diploma, which was put to "a" far better use by the sheep, an ephemeral collection of facts ambiguously termed a college education, four years, or even more, attached to his birthday, and that most desired of desirables, that most glorious of glory, that flat, trite, empty term, "polish".

Other men have educated themselves. Exceptions? Certainly. They were exceptional men in that they quit the groove in which flows, is carried, our hero, and attained their place in the sun. They knew what they wanted and they got what they wanted, primarily because they worked for it, because they faced their reverses and obstacles and refused to be beaten, because they had the drive, the initiative, the will power to see it through. How many are faced by the same conditions today as faced these men, and accept their position passively? Many. This, for only one reason — we have no faith in ourselves to complete a task that we want to do.

Hailstones bouncing off a tin roof will be no comparison to these words bouncing off tin ears. Every student who reads this will be in too deep a lethargy to exert the mental effort necessary for comprehension. But we console ourselves. Alas, we are not exceptions, either.

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	VOL. XXXI NOVEMBER, 1939 NUMBER 2	

Editor's Notes

The staff believes that the students are interested in those actively interested in Bethany's sports. As a result we present Bobbie Murray and Bud Kuhns on our cover.

On page four Dick Roberts gives us the low-down on "This yer game o' football." If you can read it without giggling, you are better than our proofreaders.

Having lived with Coach Boettcher for a year, and having "labored over those mountains," the editor has taken it upon himself, personally, to attempt to portray our sport of the hills, cross country running.

Paul Freiling, Bethany's student from Germany, on page seventeen gives us the average German's reaction to European history since 1918. It is a good article; turn to it now.

Turn to page twelve and you will find something new in sorority write-ups.

Last month a page titled "The Bethanian Buffoonery" was cut out at the last moment. On page eighteen you will find why.

November's Contents

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The comment heard on every side in regards to the fall homecoming was that it was the biggest that we have seen in quite a few years. Evidently the Centennial Committee is really on its toes and is spreading the good word around that this is the year for Bethany, and things really will be happening around here. Fraternities and sororities all reported record gates for this particular feature; in fact, the crowds were so large that a greater part of the undergraduate fellows were to be seen eating their Saturday evening meal at the College Inn, while the old grads carried on at the houses.

Things got under way officially with a Centennial Dinner in Phillips Hall at 6:00 Friday evening. The above mentioned Centennial Committee took over a large part of the conversation with plans and discussion relating to the proposed campaign to gather into one heap the sum of \$400,000.00, which is to be used to build the Alexander Campbell Memorial Library. Mentioned Library has been the topic of conversation in the past; but it looks as though the ball was really started rolling this time, and we will actually get some place with it. Any surplus left from the results of the campaign will be used in general campus improvements.

In addition, some color films were shown of typical Bethany scenes, which were exceptionally good and received a splendid reception from the gathering. After things were finished up on the hill, the old grads repaired to their respective houses and really got earnest a-

bout seeing that this homecoming would be one that would not be easily forgotten, at least, within the next couple of days.

Saturday morning saw folks up and around, bright and chipper, ready to attack the day's festivities. During the morning, they were invited

to attend classes in the capacity of onlookers; quite a few took advantage of the opportunity to sit once again in their old seats and watch a typical Bethany class function. Undoubtedly, such an experience brought back

many a memory; and if not, such memory must surely have been jogged by the little mementoes which have been carved, whittled and stencilled into the arms of every chair in the room. "I wonder what's happened to her". "Have you seen Joe lately", and similar remarks might possibly have been overheard as eager eyes scanned the wooden files of Bethany's progeny.

A luncheon at the Hall was the last complete gathering of the alumni.

There were numerous, informal meetings scattered throughout the remainder of the weekend; but, naturally, they were not as fully attended. After lunch, the homecomers were given, as the top treat of the program, the Homecoming Game, which this year saw the Bisons pitted against the W & J Presidents. This was certainly the biggest game that could have been offered; and we not only offered them this, but also the additional treat of being entertained by two bands. Notwithstanding the fact that Bethany was capsized, she put up a good game; and the spectators were given ample return for any

100th Home Coming

by ED ELSASSER
and NORRIS WHITLOCK



Queen Peggy and attendants, Jane Edmunds and Mary Jane South, rule over Bethany's first Homecoming court.

hardships they suffered at the hands of the slight breeze which was whipping around chapped ankles and blossoming proboscides.

During the halves, a very interesting program was put on both by the Galloping Moos and the Prancing Band of W & J. The latter performed some very meticulous and intricate maneuvers to the marital strains of famous college tunes, while the former took over with some very grotesque and ambidexterous broken field running to the tune of slapping paddles and suppressed groans as timber met target.

Following the game, there was a meeting of the Alumni Advisory Council held at Point Breeze. At the same time, an informal reception for alumni and their friends was held in Phillips Hall. After dinners, which were held at Phillips Hall and the various fraternities, there was a brief period of relaxation and talking over of old times together, with a comparison of notes as to how every one was doing at present.

This year, the entertainment presented for the alumni took the form of a Homecoming Play, instead of the usual dance of previous years. "The Night of January 16th," a blood-curdling, court-room drama, was the little item presented by the undergraduate body. An interesting feature of the play was the use of audience participation. This was effected by drawing lots and putting the twelve winning numbers in the jury-box, basing the final decision of the court on their opinion. Although they brought forward a verdict of not guilty, it met with the distinct disfavor of the judge, and the great question now is, "Who killed Bjorn?"

After the play, the alumni and student body witnessed the crowning of the Homecoming Queen in the Drawing Room of Phillips Hall. Miss Peggy Euwer, attended by Miss Jane Edmunds and Miss Mary Jane South, had been elected by a popular vote of the student body, and was crowned by Mr. George Hettler, Executive Secretary of the College.

Saturday evening, the alumni retired in their own groups, and, from the tales that have been spreading around, they made quite a time of it. Of course, this is just hearsay, you understand, and we shouldn't care to be asked any names or places. After a quiet evening spent in rest and relaxation, the old grads tumbled into the undergraduates' beds and the latter tumbled onto couches, chairs, and floors.

(continued on page 20)



Top to bottom—1: Snappy Washington and Jefferson band turns toward Rine field. 2: Bandmaster Welmer warms up. 3: Kickoff! Two hours later the score stood W. & J. 13, Bethany 0. 4: Cheerleader jumps but fans won't cheer. 5: Spectators laugh as Moo Moo paddlers pledges. 6: Jury ponders as District Attorney (Nelson Banks) claims Karen (Peg Geyer) is guilty.

DEAR SHELTON:

This koledge sure is the thing for me; yue probly kin notus a grate differunce in me already, sinse whin I come here I coodnt even spel. I bet the home fokesll figger me to be purty stuck up with it all, but I figgers as how if I'm to get a eduqashun I might well try to pick up sumthin now and then out of books. Then there is chapel, which we have it twict a week. Grate men from Welsburg, Whelein, and McKinlyville and other big sities come in to practis speakin. The stoodents aplod when the speaker gits up, then they go to sleep. When the speeker finishes, they wake up and aplod some more. But whut I reely rote to tell yue about is the nue game they have here. It is called futball. Yue no how good I used to be at bazeball an sokker ball? Well says I to myself when I first heres this new game menshuned. hears where I go to town; I never saw the picher yit as cood fan me, an soons I see the ball they use I says agin, I'll nock it clere offa the dimond. Why it was biggern a squash! Well I reports to the coach an' tell him I've played a mite o' ball in my time, and wood play on his teme ennytime he says so. He says he is rite glad to git a holt of a man with experients, and tells me to report to practis that evening.

On gittin to the lokker rume, I'm handed a sute plumb full o' hevy paddin, which I figgers to be cause there afrade the picher will hit them, but I put it on ennyway. We go out on a big feeld wit lines all over it, but I see righ off they got the dimond lade off rong. First thing the coach hands me that squask appearin ball and tells me to run with it, but I tel him to get his

picher out on the mound, an I'll hit it all over the place. Not seein a bat, I starts runnin to the uther end o' the feeld to kut one out o' a smal hikery, when all of a suddin a big feller runs up and noks me flatterin a bored. I jumps onter him right lively about throwin a feller

from behind, an tells him if he wants to rasle so bad why just cum on, but never ketch a holt from behind. Yue kin see by the look in his eyze he's plumb ashamed, cause

he cant say a werd. I gits up an starts after the bat agin, wantin to git the game started, when another feller does the same thing agin. Beein in no mood for fuleishness this time, I climbs him in no unsertin manner. The coach runs up and asks me whut posishun I played, sinse he sed he cood planely see I wasnt a backfeeld man. I told him ketcher, and he looks kinda disappointed. Then the coach sets down and explanes the gaim to me. Beein quick at learnin, I see rite off he has maid a fule o' hisself by askin a ketcher tue carry the ball, an wishin to save him some o' his self respect, I tells him I will play on his teme ennyway.

There is three distinkt tipes o' futball. Sum fellers play for money, sum for fun, an sum fer to win. Bethany is in the second class, an it jes happens that most o' the temes we have plaid so fur is in the third class, which is unfare to Betheny.

First teme we plaid was Westminster, an they was jest playin fer fun two, fer we beet 'em 7-6. In this game I set on the bench an' advized the coach for three quarters, an' then he thot ther was danger o' our loosin the gaim, an he sent me in. Now I seen planely enuf jest what the rest o' the fellers been

Football Frolics

by DICK ROBERTS



Here's where I go to town.

dooin rong, but I doutd very much if I wood hav time to win the gaim. Well we lined up on eatch end o' the feeld, and a fat white man in pants blowed a whissel, and we started fer the other end o' the feeld. But one of our fellers stopped to grag the ball, fer he seen planely enuf the other teme didn't want it by the way they was a kickin it out o' ther road. Soons he grabbed th ball, a lot o' the fellers on the uther teme laid down on him fer to rest, an all of our fellers but me stopped to wach. Wel I was the only one who kep his hed an got to the uther end o' the feeld, an' the coach seein I was perty tired, called me back to the bentch, an asked me sevrul kwestshuns. One I remember was if I'd be intrusted in kross country?

The next gaim was with Glenvil, an it belongs definitely in class three, fer they bete us ——. Then along come Salum in class Number 2, and Betheny wun, 13-13.

Nex come Wash. and J., which belongs to both Klass 1 and Klass 3. The coach tried hard enuf in that gaim, an kep me rite next to him on the bentch most of the gaim, but we lost, 13-0.

The Geneva gaim was inturestin'. They belong in klass 3 and use fourteen men insted o' eleven like all the uther temze, three o' ther fellers been dressed in ordnierry white pantz. I don't no the scoar, onna counta the addin mashine breakin down in the las quarter, with the ennemy still a goin' strong. The mashine broke at 37-6 fer them.

Speakin of Geneva which I always figgered to be a goil till that sartin day in November. Well sur, I reseaved a shock which I thot wood deeprive the team of my sarvices. This hear Geneva team was the bigges bunch o' critters I ever lay eyes onto. Whin we walks out on the feeld to do 'em battel an sees those beefs warmin' up, I sings out to the

refree as how we'er skedjuled to play Geneva today an fer Noter Dam to git her fellers offa the rite o' way. When he sings right back at us to the extent that they be Geneva theirselves, we declares we will not play them as they are two big. However ther is no way out, so we minis- ters artifishal rezpirashun to the fellers an go at em. Or at leest we go onto the feeld. One of 'em slaps me on the back, but as I had on sholder pads my back was not broke. They evidently didn't no the gaim very well, cause they kept botherin our men and allus wer standin where we wanted to run. By thies time I no the gaim purty wel, but can't figger out why the three extry men on there team. Seein one of the white pansed fellers walkin off with the ball, I nails 'im causin 'i mto swaller a whissel he's a totin, an it costs me fifty sents fer him a new one. Our fellers can't find rume fer to run in, sents the Geneva guys allus in the way. Time an agin we gallop down the feeld fer a quarter yard or so, but they grassed us every time.

We have too more gaims yet. Fairmont and Highdelburg. I'm a mite worried about the last one because some of our fellers don't like the Germen and ther mey be bad blood before the gaims over. Remember me to Joe Patch and hiz mother. Chapel is about over and I must cloze.

Yers,
BUCK BETHANY



Three of their fellers were dressed in ordinary white pants.

A group of students stands on Bethany's athletic field, gazing intently toward the hill in the east. Suddenly, a keen eye detects a moving spot of color flickering among the trees, and a shout goes up, "Here they come." Soon, other forms begin to appear, ever drawing nearer, but still indistinguishable as individuals. The White and Green of Bethany predominate, and here and there the Gold and Blue of Pitt, or the Plaid of Carnegie

Tech, the Maroon of Earlham, or the Red and Blue of Hiram can be seen. In a few moments, the runners come into the clear as they drive down the gentle slope to the athletic field, and the shouts become more pointed. "McIlroy", "Parker", "Brown", "Ryan", "Fultz", "Cramblet", "Stockdale", "McCarthy", "McCord", among others, are the names that echo down through the years. Yet, prominent in the background, stand a hundred others who, although they have been missed by the spotlight of fame, are more or less responsible for the tradition which is being built around a sport that is old as man. To some, that tradition means only the echoing bell in the tower tolling out a Bethany victory, but to those runners of hills it means much more. To them it represents radiant health, strength, the sheer joy of running, and a new and greater self respect. It represents victory over time, terrain, and the elements; and even more important, victory over self.

Lacking are the whips of physical contact which lash the footballer, the boxer, into a fighting frenzy, and make action imperative. The cross-country runner has nothing to drive him on when his strength is spent but the will which says to him, "Go on." He labors over mountains, far from the crowd, where no one sees the agony on his pale face, or hears his painful, labored breathing. If his stride falters, if his knees grow weak, no shout of encouragement comes to his dulled senses from the assembled throng to, somehow, make the fight seem more

worth while. When he comes near the end of the race, he hears and sees very little. Still, a sharp turn in the road, a sudden up or down grade, a log across his path, tell him that he is almost home. Regardless of his position in the race, he will open up with a longer stride, and

his head will come up as he taps every hidden resource and summons his failing strength for the supreme effort. This effort may gain him nothing tangible, but he is trained to

fight until he crosses the line, and then, and only then, may he let up.

Sometimes, all through the race, the very elements seem to combine to dishearten him. A cold slashing rain, a biting wind, snow, ice, a slippery path, a stone, a log, or a mountain looming up before him, all must be overcome. Time, that elusive friend and enemy of man, shows only her perverse side to him in this race. There is no "time out". He who lags, loses. There are no short, spectacular sprints, except at the finish. And since he continually wrestles with the inner man who tempts him to sit down and rest, to slow down the pace, to do anything to get relief, he who finishes out front in a cross country race, is a man

You wonder why a man will subject himself to this torture in the name of sport? What possible satisfaction can there be? On being interviewed, Coach Walter Boettcher, revealed that the answer lies in the nature of man himself. Deeply rooted in the soul of every man is the eternal urge to test himself. Cross country running demands a perfectly functioning body, careful analysis of running conditions, both internal and external, and emotional stability. The rewards are many. From the physiological angle, the cross country runner builds up a powerful heart, improves the functioning of important internal organs, and develops every muscle in his lithe body. He will eat like a thrasher, and sleep like a babe, and, in spite of his tremendous exertions, he will invariably gain weight. Heart

O'er Hill and Dale

As usual.

Coach Boettcher and one of his managers, Wayne Burdue.

Potential A. A. U. C.



specialists have definitely proven that there are less harmful effects on the heart among cross country runners than among any other class of athletes.

Most of the Bethany runners, however, do not consider the health aspect. Their satisfaction is the sheer physical exhilaration they derive from those long practice jaunts over the hills. The ability to run up hill and down dale, leaping logs, stones, fences, and small streams without any distress whatsoever, brings with it a sense of power that is much greater than the exhilaration of sitting behind the wheel of a powerful car. The smell of the woods, the caress of the invigorating air, brings a joy and a close communion with nature that one can appreciate only by getting out there and running those woodsy paths. The confidence that comes to a lad who has learned to force his mind and body to obey him is something that few men acquire to such a degree.

The significant thing about our cross country teams is not their ability to take it, but their ability to take and like it. Personally interested in every one of his squad, Coach Boettcher intends that they keep that spirit not only while they are in college, but in later life. When asked how his teams have beaten supposedly better teams than ours, Coach Boettcher's comment was, "The boys know that I don't care if they lose to a better team—if *that team runs a better race*. But we don't believe in reputations; *it is what they do against us that counts*." It is this attitude of Coach Boettcher's, more than his eleven years of coaching experience at Lafayette, where he turned out two teams that broke world records, that make the boys more than willing to struggle over these hills.

"Nothing succeeds like success." In spite of the fact that Bethany has lost practically all of its first string two years in a row, Coach Boettcher's boys have only lost one meet for him, the

first one, three seasons ago. These boys are establishing a tradition; namely, that Bethany cross country teams have always been a fighting as well as a running team, and each succeeding team feels that it can not, or rather, will not, let down those who have gone before.



Stockdale grins after conquering a log

This year with no letter men back the boys are in there keeping that tradition. Having beaten Carnegie Tech 15-40, Hiram 22-33, Wheeling "Y" 16-46, and Westminster 15-40, the team will attempt to win the Allegheny Mountain Amateur Athletic Union Championship.

Incidentally, the lowest score in the cross country wins, and the lowest score a team can get is fifteen. Bethany had perfect scores against both Westminster and Carnegie Tech. In fact, against Carnegie Tech the first eight men were from Bethany. (The first five are the only ones that count towards the score.) In that particular race, Fultz, Cramble, Keckley, McCord, and Stockdale came in abreast for first place. Morris was second, Wright, third, and Committe was fourth. Again, against the Wheeling team, Cramble, Fultz, Keckley, and Stockdale were first. Three of the boys, Cramble, Fultz, and Stockdale, ran over the course in 24.14 minutes for first place against Westminster. This is the second fastest time the course has been run by Bethany men, and they were not pushed, the nearest Westminster man being over a minute behind them. However, Fultz may be the smartest, Stockdale, the fastest, and Cramble, the strongest, but it is pluggers like Brown, Committe, Esty, Huhn, Mayor, McCord, Morris, Keckley, Shlickerman, Umbel, and Wright, who are pushing them to make them win their races. All are good men in this sport for men.

The small world of mathematics at Bethany college revolves around three outstanding personalities—our college president, Dr. Wilbur H. Cramblet, Dr. John S. V. Allen, associate professor of physics, and the newly selected Mr. Howard Eves who has replaced Dr. Wm. Erskine.

Receiving his doctorate from Yale in 1913 Dr. Cramblet immediately began teaching in the field of mathematics. During the years of 1917-34 he taught mathematics to Bethanians and since has functioned as head of the department. In 1924 Dr. Cramblet was author of a section on mathematics in the *Century Book of Facts*.

Dr. Allen received his doctorate from Ohio State University after which he became a member of the Bethany faculty in the department of mathematics and physics.

Then behold! A stranger in our midst. Mr. Howard Eves became initiated to the vicinity of Bethany by tramping the winding stretch of the Wellsburg-Bethany Pike searching for the college on the hill. Finally, with the eye of a tipped waiter, he gazed upon our Bethany. Even today Mr. Eves can present a most interesting brick-by-brick resume of his Bethany debut.

With him the new instructor has brought a new view of mathematics. In another sense he has added a third dimension to Bethany mathematics. It is in this spirit that Bethany students are laying the foundation for true mathematical appreciation. Appreciation? Indeed. We are constantly being shown the human side of the greatest of sciences. Heavens! Even mathematicians are human beings!

Humor? Have you heard Mr. Eves's justification for the tragic death of Mr. "c"? That is Mr. "c" of "a", "b", and "c". Here, a narrative proof is presented declaring the poor "c" died a

most honorable death. "For when 'a' rows downstream, 'b' rows in still water, poor 'c' must row upstream." Or, "when 'a' motors from New York to San Francisco, 'b' cycles from New York to San Francisco, poor 'c' is forced to run the distance. If there is a leaky pump, 'c' is bound to get it."

The department of mathematics offers the basis for three other academic departments: business administration, chemistry, and physics. These departments absorb the more practical mathematics called Applied Mathematics.

The other type of mathematics which Mr. Eves favors is Pure Mathematics. The applications of pure math are few. Actuary work for which Chester Gordon is preparing is one of the few fields. This is probability work conducted in conjunction with insurance companies and compensation bureaus. The other application is its teaching. Many of the Pure courses are newer than our own college and have greatly developed since the World War.

Mr. Eves has studied in the graduate school of mathematics at Harvard where he became the youngest professor to have ever taught there. Harvard then sent him to the Academy of Advanced Study at Princeton University where he studied under such great men as Einstein and Mayer, and even greater mathematicians Codrige, Echols, Graustein, Lefschetz, Morse, and Walsh. It was here that Mr. Eves became interested in the study of topology, a mathematical science pertaining to twisted solids. Such a science offers ab-

solute proof that a doughnut, no matter how it is twisted still contains one and only one hole.

Eves feels that this course could be introduced in the undergraduate curriculum. If Bethany were to offer the course we would be the first undergraduate school in the country cataloging "Topology."

(continued on page 20)

Mathematical Addition

by JOHN TOPPING

"Mathematics takes us into the region of absolute necessity, to which not only the actual world, but every possible world must conform."---The Study of Mathematics.



Mr. Eves, who studied under Einstein, humanizes mathematics.

Although it is one of the most important organizations on the campus, few students have any idea of the work of the Social Committee. Most students go to a college function and regard it as something which just happens. Few of them think of those who might be responsible for the affair; nor do they realize the great amount of thought and preparation which goes into the making of even the minor social events.

But just what does the Social Committee attempt to do in setting up an adequate social program for the college? In the broad meaning of the term, a social program includes not only provisions for recreation and amusement, but also almost all aspects of college life other than the strictly academic. A social program properly conceived will contribute a great deal to the life of the students, both now and in their later life. Therefore, I want to tell you briefly the philosophy upon which our attitudes and practices are based. It seems to us that any social program should do four or five things: it should (1) develop a broad acquaintance with all types of so-called social activities; (2) cultivate the ability to enjoy the wildest possible variety of relaxations; (3) teach discrimination in the choice of pleasures; (4) encourage the development of a social consciousness; and (5) develop interest in others and a desire to associate with them in work and play.

It is through the type of social events that the committee

sponsors that these ideals can be realized. We hope to present a well-balanced program in which every student may participate, whether he be the quiet retiring person or the "social butterfly." Dances, both formal and informal, skating parties, teas and receptions, parties, cultural trips, art exhibits, and a host of other activities are planned on the social calendar.

There are two types of students who cause the most difficulties for the Social Committee. One is the individual who believes that it is necessary for him to have a date in order to go to a certain function; this is a very silly idea, one we would like to break down.

With the exception of a formal dance, all social events are planned for anyone who wishes to attend, date or no date. The other type of difficult student is the one who comes to a party with the attitude of, "Well, here I am, now I just dare you to make me have a good time."

The Social Committee and You

Social committee chairman explains philosophy determining social program. Would welcome any helpful suggestions.

by ROBERT MARTIN



Miss Carrigan, Bob Cook, Mary Jane South, Jean Short, Gail Close, Nancy Caldabaugh, and chairman Bob Martin, outline social committee's program.

The shadowy moon played hide and seek with the fleecy white clouds, on the eve of tall, handsome Tom Dean's departure for New York, leaving behind, in the quiet little town of Leesburg, Marion Tillford.

"Tom, do you really have to go to New York," sighed Marion. "It seems to me that with your dad's offer to take you into the plant and make you half-owner, you ought to be willing to stay here and settle down."

"But Marion, you don't understand. Every boy wants to get out and try his wings. He wants to be a man, get out where everyone doesn't know his dad is the biggest pottery maker in the state. Can't you understand?" This came in a half pleading, waxing tone.

"Yes, but don't you ever think of what might happen to me? You know, Harry Long might ———." Here her voice stopped as she felt Tom's body stiffen and pull away.

"Well, why don't you go ahead and say it?" snapped Tom.

"I didn't mean it, Tom, you know I didn't. Please forgive me."

Tom didn't say anything, but sat there in silence. Finally he reached in his pocket and drew out a package—a long slim one, and handed it to Marion. She fumbled with the string a moment, finally slipping it off, and tore the paper from the box. Opening the box, her eyes met a golden locket with a small gold cross hung on the end. A little gasp of delight slipped from her lips. "It's beautiful, Tom", she said. With this, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him soundly. Tom slid her arms from around his neck and said, "Marion, as long as you want to become my wife, wear the locket, but as soon as you change your mind, put the locket in the box, and never wear it again." Marion looked at Tom a minute then said, "I'll always wear it, Tom."

One day, a week later, Harry Long chuckled to himself as he read in the morning paper of Tom's departure for New York. "Now," he thought, "I'll have Marion all to myself." He punched a button on his desk. A trim looking secretary pushed open the door and said, "What is it, Mr. Long?"

"Get Miss Marion Tillford on the phone for me."

A few minutes later the phone on his desk rang and a voice on the other end said, "Miss Tillford is on the phone, sir."

"Hello, Marion, this is Harry Long. I heard that Tom left town. Thought maybe you might like a little company. ——— Well, of course you haven't had time to get lonesome yet. ——— How

about dinner with me tonight? ——— All right then, I'll see you at six."

Marion dressed very carefully for the evening, putting on the little gold cross last of all.

Harry took her to the Elks Club for dinner. Soft lights and sweet music. The lights made the little gold cross shimmer and sparkle. Harry looked up once and said, "What's the idea of the cross?" Marion just smiled and didn't reply. She toyed with the little cross, as women do.

Three years later Tom rode a luxurious pullman car back to Leesburg and Marion. He had tried his wings and found them strong and sturdy. He had discovered New York and conquered it; now he was coming back to Leesburg, his father's factory, and Marion.

The train drew to a jolting halt and Tom swung off of the car, checked his bags and started to the nearest phone to call Marion and his folks. As he stepped to the booth his attention was attracted to a girl; it was Marion. He started toward her, then stopped. The little gold cross was not about her neck. That night he spent with his family. The next morning he packed his clothes and left Leesburg, but he did not go by the way of the little street where Marion Tillford lived.

As Marion came in from work the evening of Tom's arrival, her Mother exclaimed, "Why Marion, where is your little gold cross; this is the first time I have ever seen you without it." "Oh," said Marion, "I broke it at work today. I'll get it fixed tomorrow."

The Little Gold Cross

A Short Short

by GEORGE WALDON

I was desperate. So I asked a freshman, "Do you know anything about apple-polishing?" "I should," she replied, "I graduated from high school, didn't I?" And if that isn't an indication of the universality of the art, then soich me for a better one. So I sez to another frosh, "Make me a list of the different ways of apple-polishing or I won't press your pants for you." (He's my brother, see? So I can talk to him like that without getting in trouble with the Hayes office.) This small freshman got together with himself and a few of his cohorts and this is the result:

1. Always sticking your gol-darned paw up in class. (This is a risky business. The prof might call on you.)

2. 'Nother good trick is developing that rapt expression that says, "Gosh, prof, you and your course is shore wonderful."

3. A more difficult feat is laughing at the prof's jokes. This is not counted as apple-polishing among the freshmen because this is the first time they have heard them. Quote: One of the unexplained mysteries of personality underlies the inability of the average college professor to tell a good joke one-half so effectively as his intellectual inferior, the average travelling salesman: Unquote. Nuff said.

4. Then there's always that happy smile and bright "Good Mawnin!"

5. The small list I had said, "Calling prof on the phone with dad-burned questions." But frankly, I advist agin' it. You're liable to call him away from the dinner table, his favorite radio program, or his favorite hobby of cutting out dolls. Now wouldn't that give him a lovely impression of you and your perspicuity. (Whatever that it.)

Of course, these are more or less obvious ways of getting at those things called good grades. There are other ways so much more subtle. Pretend that the prof asks a question that you want to answer (an infrequent occurrence I grant you, but we're only pretending). When such a thing happens, lean forward and look him intently in the eye. As he glances

over the class, uncertain as to whom he will call on, his eyes light on you. Open your mouth to speak, as if you expected he was just about to call your name, and if he is at all suggestable, he will do so.

On the other hand, if he is a negativistic sort that tries to catch students napping, it is easy to trick him. When you want to recite, just shuffle your feet until he looks your way, then yawn, gaze out the window, or start to whisper to a neighbor. When he calls your name sharply, give the

right answer in a nonchalant manner—as if you knew it so well that you were a trifle bored with reciting it. This seldom fails to impress a tricky professor and it amuses the class, as well.

Excuse me, a minute—gotta count the words I've written. Hum—506. Not so bad. I'll struggle through this yet—with the help of a small hand-book called the *Psychology of Getting Grades*, by Anonymous (queer name)—which I might as well give due apologies and thanks to here as well as any other place or never.

Of course, if you have nothing to say, be sure to say it in a very impressive manner. Here's an example: A small fifth-grader gave this answer to the question, "Who won the Battle of Marathon?" "The Battle of Marathon was a great battle," he declaimed; "there was two sides to it, the side that won and the side that lost. The side that won was victorious, the side that lost was defeated. It was a very close battle, and sometimes it looked as if one side would win, and sometimes it looked as if the other side would. But finally the other side won." That boy really isn't Ferdinand Cats, whatta line!

But don't try to take it that far, gang. If you're gonna "hand-shake" or "polish the apple" (or whatever you call it) at all, be careful. In the first place, don't let the prof know what you are up to. In the second place, don't let the other students know it either. I should say the system is definitely frowned upon. The general attitude around here seems to be pride in flunking the course rather than sliding through it via the polished apple.

The Subtle Art of Apple-Polishing

by MARILYN ROBERTS

A long time ago, before our time, in fact, in 1923 or so, nine or ten or something girls emerged from the obscurity of the local sorority Phi Lambda Chi into the shining light of National Kappa Delta.

In these intervening decades, (approximately one and three-fourths in number), Sigma Xi chapter—for as such it was designated — has marched ahead (or backward — depending upon one's point of view) and has become what it is today. And what is it today? Well, statistically, it is a group of twenty-eight girls, eight of whom dwell in the KD house, twenty of whom don't.

The title of this tale—mysterious phase that it is—is intended to describe the achievements of our sisterhood. Categorically, among our major achievements, we are proud to include such items as , , and . Not to mention . Of lesser importance, but slightly more specific, are Gateway Hall prexy Marjorie Finney; Education Club president Doris Thiele; President Mary Jane South of Gargoyle; W. A. A. Secretary and Treasurer, respectively, Hilda Sarver, and Nancy Jane Spears; and Freshman Class Secretary June Smith. In addition, there are some three-fourths of us who merely exist—with occasional attempts at study and other unconventional pastimes.

Lady, Babe, Red, and Mabel have a friendly (not kindred, however) feeling for equestriennes Peters, South, Thiele, Spears, Meinhold, Willoschat, Marriott, Dvorak, et al. The sorority theme song is now *Kappa Delta Rides Again*, or *Empty Saddles*. Unfortunately, Phillips Hall's dining room does not have enough mantels to go around. But enough (if not too much) of that.

Leadership of Sigma Xi is vested in Dictator Anna Mae Peters; Supreme High

Assistant Ditto, Nancy Jane Spears; Secretary Phyllis Skilton, and Cash Collector and Non-Embezzler (we hope) Doris Thiele. This all-powerful group—known in other circumstances as a bund, council of commissars, or—oh, well,—

is leading us forward to—something, we know not what.

From the handwriting on the wallpaper we glean such quotable quotes as: Peters, "I'm absolutely going to quit smoking." "Honey Lamb" Warsler, "Tee-hee, tee-hee, tee-hee," Evans, "I want the waiter." Thiele, "Hey, if its three rings it's my call," Rich-

ardson, "Let's have a drip of bridge." South, "Where's Milfred?" Spears, "When Dick called, he said—et cetera and et cetera." Skilton, "Oh, p-too-ie!" Sarver, "Have you heard the one about?" Dvorak, "Let's 'Oak Park' it!"

Sturgis, "Hey, you with the wooden leg and the false teeth." Fiess, "I just stopped in on my way to Christian Endeavor." Corcoran, "I'll murmur a heart."

Mrs. Goodnight, "I'm athinkin' it's after nine-thirty."

And the score remains nothing to nothing in favor of Mrs. Goodnight.

KD Did It

by VIRGINIA RICHARDSON



V. Richardson



Anna Mae Peters



Prexy Peters and those who "rid again."



Midnight bluffs in the popcorn.



The officers of KD discussing one of their major achievements. (Ed. Note: Note copy.)



KD's Kapitizing or why doesn't she finesse?

*The colors of Kappa Delta, exclusive
of red (on the budget), and black and
blue (on the mantle-eaters) are olive
green and pearl white. Or, if you pre-
fer, olive white and pearl green.
We're all color-blind anyway, so it
doesn't make any difference. . . .*

SENIORS—CLASS OF '40—(We hope)

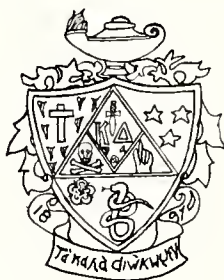
Anne Mae Peters Mary Jane South
Virginia Richardson Doris Thiele

SOPHOMORES — (Class of forty-two)

(Something wrong here)

Jayne Corcoran Marjorie Finney
Frances Dvorak Hilda Sarver
Janice Evans Jean Sturgis
June Fiess Ila Warstler
Phyllis Skilton

Kappa Deltas



JUNIORS — (The rugged individuals)

Nancy Jane Spears

FRESHMEN — (Plenty Class!)

Marion Brown	Lois Moelter
Doris Keys	Kathleen Shannon
Shirley Meinhold	June Smith
Betty Kitchen	A. Willowschat
Dale Marriott	Dawn Davis
* * *	
Pauline Babicz	June Crawford
Ethel Hanes	Grace Benedict

*The following hope to be able to wish to
show their deepest appreciation for the loy-
al support shown in the recent election.*

President Anna Mae Peters
Vice President Nancy Jane Spears
Secretary Phyllis Skilton
Treasurer Doris Thiele

"BETA THETA Pi has for its objectives the promotion of the moral and social culture of its members, the establishment of confidence and friendly relations among the colleges and universities of the United States and Canada, in securing unity of action and sympathy in matters of common interest among them, and the building up of a fraternity that recognizes mutual assistance in the honorable labors and aspirations of life, devotion to the cultivation to the intellect, unsullied friendship, and unfaltering fidelity as objects worthy of the highest aim and purpose of associated effort."

The Bethany chapter, the Psi of Beta Theta Pi, has for its local object this year the promotion of alumni relations and a desire to have these men return to Bethany during the centennial year. A chapter is no stronger than its weakest member, and in Beta Theta Pi there is no "inactive" group. A member of this fraternity is a member for life, and he is entitled to vote and take part in any phase of fraternity life. Because of this fact we designate men as graduate or undergraduate members of the fraternity.

In our drive to improve relations between graduates and undergraduates, the first effort was extended in a revision of graduate members' addresses. The president of Psi Chapter, Victor Herbert, appointed a committee consisting of Donald A. Rosensteele, Robert Y. Ulrich, and Edward W. Machamer, under the direction of Alumni Secretary Irvin B. Charnock, which has entirely revised the list of addresses of former students.

A chapter publication, "Old Psi," has been revived under co-editors Robert F. Cook and John E. Morrill. This quarterly paper contains news of importance to all members. Due to the interest in Bethany's Centennial and the Centenary year of Beta Theta Pi, unusual interest has been noted in the publication.

The social committee has adjusted its program so that graduates and former students re-

turning to the "Banks of the Old Buffalo" will be provided with interesting entertainment. Alfred E. Wright, Jr., chairman of this committee, has for his assistants Sherman C. Gibson, Samuel L. Bernard, Joseph A. Funk, and Paul L. Bowers. These men have arranged for dances,

teas, parties, and dinners that will enrich the social and cultural side of a college education.

As the financial side of fraternal life is important, James W. Daub, treasurer, and Warren Coughanour, steward, have an advisory committee consisting of William Callendine, chairman; Scott Kaler, William A. Wells, and William M. Rowlands, to assist them in their problems. These men will gain practical budgeting throughout the year. The financial committee serves a fraternity as a keel does a boat; it keeps the fraternity right side up.

Instructing the pledges in their weekly lessons concerning the fraternity is a task that needs no explanation. The life of a fraternity depends on its pledges. The pledge supervisor for the current year is Irvin D. Roche, who also heads the scholarship committee.

In brief the above mentioned paragraphs are a picture of the inside workings of Psi Chapter of Beta Theta Pi. It can easily be seen that varied training exists in a fraternity. To all of us, bound together in an eternal union, the years at Bethany College as a Beta will be remembered until "Wooglin" is ready to accept us.



Vic Herbert—chief guider to Wooglin

Inside a Fraternity

by JOHN MORRILL

OFFICERS

Victor J. Herbert.....	President
Samuel L. Bernard.....	Vice President
John E. Morrill	Secretary
James W. Daub.....	Treasurer
William Coughanour.....	Steward

BETA THETA PI M E M B E R S

CLASS OF 1940—SENIORS

William Callendine	Joseph Funk
Warren Coughanour	Sheman Gibson
James Daub	Victor Herbert
Alfred Wright, Jr.	

CLASS OF 1941—JUNIORS

Samuel B. Bernard	Lester Raub
Irvin Charnock	Donald Rosensteele
Scott Kaler	James L. Stoner
Edward W. Machamer	William A. Wells
Ralph Morrill	Joseph R. White

CLASS OF 1942—SOPHOMORES

Paul L. Bowers	Irvin Roche
Robert F. Cook	William M. Rowlands
Robert Y. Ulrich	

PLEDGES

George Albee	Charles Huhn
Ralph Burbridge	David Huntsberger
Charles Cluss	James Huntsberger
Archie Conn	Stewart Moore
Jerry Ferguson	William Stockdale
Donald Hillstrom	Donald Wells
Paul Hogg	Richard Wells



Top: Betas eat by candle light. Center: President Herbert has a fireside chat with his officers. Bottom: "Oh, pass the loving cup around."



by ROBERT MARTIN

THE CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL Exhibition of Modern Paintings always arouses the interest of a large number of Bethany students and faculty members. This year, it seems to me, there are even more people taking advantage of the fact that they live so close to the biggest showing of contemporary art in the world.

This writer has seen the exhibit twice, when it opened two weeks ago, and when a bus took nearly thirty students to view the paintings. I shall give you only a few words of general comment, however.

Five of the eight prizes were won by American painters. The first prize was awarded to Alexander Brook, an American, for his "Georgia Jungle." There should be little quibbling about this choice, for Mr. Brook has chosen a subject of social importance—a desolate bit of the South. He has taken a lowly scene and elevated it, giving it a genuine and sympathetic interpretation. The painting is subdued and sombre in color, and the artist uses only a dash of red and blue to enhance the tragic note of the picture.

Second prize went to Yasuo

AMONG THOSE PRESENT at the formal opening of the International in Pittsburgh at which the prize winners were announced were Miss Mahaffey, Lyle Mayne, Peggy Euwer, Catherine Smith, Bert Decker, and Robert Martin. Archibald MacLeish, newly appointed Librarian of Congress, was the main speaker of the evening.

"THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 16" is almost a pleasant memory now, but it is worth mentioning as one of the best plays produced on the Bethany campus in the last three years. The cast was well selected and ably directed by Miss Marian Hendrick, newcomer to the dramatic scene at Bethany.

Kuniyoshi, an American painter, for his "Lay Figure—1938". It is an abstract creation of a figure slumped across an old chair.

Marc Chagall, a Frenchman, took third prize with his "The Betrothed." It shows two lovers embracing beneath a bunch of flowers, all of it supposedly symbolic of something or other.

Mariana Andreau, a Spanish International, wins first honorable mention with a fascinating bit of surrealism, "The Duel With One's Self." It must be praised for its polished perfection and the attention paid to minute details.

Raphael Soyer gives us another characteristic slice of American life in his "Bus Passengers" which won second honorable mention. It reminds one of Daumier's "Third-class Carriage."

Now about some of the other interesting paintings in the exhibit. Karl Hofer, who last year

COMMENTS AND SUGGESTIONS will be welcomed by the writer of this page if they are addressed to him and left in the BETHANIAN office. Affairs of a cultural nature which you attend, with your impressions of them, are particularly wanted.

WHERE TO GO: WHEN TO GO.

November 29. Wheeling Symphony Society Orchestra concert, in Wheeling.

December 5. Lily Pons sings at Syria Mosque, Pittsburgh.

December 6. "Personal Appearance" presented by Bethespian Club with a local cast.

December 10. The Carnegie International Exhibition in Pittsburgh closes.

won first prize while a Nazi refugee, returns this year as a repatriated German with three excellent paintings. Though he has been spanked and forgiven by Papa Hitler, his treatment of peasant life does not change.

One of the most morbid, yet impressive, paintings in the show is George Gorsch's "A Piece of My World." Done in an ugly rotting color, it shows a procession of old men, helmeted, with revolting cadaverous faces and gas masks dangling at their throats, the rags of their uniforms hanging like the flesh of air-raid victims; men groveling through the slime and the filth and the wreckage of the war-torn world around them, plagued with fat-bellied rats, gnawing at their flesh. It is a fantastic painting—more like a nightmare—yet I believe a just satire on the warring nations and the barbarity in the world today.

The painting which will probably
(continued on page 20)

A German, upon his arrival in the United States, is invariably asked the same question by everyone he meets. Do you like Hitler? Have you seen Hitler? Do the people like Hitler? Have you had military training? To answer these questions is my purpose in writing something about the New Germany.

When the Versailles Treaty was signed, the majority of the German people forgot, over the joy of peace, to think of what this treaty meant for the future. After fighting long against almost the entire civilized world in France, in Italy, in Russia, in the Balkans, Germany was forced to capitulate, not because she was defeated on the battlefield, but because she was feeling the effects of the Allied blockade, a fact which even the Allies admitted. The main consequences of the treaty were: (1) Germany was forced to give up ten frontier provinces which had been hers, some for several centuries. (2) Germany was forced to pay a huge indemnity. (3) She was forced to give up almost all of her Navy and colonies. (4) France received Alsace-Lorraine, and occupied the Saar and the western portion of Germany, near the Rhine, which is entirely German. (5) A "general disarmament" was to begin in Europe.

Before the end of the war, the French and British governments shouted the same as today:

We don't fight the German people, we fight the German government, and only the German government alone; and therefore this should be the last war.

They had the chance to do that, but then, as victors, they "could not" do so. Anyone with any understanding and knowledge of history can see that this treaty was the foundation of the present war.

As a logical consequence of both the Versailles Treaty and conditions in Germany in 1918, a

revolution resulted. Seven million unemployed. Farmer classes demolished. General rioting. Another government every two months. Sufficient number of police not allowed. Every German who remembers those times says it will never happen again. On January 30, 1933, Hitler and

the National-Socialistic Party took over the government. No one thought anything of it. We were accustomed to see the government change almost every eight weeks. Time passed. Nothing happened to indicate that a change would be made.

Germany: Post-War and Present

by PAUL FREILING

Then Hitler acted. His first step was to dissolve the thirty-two different political parties, a very important step in the unification of Germany. The people would cease to fight among themselves; they would unite and begin the much-needed work of rebuilding Germany, destroyed during the war and the following years. This enormous and hitherto never attained task was completed in five years.

In 1938 there was no unemployment. On the contrary, there was a shortage of workers, and they were being imported from neighboring countries. Italy, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Poland sent 250,000 workers. Also, the living standard was raised for both peasant and workers. Industry was again operating fully. Art and culture began once more. The Saar, one of our richest coal basins, was restored. And—we were united once more. There was enormous enthusiasm for "The Fuehrer." "One people, one Reich, one leader."

Today, in Germany, everyone works. Even the school children of the cities help the farmers during their vacations. University students work in the mines or the factories. The average German works longer than the average American. But this is still not enough. Germany lacks natural resources; she is forced to import
(cont'd inside back cover)



The author, not able to return to Germany because of the war, came to Bethany for an education, preferring it to an English concentration camp.



Bethanian



Buffoonery



UNQUOTABLE QUOTES AND FAMOUS LAST LINES OR WHAT HAVE YOU

Give me a shot 'a rye and a
beer chaser.

Yes, Dear, I trumped your ace.
So I said to the prof, "Now see
here, you, you can't flunk me."
Bethany is primarily an educa-
tional institution.

(Ed. note: How in the hell did
that get in here?)

And then there was the one a-
bout the absent-minded prof.
QUIET!!!

I wasn't doing over thirty.

Huh? What curve!

I now pronounce you man and
wife.

And so, with heavy hearts, we
leave the island paradise of—
Sure, I know whether a gun's
loaded or not.

Will you marry me?

Dinner is served.

My good man, I know the presi-
dent of this company.

Let's neck.

Wadda ya mean, Bert, "This
ain't good 'nough?"

HELP WANTEDS Female; pretty,
well-formed girl, to work
nights. Preferably experienced,
but can train to suit. L. Mayne.

Chivalry is a man's attitude
toward a strange woman.

ED. NOTE: Fer Gawd's sake,
put sumpin in here.

College education for women
is futile. If they're pretty, it's
unnecessary: if they're not, it's
inadequate.

—*Rammer-Jammer*

Said Dean Weimer to Prexy
Cramblet, "What's the time?"

"Quarter to."

"Quarter to what?"

"Don't know; times got so
bad, I hadda lay off one of the
hands."

Don't get sore, kid:

Here's an orchid;

There'll be more, kid.

—*Blast*

And then there was the col-
lege student who cleaned his
room because he found out that
for the last two weeks he'd been
sleeping on his desk.

It has been reported from a
reliable source that Jim Cole,
First Vice-President in charge of
Maintenance and Construction
at Cochran Hall, comes in ev-
ery morning to rearrange the
dust.

AS REPORTED FROM PROFESSORS
More kidney trouble is caused
by modesty than by intemper-
ance. *Prof of Physiology, U.
of M.*

Crobaugh, on the Motion Pic-
ture Industry: Some pictures are
4-bell, some are 3-bell, and some
are merely ding-dongs.

Today, we shall begin our les-
son by taking up the spelling
of certain nouns,

Verbs, adjectives, adverbs, con-
junctions, to say nothing about
certain pronouns.

Let us begin, now, by attempt-
ing the spelling of these cer-
tain words in a way

Which is calculated to turn the
pigment in the hair of a few
profs gray.

For instance, the word "philos-
ophy" is a particularly obnox-
ious one,

For if we use "ph" to spell that
word, why shouldn't we use
"p'h" to spell "phun?"

To say nothing about "phish";
and "fish" can also be spelled
with a "gh", as ghish.

But just as sure as we are try-
ing to fill up space with this
poor attempt at rhyme,

You will probably say that the
reading of this' is nothing but
a waste of thyme.

Smart college students

go to

N A Y ' S

for smart

College Shoes

ED. NOTE: This was actually
funny so we shoosed it out.

Not to be outdone by *The Book Of The Month Club*, or various and sundry publishing houses, the *BETHANIAN* is both proud and happy to present IT'S trilogy.

I wish that my room had a floor.
I don't care so much for a door,
But this walking around
Without touching the ground
Is getting to be quite a boor.

—Burgess

There was a young man from
Bees,
Who was stung on the nose by a
wasp.

When asked, "Does it hurt?"

He replied, "No, it doesn't,
But I thought all the time 'twas
a hornet."

—anon.

There as a young man from
Japan
Whose limericks never would
scan.

When asked why it was,

He answered, "Because

I always try to get everything in
the last line that I possibly
can.

—Pelican

Found: On Main St. in front of
the Post Office, a black leather
wallet containing \$17.
Owner will please form a
line in front of *BETHANIAN*
office.

In the old days the village
idiot was merely laughed at;
nowadays, he's elected mayor.

—Blast

And have you heard about the
girl who earned her living pour-
ing at the Minsky tease?

A city slicker blew into town
yesterday, complete with shoes,
to make a sort of survey of the
town for the government. After
he had finished his job, he be-
gan a conversation with one of
the natives. He said, "This is
certainly an out-of-the-way place.
No way to get in or out. You
must have a tough time getting
the necessities of life here."
"Yep," answered the native,
"and when you get the stuff, it
ain't fit to drink."

Have you ever eaten coot?
Well, if you haven't, you've
missed something. Coot can't
be gotten at restaurants; it must
be caught, cooked, and eaten,
all by one (or maybe two) per-
sons. For the benefit of those
who desire to try this tasty mor-
sel, the following recipe is giv-
en from the *Yankee Cook Book*.
Take a clean, red, building
brick, a small one, relative free
from mortar; ease in deep pot
with dressed coot, and parboil
three hours. Pour off water,
parboil coot and brick again for
three hours. Again pour off
water, fill pot again, add a dash
of salt, plenty of pepper, and al-
low coot and brick to simmer
overnight. In the morning, pour
off water, throw coot away, and
eat the brick.

It seems that Weimer wants
to take over the Economics and
English departments, because he
knows so much about buyology
and punctuation.

Now doth Autumn's first small
timid ember

Look through the lovely win-
dows of September;

Fresh dusted is the silkened
milkweed pod,

And rampant on our roads the
goldenrod;

But not by any means are these
things all

The proof that we have reached
another fall;

The campuses, it's clear to a
perceiver,

Again are raging with the hey-
hey fever.

More famous last lines

I've heard that one before—

One more drink, and then

I'll go—

So What, Dean—

The End.

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REVIEW OF ARTS—*contd.*

ably win the annual popular prize award is Gerald Brockhurst's "Portrait of Mrs. Paul Mellon."

There are many beautiful canvases in the International which I do not have the space to mention. The entire exhibit must be seen to be appreciated. Incidentally, this will be the last International for several years if the war in Europe continues. But there will probably be exhibitions showing the work of painters in the United States, Canada, and Central and South America.

MATHEMATICAL—*cond't:*

Men students are looking forward to an enlargement in the mathematics department. In order to increase the enrollment of men students, more courses appealing to men must be offered. Favored by a low maintenance cost and with these men, Dr. Cramblet, Dr. Allen, and Mr. Eves, why can't Bethany again take her place as a pioneer in education? The field of mathematics is waiting.

100TH—*cond't:*

The final day was marked by the regular Sunday Morning Services at Bethany Memorial church, a musicale program, and a tea in the Drawing Room. Sunday evening saw things pretty well settled back into their normal vein; and, with a heart-felt sigh, the students dropped into their own beds and dreamt troubled dreams of the next homecoming and the promise it bears of being the biggest and best Bethany has seen in all her Hundred Years that have rolled. Here's to it. . .

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GERMANY—*cont'd*:
raw materials and foodstuffs.
Even though she works with
all her means, her people cannot
live as the people in America.
Is this right? Germany needs
her colonies.

For seventeen long years,
Germany tried to get back her
colonies without rearming; but
an armed France and Great
Britain, in spite of their post-
war promises, didn't even dis-
cuss the problems. They could
develop their many colonies
much more effectively than they
have. Germany could not get
back her colonies without an
army; therefore, she was com-
pelled to rearm. Now, perhaps,
England will discuss these prob-
lems.

As long as Germany doesn't
have enough for living, she is
forced to try to get what she
needs; and she can never agree
with the Allies. When these and
the minority problems are solved
for all time, I am convinced that
not every succeeding European
generation will have to fight
anymore. That would not only
be the best for Europe, but also
for the whole civilized world.

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THE
Bethaniam
Number 3 Volume
December
1939

If you give a freshman an inch, he will take a yard. If you give a freshman a dink, he will take a beating rather than wear it, and if you give him freedom from sophomore punishment, he will voluntarily inflict it upon himself. How inconsistent we are! And yet are the freshmen entirely to blame? What has happened to the school spirit of Bethany students? What about the upperclassmen? Somewhere there is an answer to these questions.

It has always been my conception that the sophomores do the instigating and the freshmen do the wearing. Of course, I am speaking of the dinks. I have never heard of a freshman class offering to wear dinks until our recent freshman class meeting. Much to my surprise and disgust, the freshmen actually voted to wear dinks. If this is a sample of freshman class spirit, and I think it is, then something must be done about it. Conditions are progressing to a fine state of affairs when the sophomores have become so lax and uninterested in school spirit that the freshmen must bring up the idea of dinks themselves.

In my opinion, dinks are a lot of nonsense, but we seem to have in the midst of our freshman class a few students who think that dinks are flattering. These glorified kindergarten students would have the freshman class in dinks purely because they look cute. At least that is what I could gather from the freshman class meeting. The height of irony, however, was the speech that our hulking big quarterback of the freshman team presented in favor of dinks. Of all people to favor the wearing of dinks, he was the last one on the campus that I would have suspected. I am sure that a dink would add much to his virility.

But now to get away from the student side of the question. What does the faculty think of dinks?

The faculty members approached on the subject considered it a joke. They even went so far as to place dink-favoring freshmen in the category of fools. I am very much inclined to agree with the faculty on this point. Perhaps we should give them a bit more credit than we do.

There is, however, an argument in favor of

dinks. That is school spirit. The student body has shown itself very disinterested in the events that go on about the school. Perhaps our football team was not the best in the country. What of it? Is that sufficient cause for the lack of support by the student body? If it is, then we

need a redefinition of school spirit. Let us consider the advantage of the dink. The sophomores compel the freshmen to wear dinks. The freshmen resent the idea of being

coerced, and there is a spirit of unity built up within the freshman class. This class spirit is naturally carried over into our intercollegiate sports. This is the only favorable argument for a dink. Since the upperclassmen have neglected to inflict this business of dink wearing onto the freshmen, I can see no reason for the freshmen wearing dinks voluntarily. Is not this a sign of meekness in the freshman class? On the other hand, what evidence of class spirit do we have from the freshmen?

So far as I have been able to discern, there is no such thing as class spirit within the freshmen ranks. Perhaps I am mistaken, but I can cite some very good examples to back up my argument. The freshman class contains some one hundred and seventy students, and yet, when the class voted for class officers, the total vote cast tallied somewhere in the neighborhood of eighty. We have a class meeting to decide, on the boy and girl to represent the freshman class on the cover of the *Bethanian*. How many turned out? A mere seventy-two students. I, for one, am not in favor of dinks. But, if the wearing of a dink would supply that much-needed stimulus to the freshman class, as well as the school in general, then I am all for it.

There is only one alternative left, and that is to show the upperclassmen that we do not need dinks to have school spirit. I think the freshman class has more possibilities within its ranks than all of the other classes put together. It is about time the freshmen aroused themselves and realized that they are now a part of Bethany College. Wake up, freshmen — exert yourselves!

Enthusiastic Freshmen

by ROBERT SMUDSKI

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENT BOARD OF PUBLICATIONS OF BETHANY COLLEGE	The <i>Bethanian</i> Entered as second-class matter on January 14, 1920 at the post office at Bethany, W. Va., under the Act of March 1, 1875. Subscription: Four Dollars a Year VOL. XXXI DECEMBER, 1939 NUMBER 3	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF BERT DECKER * * BUSINESS MANAGER GEO. PETROFF
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Editor's Notes

This issue was entirely written by Freshmen. The cover couple were voted such by the Freshmen. The editor, and his managing editors, agree that, to date, the Freshmen staff members are by far the most cooperative. We actually had too many articles for this issue. To us this disproves Smudski's editorial, which claims that the Freshmen have no school spirit.

With eight hundred dollars less than last year's, this year's *Bethanian* must be cut. The only two things that can be cut are pages and pictures. You can see that we are doing both.

On page six you will find that the Bison really went to town this year.

Since we have Freshmen on the faculty, we deemed it proper to have an article by one of them in this issue. On page eight you will find an anti-war article by Professor Eves.

On page ten you will find two short articles with punch. They came from Professor Roberts' Freshman English Class.

A Freshman, who has been there, takes you to darkest Africa, on page twelve.

If big names attract you, turn to page nine. A short interview of Vincent Sheean reveals what he thought of his Bethany audience.

On going to press we realized that no one, in this issue, had wished you a Happy New Year. So, Happy New Year.

December's Contents

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After a few moments of high-g geared concentration, I have come to the conclusion that Bethany is a mighty fine place to while away nine months of the year. Months that might become boresome elsewhere, in Bethany become months of carefree and idle existence on the banks of the Old Buffalo, mid the green clad hills of West Virginia. Here our only concern is to follow the schedule that tells us when and where, but now why, to go to become educated.

Perhaps I seem a bit satirical, but seriously, Bethany really is a grand place. Of course, there are some things that I don't like; I am only human, but in my estimation the not so good features are far outweighed by the good ones. I don't like the prohibition of dancing on Sunday, compulsory Chapel attendance, last year's motion pictures, and other things that are actually so trivial they are not worthy of mention. These things do not harm me physically, mentally, or morally; so, I just ignore them and enjoy the better things.

Bethany is isolated from the rest of the world and transportation facilities do not exist. Some consider this a disadvantage, but I, personally, think it is not. Easy access to town would offer various and sundry temptations (you know what I mean). I feel sure it would not be conducive to a 3.00 average. (If you know what is, get in touch with me.) If it is vitally important that I get to town I am sure that I will not have too much difficulty in finding a way.

There are so many things about Bethany I could praise that should I expound them at any length, I would end up with a five-foot shelf of books. Time and space do not permit a profound eulogy, so I will attack the problem from another angle.

Suppose I should attempt to build a college like Bethany, one where Bethanians would feel right at home. I would need much. I must have a small, quiet town, miles from nowhere, a hill on which to build my college, acres of woodland, and a winding stream. I must have two miles of nature trail, fifteen minutes of Beta walk, two or three tombstones on a distant hill, one span of K. D. bridge, an athletic field that may alternately be used for football and water polo, and a

little German Garden, two miles out the road "wo das Bier sehr gut ist!"

In the town I must have a little Inn where cinnamon cokes and the Jumpin' Jive are the specials of the day, and a store where I may purchase anything from chewing gum and thumb-tacks to alarm clocks and men's dress trousers.

The college must have a long, windy "Back Porch" and a tower. In the tower I must have a bell with

which to proclaim the athletic victories, if any, and an erratic clock that never lets it front face know what the other three are doing.

When the school is built, I must have a faculty; a group of men and women who are wise, sympathetic, understanding, and capable of imparting some of their knowledge to the students. When they have arrived, my college is finished, but not complete. I must have students—eager young men and women to fill the halls and classrooms, drink the cinnamon cokes and das Bier, walk the nature trail hand in hand, and tell me without hesitation what is wrong with my college.

The students have come, they have filled my school with life, raised h..... in the dormitories with stinkbombs and fireworks, and have done all the things young people in college do, but something is missing. It is the lack of deep-seated tradition. My school is new and cannot hope to have, for years to come, the homely traditions of Bethany, the cheerful hellos that greet me at every turn, the serenades, the cheerful camaraderie of the smoking periods, between classes, at the gates, where profs and students get together for a quick smoke and a moment of idle banter. Without these, I cannot hope my school will ever take the place of its prototype, your school and mine—Bethany.

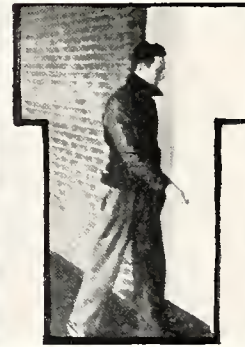
P. S.—I forgot to mention the various courses offered in either college. Woo 31-32 is worth investigating.

* * * *

It's here, we know not where. It's in the hall and in the air.

Some call it tradition, but that's too cold. It's more than a dead man's lifeless mold. It's something alive, and love does instill. I'll just call it Bethany, Shrine on the Hill.

—T. D.



THE FRESHMEN...



Left to right—1st row: Rosemary Adamson, Robert Addleman, George Albee, Helen Arensburg, Pauline Babicz, Lois Bancroft, Nelson Banks, William Bannen, Richard Barker; 2nd row: Evelyn Barrett, Virginia Bell, Marjorie Black, Marjorie Blackmore, Angeline Bonessi, Elwood Brown, Ewing Brown, Marion Brown, Anna Bell Brunner; 3rd row: Ralph Burbridge, Betty Jo Burgess, Anna Laura Burke, Corinne Cashman, Gail Close, Margaret Close, Charles Cluss, Thomas Committe, Lois Conley; 4th row: Archie Conn, Robert Connell, Janice Cooper, Jean Cramb, Dorothy Edwards, Margaret Ehinger, Faith Eldemiller, Milton Esty, Gerald Ferguson, Lewis Finch; 5th row: Margaret Deibel, Jane Douglass, Kate Anna Drake, Robert Fritz, Alice Garland, Pauline Gilbert, Eleanor Gilmore, Bernard Goldberg, Jeanne Greene, Margaret Hallock; 6th row: Jean Fraim, Emma Jane Fresh-Louise Hanes, Edward Harris, James Hawkins, Frederick Haenszel, Jean Henderson, Donald Hillstrom, Mary Jane Hinkle, Paul Hogg, Charles Huhn; 7th row: Ethel Keck, Eugene Keckey, David Huntsberger, Irene Hutchison, Robert Jackson, Vernon Jackson, Mary Louise Jennings, Robert Kaiser, Mary Elizabeth

... AND MORE FRESHMEN



Left to right—1st row: John Keppel, Doris Keys, Marian Lemon, Elizabeth Lewis, Frank Long, William Loper, Esther Mackey, Dale Mar-
 ott, John Medick; 2nd row: Shirley Meinhold, Niceto Metal, Margaret Middleton, Dorothy Minor, Lois Moelter, Stewart Moore, Harold My-
 arrigan, Lenore Neil, Fred Neuman, Barbara Noel; 3rd row: Nyla McCrory, Nelie McIlvain, Betty McIntyre, John McKenna, Eva Delle McSeveney, Betty Jane
 Phillips, Anthony Pinto, Virginia Ponzio, Thomas Poston; 4th row: Helen Novak, Mary Ella Nye, Thomas Otto, John Owen, Beverly Palmiter, So-
 nie Phillips, Mary Louise Sesler, Kathleen Shannon, Leo Shlickerman, Marietta Shore; 5th row: Janice Purdum, Mary Louise Ray, Glenn Ritchey, Ernest Sandy, Bar-
 bara Schutt, June Smith, Mariah Smith, Mary Lulu Smith, Robert Smudski, Theodore Steele, Sanford Steinman; 6th row: Marion Shreffler, Marvin Siegel, Harold
 Egelbaum, Norman Thomas, Loren Thompson, Richard Umbel, Richard Wallace, Roger Waterman, Donald Wells, Virginia Westland; 7th row: Stanley Stitt, Fred
 Wearingen, John Whitehill, Robert Williams, Ardath Willowschat, Betty Wilson, Harry Wilson, Jean Wilson, Sanford Winters, Elizabeth Wuller.

After last month's erudite and edifying treatment of the athletic endeavors of Bethany, there is not much to be done in the way of sport analysis. But the victories of the football team in its last two encounters, and the awarding of letters to the outstanding men of both the football and cross country squads, certainly are reasons enough to try the impossible — fill the literary shoes of my predecessor.

The first of these two victories was a 27-0 win over Fairmont State Teachers College. As may be seen by the score, this was a fairly easy game for the Bisons. Scoring began early, with Dick Jackson carrying the ball over for the first touchdown, early in the first quarter. "Petie" Petroff toted the ball across for the next two Bethany touchdowns, the second after a thirty-four yard dash. In the last quarter, Ed Harris, freshman back, cut through the line from the seven-yard line to score standing-up. "Bud" Kuhns kicked three out of four attempted points after touchdown to make the total 27. Perhaps the outstanding feature of the game was Petroff's return to form. He made several spectacular runs for long gains. One of these was the They'll Do It Everytime feature of running 56 yards for a touchdown, only to have the ball

called back—Bethany offside. Along with "Petie", "Spike" Hafer and Ed Harris were the offensive stars, while "Scrapper" Moore, Bill Wells and "Bud" Kuhns deserve mention for their line play.

Although the final game was not so easy, it too is listed in the Bethany win column. This time the vanquished opponent was Heidelberg. Scoring once in each of the first two periods, and holding the Stu-

dent Princes without a point, enabled the Green and White to win, 13-0. This game was interesting throughout, because of Heidelberg's continual threats to score. At one time they had the ball on the Bethany one-yard line, only to have one of their backs fumble. Recovery of the fumble by an alert Bison, and a kick down field, stopped that attack. In the last quarter, Heidelberg again threatened to score, this time by passing. In fact, the game closed with Bethany in the shadow of her own goal posts, skillfully knocking down the "prayer" passes of her opponents.

Bethany's first score came as a result of Hafer's blocking a punt on Heidelberg's 15-yard line. A few plays later, Petroff went over from the 12 yard line. The second touchdown re-

Season's End

by BUD DEER



Ed Harris, freshman back, following Tommy Cullison through the Heidelberg line.

sulted from a 28-yard pass from Cullison to Gordon, who was stopped on the 7. Two plays later, Hafer plunged over into the end zone for the score. Kuhns booted the extra point to make it an uneven 13. "Scrapper" Moore had little trouble out-playing the much publicized 290-lb. center of the Heidelberg team. For Moore, Petroff, and Holland, it was the last game under Bethany's banner, and they did their share to end the season with a triumph.

With victories over Westminster (7-0), Fairmont (27-0), and Heidelberg (13-0); losses to Glenville (7-27), W. & J. (0-12), and Geneva (6-37); and a tie with Salem (13-13), Bethany closed the season with a .500 average. Last year's team won two games out of eight, and this year the boys won three and tied one out of seven. This is an improvement which has every indication of continuing next year.

Of the thirty-four men who regularly donned the pads and helmets, thirteen were freshmen. By rapid, but not too accurate, mathematics, this is one-third of the total number. Three of these first year men were first team players, and are eligible to receive the Bethany "B". "Dode" Meyers played at tackle and Stan Stitt and Ed Harris in the backfield, in nearly every game. Meyers was a starter from the first, and Stitt gave evidence of his ability after he replaced the injured Petroff in the game against Westminster. Harris, because of his hard-running and exceptional kicking, was called upon often at either the half-back or full-back position.

In addition to the three freshman stars, the following upperclassmen have been awarded a "B" in football: Cullison, Carroll, Dowler, Gordon, Hafer, Jackson, Kuhns, Moore, Morrill, Petroff, Simeral, Webb, and Wells.

The second team, although not receiving letters, was just as much responsible for the record of the team as the first string men. Almost entirely freshmen, the second team reads as follows: Conn, Connell, Finch, Goldberg, Hoffman, Holland, Pinto, Reiter, Schaefer, Siegelbaum, Smudski, Stienman, Taylor, Thomas, and Waterman. With such men as Finch, Holland, and Thomas in the line, and Smudski and Conn in the backfield, returning for next year, the lettermen of this year will have to hustle to hold their positions.

The day of the Heidelberg football game, November 25, also brought to a close the cross

country schedule for the year. With the A. A. A. U. three-mile run at Oglebay Park, in Wheeling, the season ended. A level course and a shorter distance proved a handicap Boettcher's men could not overcome. For the first time in three years, the Green and White lost a cross country meet.

As in football, we must modestly admit that the freshmen were the backbone of the squad. Eight out of fifteen is the number this time. Gene Keckley is the only first year man to rate a letter, but the others will be back next year doing their level (and uphill) best to join this select group of "B" wearers. Upperclassmen to win their letters this year are: Fultz, Cramblet, Stockdale, McCord, and Morris. The other members of this year's squad, which, incidentally, was undefeated in regular season meets, are: Brown, Committe, Esty, Huhn, Mayor, Shlickerman, Swearingen, and Umbel.

The wearers of the Green sweaters with the White "B", are proud, and, justly so, of their distinction. That getting a letter is not just a matter of being on the squad may be seen by the fact that only 16 out of 34 football men, and 6 out of 15 cross-country men, are eligible to display such an emblem. You've got to be good to earn your letter! In football, a man must be good enough to have played in three-fourths of the games, and half the total quarters. This means that the sixteen lettermen played in at least two quarters of at least five of the seven games. You can't be just another ball player and have the coach put you in that often! In cross country, it's even harder to earn the rating of a letterman. You must be a winner! The requirements in this sport are that a man place in the first five positions in at least three-fourths of the meets. This means that he must run consistently and well throughout the year in order to earn his letter.

And so we close the outdoor sports, and may sum it up by saying that, although it wasn't a howling success, it was, at least, an improvement over last year. With the close of the season, Coach Knight has transferred his interest from the gridiron to the indoor court, and is busy training his men in the finer technique of basketball. With a squad of 26 men, five of them lettermen from last year, in all probability, Bethany will once more be represented by a small team—lacking in height, but speedy.

Imperialism is advanced monopolist capitalism. The present world-shaking war is an inevitable product of this last and moribund stage of capitalism. The great dominance of finance capital and the necessary colossal export of it, compel the drive for new markets and widened sources of raw material. On a globe already partitioned, the quest for markets and new spheres of influence must inevitably turn into recurrent wars for the earth's redivision.

It is for this reason that wars of this type are properly called imperialist wars. Such a war was the last World War. Such a war is the present world war.

We must fully realize this predatory and imperialist nature of the present war. We must not succumb to any false demagoguery about it being an anti-fascist war, or a war to rid Europe of Hitlerism. To create such a widespread illusion is the purpose of the rampant pro-Chamberlain press in this country. Obviously the British and French ruling classes who, as is now well known, traitorously sold to fascism the national integrity and existence of the peoples of China, Ethiopia, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Spain, and Poland, risked even their own national interests that fascism might live on; who at present, particularly in France, are making desperate efforts to stifle and kill the most consistently anti-fascist forces in their country—obviously this class has no such anti-fascist intentions as are so falsely professed. No, this is an imperialist war.—Imperialist on the part of Germany because German capitalism must extend its sources of raw materials and its spheres of investment. Imperialist on the part of the allies because these allies must weaken their opponent and consolidate and preserve their own hegemony in Europe and the world. Since the peace policy and the strength of the Soviet Union has balked all British efforts to incite Nazi armed forces eastward, these forces turned westward. Now several great predatory nations find themselves in conflict, while the rest of the inhabited world runs the ever growing risk of embroilment.

Why Fight For Imperialists?

by PROFESSOR HOWARD W. EVES

Who fights these wars so that a small group may defend or extend its monopolistic profit? It is the youth. It is the great masses of ordinary working folk. These are the people who die. These are the people who suffer the agony of wounded and maimed bodies. These are the people who lose their homes and possessions. These are the people who, if left alive, return to the horrors and misery of a post-war period, to the cataclysmic depression and

mass unemployment. And it wasn't even their war or their battle. They had absolutely nothing to gain and everything to lose. These are the people who paid the supreme sacrifice that the world might be saved for democracy through the enslaving articles of the Versailles Treaty. Half the working folk of the world allowed themselves to fight their brothers in the other half in order that their ruling class might exploit those same vanquished brothers.

With such a sword of Damocles hanging over the heads of America's youth, what should be our attitude? With the ruling classes of the imperialist nations doing everything in their power to compel millions of the youth and working people of the world to go to war and die for a cause that is utterly alien to them, what should be our attitude? There can be only one stand—irreconcilable, courageous struggle against the imperialistic war, unity with all the youth and working people of the world in this stand. Particularly, constant struggle against all agents and vehicles promoting this war in our country. We must be ever vigilant of our hard won civil liberties, realizing that it is here that the warmongers always make their first inroads. Thus we must condemn the wild witch hunt of the un-American Dies Committee, and its ilk. And we must not allow ourselves, as did our fathers in the last world war, to fall for the bunk that we must fight to save the world for democracy or from fascism. Although these are the very things we want to fight for, the way to do it is to let the voice of American youth join solidly with that of American labor in the guiding slogan: *Not a man, not a cent, not a gun for imperialist war and its preparations.*

I think the Bethany student is very fortunate—he has a distinct advantage over foreign university students,” commented Vincent Sheean, journalist and lecturer, at the conclusion of his talk in Commencement Hall, December first.

Mr. Sheean explained that in Bethany, as well as in most American colleges, the student may choose his own subjects, may outline his own course of study. Peace is the distinguishing element in Bethany's atmosphere. The student is not hindered by the blurring propaganda that floods Europe. Bethany has no fear of bombs and air raid warnings. As long as the United States maintains its neutrality, the Bethany student needn't fear the possibility of being forced to withdraw from school for military purposes.

The forty year old writer admitted that he was well pleased with the Bethany audience.

“They were very attentive and showed much

interest. Their questions were intelligent ones. I have so much trouble with audiences who have no background for the European situation. It makes it very difficult to explain and lecture to them.”

Before Professor Booth drove Mr. Sheean to Steubenville, to catch a train, the author offered some advice to all college students:

“Just keep on your toes and realize that history, some of the world's greatest, is being made in your

backyard. Cultivate a neutral viewpoint. Don't be upset by flashing news reports or banner headlines. Everything passes three or four censors anyway. This is great newspaper weather. Study hard, and profit by the mistakes the world made and is making.”

So saying, Vincent Sheean turned away from Bethany, leaving behind half a dozen autographs and Neville Chamberlain's corpse, lying on the Commencement Hall stage, riddled with satire.

Vincent Sheean

by TOM COMMITTE

From two charts on a study of Student Persistence at Bethany College, we learn that each year more freshmen are returning to complete their college work. This study, conducted by the Admissions and Personnel Office, includes the students who entered Bethany each year from 1931 through 1935. In each of these classes the mortality rate has been highest between the freshman and sophomore years. Of the 127 entrants in September, 1931, only 54% returned the second year. This percentage has risen in the last classes studied, and we find 71% of the 1935 Freshies becoming sophomores. Only 47% graduate.

While the charts themselves carry no information as to why such an increase in persistence occurs, we can think of only three possible rea-

sons: The curriculum at Bethany is getting easier, the freshmen have more financial reserve, or the freshmen are getting smarter. Having spent three months as a freshman, we know that the first two reasons are not true. By elimination, we must conclude that the freshmen are getting

smarter. From another bulletin, issued by Dean Kirkpatrick, we see that this year's freshmen are above the average college freshman in intelligence. We also have the opportunity to prove

that we are above the average in persistence. If 132 of our class have enough intelligence, stamina, good sense and *will*, to remain in school, we will have bettered the existing record. Can we take it? Only time will tell. *But every one who makes up his mind to stick, can do so.*

Let's Be Different

by BUD DEER

My ideas on religion must differ radically from the ideas of any other person. Frankly, I like my religion in spots. By this I mean I should like to take certain things from the services of many sects and bring them together to form a new religion — my ideal religion.

I should like my church (what is profanely referred to as the physical plant) to be Catholic in every detail. The altars and the images always inspire me; make me reverent in spite of myself. In this building I would have played and sung the music of the Methodist Church, the hymns with melody and inspiration. The service I would have similar to the last half of the Disciples Church, a few hymns, a brief sermon.

I should like a minister (a man preferably) with the personality of Amy Lowell. The service would be Lutheran in that there would be no

standard set of readings for each Sunday; Presbyterian in that the congregation would believe in predestination; and Baptist in that immersion would prevail.

People would enter my church only after they believed they had been saved, an old Dunkard custom; yet they would not dismiss lightly the healing power of the mind, as found in the Christian Science Church. The members would feel a sense of brotherhood

Some Ideas On Religion

by MARGARET HALLOCK

and work together as the Mormons do; their religion would be a part of their every day lives, as it is with the Mennonites; and the organization as a whole would be as close knit and efficient as a Jewish synagogue.

I realize that this combination can scarcely seem logical, and even to the most visionary it can never seem possible; yet, somehow, I cannot help but feel that once a person found such a church, he would never be satisfied with any other.

On the west side of Eighty-Second Street in Niagara Falls, New York, sits a small, white bungalow with green shutters. Suddenly the window shades in the upper rooms go up, and people can be seen stirring about, showing signs of recent arising. Being quite early, the morning lights still are burning in several of the rooms. In the back of the house a light shines through the crisp, gingham, kitchen curtains. If one gets close enough, the smell of bacon and eggs is very prominent. At seven-thirty the door opens and a man steps out and then goes on down the street with a lunch

pail under his arm. A half hour later the door again opens and this time two healthy youngsters go running down the street swinging their books to and fro.

On the door step stands a woman of about 40 years of age. She looks fondly after her two children until they turn the corner out of sight and then, smiling, she turns and goes back into the little home which is her world. I hope to

What I Hope To Be 20 Years From Now

by BEVERLY PALMITER

be that woman with a home, children and a husband, building around me a happy little world of my own in twenty years from now.

Rather than examining the need for Orientation, and discerning the facts behind it, most students are content either to condemn it outright, as a waste of time, or to look upon it as merely one pleasant hour a week spent listening to Dean Kirkpatrick, Dr. of Caustic Wit and Snappy Repartee. They attend the lecture, having done little or no studying beforehand, then gripe about how little they get out of the course. This, while partly due to their own lethargy, is mainly due to the way that Orientation is presented to them here at Bethany.

The subjects studied under Orientation are important to any individual, but the fact that, primarily, they are personal studies, absolutely depending upon the desires of the person studying them, proves that they cannot be forced down anyones throat with any hope for their digestion or assimilation. You can force a student to learn that the price of rhubarb in Afghanistan is nineteen yen per peck, but you cannot force him to examine his mind, to think out an adequate philosophy of life, and to strive to reach the goal that he decides upon.

Before we proceed with any discussion of the method of presentation, we should have some idea as to what Orientation is all about—what it covers, whether it has any foundation in fact, and whether there is any real need for such a subject.

According to Bennett, author of our textbook, Orientation is concerned with, "The personal and immediate problems of the student entering college, such as, orientation to college life, methods of study, principles of mental hygiene, life goals and values, analysis of the student's interests and abilities, the choice of vocation, etc." In other words, it looks at the whole range of life, both in college, and after college, through the eyes of a student about to prepare for this life.

First, it discusses your goals in life, it asks you to think out why you are in college, so that you may better know what to strive for; an elementary, and necessary problem, yet how few of us know why we are in Bethany, except that it

was convenient for our fathers to send us without too much financial distress to the rest of the family. A second part of this discussion is concerned with the intelligent direction of our lives, both in college, and out in the real world. Instead of drifting where the winds of circumstance

happen to push us, we should, first know where we want to go, then plan the most direct route that will take us there.

The next section has to do with actually living in college, the making of friends, and the distribution of time between social and scholastic activities. It

also discusses making courses apply to life values, rather than being mere college courses, to be forgotten as soon as the tests are passed, and a straight A average assured. Soon other classes will have pushed us off the nest, and by that time we should have learned to use our wings to good advantage.

The last section is the one on which the whole book is founded, the first fruits of a growing study of psychology. It gives practical ways for improving the memory, silent reading, and method of note taking; discusses conditions for favorable study, etc. All in all, it is apparent that Orientation is about as important as any study could be, in regards to effective thinking and living.

Now that we have established the importance of Orientation, we should see why the students at Bethany are getting so little out of such a worth while subject. To my mind, the main reason for this lack of interest, and total lack of effort, is that Orientation is required. Required subjects have no place on a college curriculum. We will act intelligently only to the extent that we are treated as intelligent and mature individuals, able to make our own decisions. Therefore, I suggest that we take the compulsion away from Orientation, teach it, as a regular course, to those that see its worth, and desire to take it. True, not as many students will take it, though the freshman mind is very open to suggestions, but those that do will really derive some benefit from it.

Orientation

A discussion of its value, and a simple suggestion for making it more acceptable to the students.

by SANFORD WINTERS

Little black feet pattered down the dusty path on their way to the hospital. Today was the day for the Baby Clinic. The African sun was hot, as it was about two o'clock in the afternoon. But these little dark people were used to the heat. Having gone without shoes all their lives, their feet naturally were calloused, and the burning heat from the mud road could not hurt them.

A few of the kiddies could not go as fast as the others. Some feet were minus toes because of jiggers. Other little cheeks were swollen because of yaws. Still others were covered with the terrible rash called itch. A few had to be carried by father or mother, because of some unpleasant disease. All of these were taking treatments at the hospital. They looked forward to the time when they would be healthy like their friends.

Mothers, and a few fathers, followed this crowd carrying the babies. The conversation was chiefly about: junior's latest words, baby's first steps, baby's first tooth and the rest. Other mothers and children joined this group as they made their way to the hospital.

The white nurse, at Bolenge, where the Congo crosses the equator, opened the clinic shortly after the two o'clock drum beat. The clinic was held in a room opening onto the main court of the hospital. As one entered the room, he faced a table where the files were kept. To the side of this there was a pair of scales which had seen better days but still did its work well. The walls were lined with pictures on baby care. Benches and chairs took up most of the floor space. It was a plain little room, but very neat and clean.

A few mothers had gathered with their children. The nurse enjoyed watching the many expressions on their faces as they waited for their turn. The older women, the ones who had four or five children, sat around paying little attention to their own children, and often looking impatient. Many of them were bored at the blissful looks of the faces of the younger mothers. Having babies, by now, was just a matter of course to them.

As the women brought each child up to the

scales, the nurse examined it carefully, looked up its report and asked the mother a few questions: How does he sleep? Has he had a cold this week? How does he like his bangangu? If the child was ill, she wrote on a slip of paper the medicine to be given it, and sent them to the native helper in the medicine room.

On this day, it happened, little gifts were given to each child. Before the regular routine of weighing and asking questions started, the little nurse announced that these gifts had come from

friends in America. One thoughtful mother in a corner suggested that they thank God for friends who lived thousands of miles across the sea, but who remembered them. The children were quieted and a few words of thanks were expressed to the Father of All by each mother there.

Then started the scramble to get in line first. Little black bodies pushed against each other and little red tongues jabbered at top speed. Every mother looked out for her own child, and many were the ears that were boxed during that hour.

After working over the babies for an hour, the nurse straightened up to find a very nice looking girl standing beside her. In her arms she held a fat baby. To the nurse's horror, the little thing was covered with charms. She held out her hands as the young girl proudly placed the child in her arms. This mother was about sixteen years old. She was tall and slender, in fact, a perfect figure of health, for her people were fishermen of the Ebinza tribe. No doubt she had grown up on the river where she learned to swim before she could walk. Her black eyes shown from a face that had not been scarred by tribal markings. From her attitude, and from what she said, the nurse learned that she was one of four wives—and was the favorite.

After getting rid of the baby, the girl stepped over to the table where the gifts were spread out. On top she found a plain white nightie. To her primitive mind, it was beautiful. The cleanliness of the garment was probably what caught her eye—although she didn't realize it. She snatched the nightie from the table before someone else got it and took it to the nurse.

I Fooled 'em

**A tale of superstitious Africa by
a freshman who has lived there.**

by MARY LOU SMITH

"This is what I want for my baby," she said in a determined voice.

"I'm sorry," replied the nurse, in an equally determined voice, "but I cannot let the nightie get dirty. You will have to take the charms off the baby and give him a warm bath before I can let you have it."

The girl stared at the white woman. "What did you say?" she whispered.

"I said you will have to take off the charms before——"

"Take off the charms!" screamed the mother. "Do you know what you are saying? My baby will die if I take off the charms. The evil spirits will make him thin and ugly— Oh, white mama, you don't realize what you are saying."

The nurse took the girl by the arm and tried to quiet her. "Look," she said. "See how nice and white this nightie is? Now look at your baby. See how those charms have gathered the dirt

and how they rub the baby's skin?" She pointed to a baby whose mother was a Christian. "Look how clean and healthy that baby is—you can see for yourself that it wears no charms."

"Oh, mama, please let me have the nightie. "When I get home I'll wa——"

"No, I'm sorry, you will have to——"

The favorite wife straightened her shoulders. This was the first time she had been refused a thing in her life.

"My baby is more beautiful than any here," she choked. "My husband paid the witch doctor a lot of money for these. They won't let anything harm my baby. Mama, please listen — Can't you see? My darling will die if I take them off." By this time she was crying. The nurse placed the nightie on the table and started examining another child. She was tired. Over eighty children had been exam-

ined that afternoon. The best way, she thought, to handle this young lady is to ignore her. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the girl leave with the baby.

Ten minutes later, she felt a firm hand on her shoulder. She turned around to see the tear-stained face of the mother of the charm-bedecked baby. Imagine her surprise to find that the child had been bathed and there was not one charm on it. The nurse smiled and said, "Doesn't he look much better now? He is a very beautiful baby." Then she helped put the nightie on him. The mother left.

"Oh, my darling, I got the white nightie for you. But look, look!" From the folds of her dress she brought forth the charms. Hold still, now, while I put them back on. Sh-h-h—don't cry.—There. Nothing can hurt you now. Anyway my husband will never know they were off. With a chuckle she added—"I fooled 'em!"



Leopoldville, on the Congo, a choir of Christian negroes celebrating the anniversary of the coming of Stanley.



The natives of a small village of Africa, dancing to chase away evil spirits.

The foregoing episode has happened, and will continue to happen for some time in Belgian Congo. Although the Belgian Congo is becoming civilized at a remarkable pace, it still has with it the old men and women and heathens who are rather backward. These people hold fast to the superstitions and customs that keep

the country from progressing. It is against the paralyzing fear that is instilled by superstitions and the harmful customs that the missionaries of Africa work. Through the churches, schools and hospitals, they administer to these people's needs and illnesses. Thus, Belgian Congo, like other countries, is slowly progressing.



by GRACE RUNNION

IN BETHANY LIBRARY "Escape," by Ethel Vance. "Escape" is the story of Mark Presying, who is trying to get his mother out of a German prison. She is Emmy Ritter, a former German actress, who has returned to Germany from America to sell her home. After becoming involved in a propaganda ring, she is tried for treason and lies ill in prison, under sentence of death.

The story is fast moving, powerful and absorbing. Miss Vance treats her characters sympathetically and with a great deal of insight and understanding. Her characters are the unimportant people who are unwittingly drawn into the vortex of international politics. She tells tenderly of Dr. Ditten who, because of the compelling personality of Emmy Ritter, is moved by a startling impulse; of the Countess who for one sublime moment finds a new thrilling freedom; of the general whose duty as a German soldier forgoes any emotion; of Mark whose vacillation and inability to act almost result in ruin.

Throughout the entire book there is a battle, not of bloodshed and violence, but of wits, making it a far more gripping and convincing tale than a mere melodrama. All the sacrifices and tribulations connected with Emmy Ritter's escape are necessary and essential, because this is not just the story of an escape, but one of conflicting principles. Miss Vance points out that each individual has an inherent ideal for which he is fighting and which supercedes love and even life.

MUSIC—In Pittsburgh there is a group of amateur singers who deserve recognition. The group is known as the Mendelssohn Choir of Pittsburgh.

Its purpose is to give a concert every month. The last one was held in the Carnegie Music Hall on November 16. Psalmus Hungaricus, Te Deum, and Dona Nobis Pacem were presented. The outstanding selection of the evening was Dona Nobis Pacem. Here the hundred mixed voices together with the soloing of Helen Bell Rush Davis, soprano, and Robert Overy, baritone, were beautifully combined into a stirring interpretation which was exceedingly beautiful.

The choir is under the direction of Dr. Ernest Lunt who does a brilliant bit of conducting and merits a great deal of praise for his fine work. The entire choir is composed of amateurs, however, the soloists are professional.

MOVIE OF THE MONTH. "We Are Not Alone" is the movie version of James Hilton's story. It stars Paul Muni, who, without a beard or face putty, gives a poignant performance as the kindly, absent-minded Dr. David Newcome. "We Are Not Alone" has been excellently produced by Warners and it has been directed with a deliberate compassionate understanding by Edmond Goulding. Flora Robson is an excellent Mrs. Newcome, the bitter, frustrated wife. Jane Bryan gives a great performance as the wistful young Leni.

During the course of the story, Dr. Newcome befriends an Austrian dancer, Leni, who becomes a governess in the Newcome home. Villagers start gossiping

maliciously about David and Leni, so when Mrs. Newcome accidentally takes poison and dies, David and Leni are tried for her murder, found guilty, and hanged. Far from being sordid, "We Are Not Alone" is tender and deeply moving.

IN MEMORY OF. Arthur Bodansky, a beloved conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Association, died November 23. He was a true friend of music and an outstanding exponent of Wagnerian music. Mr. Bodansky had been connected with the Metropolitan for 24 years, succeeding Mr. Hertz in 1915.

Those of us who enjoy listening to the Saturday afternoon opera broadcasts will certainly miss the familiar, "The house lights are being dimmed and Mr. Bodansky is taking his place. . ."

DECEMBER 6—7:45—CHAPEL—CURTAIN CALLS. That's right. Bethany had a play. The name—"Personal Appearance" . . . the producer—Miss Hendrick . . . the director—Tomas Jones . . . the actors—Jean Sturgess, Gladys Kelcey; Ruth Braem, Carole Arden; Marilyn Roberts; Mrs. Struthers; Jean Henderson, Joyce Struthers; Dawn Davis, Jessie; Jane Edmonds, Aunt Kate; Darrol Wolf, Gene Tuttle; Tom Committee, Johnson; E. F. Brown, Bud Norton; Sam Bernard, Clyde Pelton.

It seemed that Carole Arden, Hollywood's pampered darling, arrived unexpectedly at the Struthers' home for the weekend. Complications immediately set in. But it is not for us to tell the story. We were glad to see you all there.

"Calling CQ. Calling CQ. W8PME calling CQ. Hello CQ. Hello CQ. W8PME calling and standing by for a call." This is not an excerpt from a speech lesson but is the Bethany College Radio Club going on the air. Every afternoon, students can be found grouped around the transmitter in Room 49, listening for a reply to this general call.

The club is composed of twenty-seven student members, who are all interested in amateur radio. None of the members possess an amateur's license, which is a prerequisite for operating a station, but each holds the desire that he or she may someday pass the government test. To receive a government license, a rigid code test must be passed, as well as a test on the general knowledge of radio theory. Thus, each week, a class in theory instruction is given by Dr. Allen, one of the sponsors of the club, for those members who are interested in obtaining their license.

The club meets every other Tuesday, in the radio room, and, after the business is taken care of, the radio station is usually put into operation. Although the law requires Dr. Allen or Professor Sumpstine, the licensed operators, to be present, every member is afforded an opportunity of talking to the other amateur stations contacted by W8PME. Although the college station has had over 120 QSO's (contacts) with other stations, this year, reaching as far as Florida, Illinois, New Jersey and Nova Scotia, the favorite "hams" (amateurs) of the club are two operators, Tom and Bill, who live in Steubenville, Ohio. Many hours have been spent "chewing the rag" with these friends across the river.

This year's club is the most active radio club that Bethany has ever had. Over half of the members are girls, who take as much, if not more, interest in radio than the boys. Because of the advantage of having two licensed operators, W8PME is liable to be heard at any hour of the day or night.

The club now has a portable transmitter which works independent of the big station, on an entirely different wavelength. This "rig" was built by Dr. Allen and, although it has been

in operation less than three weeks, it has communicated with stations in Nebraska, Oklahoma, and New Mexico. Besides the two stations at the college, Professor Sumpstine has his own radio station at his home. Thus Bethany has the unique privilege of having one radio station for every 150 persons

The radio club has many plans for 1940. The club members are now working on the installation of a giant sized tube which will increase the power of the station from its present 75 to almost 500 watts. Besides a visit to the transmitter

of WWVA in the spring, it is also hoped that sometime, in the near future, the club can hold a "ham fest". This will be a gathering of all the amateurs in the vicinity of Bethany, Steubenville, and Wheeling. At this "ham fest" the various "hams" will talk about the latest things in radio sets and transmitters, operate their own portable stations, and tell tall tales. The Steubenville police have kindly offered to come over for this meeting and give a demonstration of the way the Ohio Valley police network operates. Many other activities for club members are still in the embryonic stage.

However, one needs not be a member of the radio club to be able to talk over W8PME. Every Tuesday afternoon, from four o'clock 'til 5:30, the station is open to anyone who might like to come in and chat.

W8PME Calling CQ

A report on the Radio Club

by STEWART MOORE



"We're on the air."



A dancing date.

Why I Date Whom I Do

Student Survey

by GERALD FERGUSON.

DEAR EDITOR:

"Why I date whom I do" could be classified under the things that are none of your business. However, since you have had the brazen effrontery to inquire, and, since I am, by nature, a tolerant and obliging person, I will divulge the answer to your pertinent and impertinent query. In fact, I will go so far as to ask others of my classmates "Why they date whom they do." You will have to wait a while for the information, but I'm sure that it will be well worth the time.

We will presume that I have now inquired from all my classmates "Why they date whom they do", and that some of

them have been big enough fools to give me their reasons. I meet you in the College Inn, where you are guzzling a chocolate root beer coca cola phosphate; you are bubbling over, not only with the concoction, but with immeasurable expectation. You immediately steer me to a corner, where we can talk, unheard. Your breath, by this time, is coming in short pants (red, white and blue ones, and very becoming), so great is your anxiety as to the answer to this epochal riddle. We no sooner get seated than my ears are greeted with your simple ejaculation, "Well!"

I can see that your eyes are about to pop out, so I begin the recital before I have a case of delirium tremens on my hands.

The first boy I questioned on "Why he dates whom he does" told me that he and his "dates" have much in common. He said, quote, "We play tid-dly-winks with much finesse; we both appreciate Gertrude Stein." He stated further, that their medulla oblongatas were in favor of the merger, so, rather than irritate their medulla oblongatas, they merged, and now they are stuck with one another.

Next, I questioned a girl on the same delicate subject. She hung her head, sadly, and replied, "He's all I can get." We both had a good cry, and, after washing away our wretchedness, we parted, but only after I had promised to get her a date with George Albee.

The next fellow said, "She dances like — a gazelle." I replied that that was very nice, and inquired her name. He must have noticed the evil glint in my beautiful eyes, for,

strangely enough, he refused to tell me (Me, what never did a body harm).

By this time, I was becoming interested in the quest myself. The psychology of the search had seized me; I got out my curved-stem pipe and peaked cap, and started in with the earnestness that was lacking in my first attempts. Walking down the majestic vista, that is Bethany's main street, I spied another victim. I pounced upon him like a hawk, and had wrested the truth from him before he knew what was happening. Poor fellow, grievous was his plight. He was in love; all he could say was, "She's lovely." Afraid of being inflicted with such a contagious malady, I scurried away to a place of safety, where I removed all of my clothes and parboiled them. I am still taking nose drops and other prophylactics which, with the aid of my fervent prayers, should save me from the plague. Amen.

The longer I inquired, the more interesting were the replies. One monopolistic coed says, quote, "I think he'll look cute on my charm bracelet." If the poor guy only knew! Another replied, "I can't see anyone else, he's so big and strong!" Woo! Woo! As Maine goes, so goes Maine, and thus ran the answers of the women.

The best answer I received was from some poor fellow who was sure no girl overheard. He looked right and left, up and down, under beds, chairs, tables, and rugs, before he ventured his truly and sublimely simple response, "God only knows," to which was added my involuntary, but profound, reply, "Amen."

—A. Nonna Muss

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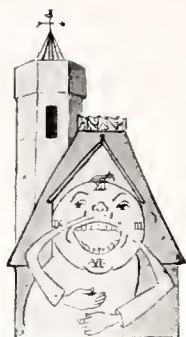
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Buffoonery



It would be brutal to ignore the anguished outpourings of a freshman lass's heart, so without further comment, we offer her woeful song:
Sign in, sign out—

The same old voodoo follows me about,
The same old scribbling on a slip
Whenever I want to leave,
Oh, sometimes I want to leave
And never come back.

Sign out, sign in,
The way they haunt us here—
it is a sin,
I awaken in the morning to a tingle,
One awful memory in mind,
That awful memory is—I forgot to sign!

Come rain, come shine,
I'm campused if I should forget to sign;
I am stuck in my room
While the radio wails;
This place is so dead
I bite my nails—
Oh, it's just like jail
When the wardens all shout—
"Six days for you—
You forgot to sign out!"

There was a rumor that plans were being made for the combining of Bethany and Pitt into one school. Only they couldn't get Weimer through the Liberty Tubes. Isn't that Wier-d?

"BABY'S LATEST TRICKS" OR THOSE FUNNY FRESHMEN

The prize goes to Forry of Gateway who had herself locked in her room in order to resist the temptation of not studying. It would have been real clever, only her parents came to visit her and they couldn't locate the girl who had the key.

Then there are the Cochran Hall lads who don't bother to knock. They just remove the door.

And there is a certain little lady (we don't Noel her name) who is so used to lending her belongings that she unconsciously and automatically answers all who call out her name—"Sure, you can have it."

We shall now observe a five-minute silence in the memory of three jokes that just died. Open the window, junior.

As we Egyptians say, "They Sphinx."

One fair Bethany miss complains that her date was a moron. Well, she can comfort herself with the thought that he's good for her at this time of the year. In the winter it's better to have moron.

The music corner wouldn't be complete if we forgot to add a little ditty that is very popular among the Gateway gals:

I'm a ramblin' wreck from
Gateway Tech,
And a heck of a necker too,
A heck of a heck of a heck
of a heck
Of a heck of a necker too—
I've got the boys all running,
My technique makes them
blue—OOH!
I'm a ramblin' wreck from
Gateway Tech,
And a heck of a necker too.

May we offer our approval to the gal who suggested to Horse Taylor that he finish shaving? He started on his head, seems as though . . .

That thar mounting boy Harris r'ports that he's a-gonna start wearin' shoes effen he kin find the buttons.

Tinkle, tinkle little phone,
While I sit here all alone,
I don't know what this snub can mean—
I TOOK that tip on Listerine!

"Going out tonight?"
"Not completely."

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THE
Bethanian

NUMBER 4 - - VOLUME XXXI

JANUARY
1940

Man hates change. It is too inconvenient. He is too set in his ways to enjoy having his routine changed. Proof of this is the conflict in Europe which is rapidly enlarging from a clash between imperialistic nations to a show-down between Capitalism and Socialism with poor Finland the battle field. Capitalists do not relish a change to socialism. We find it hard to blame them. It would be rather inconvenient.

Russia is socialistic
To what extent does not matter. One-sixth of the world is trying socialism. And it is spreading. Over four million Communists cast votes in Germany before Hitler crushed them with the Fascistic fist. Leon Blum, premier of France for a short time, was put into power by socialists. In 1919 Finland killed off 70,000 of her Bolsheviks, and became the first Fascist European nation. Most of Europe followed suit. Monopolistic capitalists were forced to turn to Fascism to oust the Reds. As the capitalists helped Finland in 1919, they are helping her today. They know that Russia must be stopped.

Russia is winning. The more fanatical the headlines to the contrary, the more one is convinced of that. Finnish reports are too contradictory to be all true. Russians are reported retreating, retreating, yet maps show areas held by Russian troops growing larger. Unless the Finns get some help—a lot of it—they will go the way of Poland. But she can not get proper aid while Germany and the Allies are at each others throats.

Russia will, most likely, continue to win. The post-war condition of both the victor and the defeated of the war between Germany and the Allies will be bad, highly susceptible to socialism. Fascism would not be able to weather it, and Europe would become socialistic.

You may ask, "Why should that bother us as college students? What do we care if Europe goes socialistic?" We shouldn't care. We should be democratic enough to allow the people of Europe any kind of government they wish.

But, there are two things we must fear. First, we must be careful we do not get into this war ourselves. We are apt to do so by lending Finland money, paying for the killing of Reds as we did in 1919. Taking sides, lending wealth,

got us in the last war. Two or three years of the same trend of sympathy that we have been taking in the last few months, and we will be in this war. Most present Bethany boys would be just the right age to go fight by that time. Second, even if we did not get into the war, we would still have the post-war depression that Europe would have.

Another depression, and we are apt to have a revolution. We, too, have socialistic tendencies. More and more

our government has been giving more to the working class. The New Deal, our anti-trust laws, old-age pensions, and high income tax, are all socialistic reforms. The people demanded them. Americans are getting aroused over the fact that our system is so inefficient that potatoes are plowed under, little pigs' throats are cut, and oranges are thrown into the New York harbor while people starve.

Social revolution in this country would naturally be met with the same force that is meeting it in Europe. The condition that created it in Europe, and will create it here unless Americans act.

America can act. National unity between our labor unions and capitalists, plus a sound economic philosophy, would keep us out of such a condition. Curtailing so-called un-American cliques is not the way. That is un-American itself. Such action is definitely antipodal to the bases upon which this nation was founded—personal freedom in thought, speech and gathering, and right to reform. The abolition of this freedom would be but a wedge to be used by these minorities to achieve their aims. Neither can we find a solution in turning away from the facts, in shutting our eyes or stopping our ears, in regarding this condition as inconsequential. And neither can we find a solution by letting things remain as they are; we must act, lest these groups become powerful enough to achieve their aims. We can only attempt to change by education the condition that would lead to Fascism. We students can help do that. College is the place to form an intelligent democratic attitude towards our economic and social responsibilities.

Think It Over

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
BERT DECKER

* *

BUSINESS
MANAGER
GEO. PETROFF

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No one can accuse the Bethany basketball team of lacking spirit. That they are in there fighting can not be denied. Anyone who saw the Geneva or the Salem game must admit that the boys certainly try hard. They have the spirit so necessary to a winning team, but, more than spirit is needed to win games.

No one can deny that there is something wrong with the Bethany basketball team. A team may be outclassed by a better team, but to be beaten consistently by teams that are of the same class is bad.

What IS the matter? When people about the campus were asked this question, many and varied were the answers. "The men are not the right type for the system; change the men or change the system." "They are five men, not a team." "They don't follow up their shots." "They can't shoot worth" "The varsity needs stiffer practices." Not all these answers came from grandstand quarter-backs who have never played. Some came from squad members themselves.

The system has been attacked as unsatisfactory, but the players have been getting enough shots. Any system is useful only in that it gets the players and the ball in a position to shoot. After that it is a matter of individual skill whether or not the score is made. Beginning with the Hiram game, the first and only one we've won (26-14) too many shots have been missed. Out of forty-two tries eight field goals were made. Next came the trip to Morgantown and Alliance to play W. Va. U. and Mt. Union. Although we have no statistics from these games the scores do not point to a great improvement. Both were lost, W. Va. U. (29-50); Mt. Union (32-58).

The game against Davis & Elkins was the same story. In the first half, five baskets were scored out of twenty-three shots at the hoop. While not a great improvement, the second team did a little better in the second half, scoring five times out of twenty-one tries. The D. & E. men made twelve out of twenty during this second half. Geneva was next on the list, and this is the one game that the team looked any where near good. The team showed spirit and drive and some improvement at hitting the basket. This

time the team dropped in ten out of thirty-five shots at the basket. By far the best game of the year, it too ended in defeat (35-46).

The Fairmont game and the Salem game follow the same formula— too many shots missed equals one game lost. Fairmont 45; Bethany 27.

Salem 62; Bethany 27.

In both these games the boys played hard but just couldn't get going. Perhaps the fact that they were trying too hard was the reason they couldn't get going. They were over-anxious to win and, consequently, hurried

their shooting and passing too much. This was especially evident in the Fairmont game when time after time the ball had to be caught two or three times before the player finally got hold of it. Time and again scoring opportunities presented themselves, but over-anxiety caused the boys to muff them. In the Salem game this over-playing caused many bad passes which the Salem team easily intercepted.

The charge has been made that the team is five men and not a team. Parallel with this is the even worse charge that fraternity affiliation is a factor in team work. That is, if you don't belong to my fraternity, I won't pass the ball to you—no matter if you are open. Personally, I have failed to see that such a feeling exists, but the same answer coming from so many different people indicates that some such idea persists on the campus. The only way to dispell such a belief is for the players to become a much closer unit than they have been. That their team play is not all that it should be may be proved (if you haven't noticed it) by checking on the man who passes the ball to the man who makes the shot. Too often there isn't any such man. A player will intercept a pass and shoot it himself, or pick the ball up from the floor and shoot, or dribble in and take the shot himself. Very few are the times that the ball is worked in by rapid passing back and forth until a man is free to shoot. In the Fairmont game there were three plays that could be traced directly to the man who passed the ball to the man who made the shot. Against Salem, the team used the system eight times. Also, it is interesting to note that these were the shots

A Touchy Subject

An attempt to analyze the Bison's losing streak.

by BUDD DEER

that were made, not missed. More team work would mean more scores!

"They haven't a good defense," was another of the answers which seems to be all too true. None of the opposing teams have had much trouble working a man free inside the foul line and feeding him the ball. Taking his time, he has no trouble at all dropping it in for the score. We admit that it is much easier to see what's wrong with a team from the sidelines than it is from the floor. That's one advantage of having a coach. There is something wrong with the defense, but what it is we don't know. Do you?

As to whether or not the varsity needs more and stiffer practices, that is a matter entirely up to the coach and the men. Being an experienced trainer of athletes, Coach Knight knows how much training a player needs to be at his best.

Here we are just about through, and we must admit that we don't know; we can only speculate what is wrong with the team. The squad possesses speed, endurance, and heart. These plus height are the basic elements of any good basketball squad. The system under which they work is admittedly one of the best yet devised. With adequate practice and well conditioned men, the combination of such a squad and such a system, should result in a winning team. But it doesn't, so somewhere there is something wrong that does not show on the surface. The losing has been too consistent and too conclusive, to be accounted for by bad breaks.

Watching the boys in practice, and then seeing them play a game is like watching two entirely different groups play. In practice they look like a college team, while in an actual game they have the harried expression and tense attitude of a high school team. Observe the frenzied

pursuit of the ball, even diving time and again onto the floor after it. Our only explanation of this is that the team is in the wrong frame of mind when they enter a game. They seem to feel that they must win *this* game so they can show the world that a Bethany team can win. They feel within themselves that they aren't capable of winning, and, as a consequence, they put into practice the axiom, "you can't beat a man who won't be beat." They fight hard — too hard, and thereby forget the simple fundamental tricks which they display in practice. Their team play suffers, and they become rattled as they realize that they are behind and time is getting shorter and shorter. Shots which they make consistently in practice, they miff as they desperately try to

overtake the opposing

team before being overtaken by the final whistle.

Although we do not pose as a basketball expert, our advice to the team is, let yourselves go. Relax, it's just another basketball game. You'll win if you play heads-up ball. You've got the system and you can make the shots. The other team's good, and they'll make some baskets; but you can outplay them if you take your time and play the way you've been taught.



Shots like these are too few to arouse Bethany rooters.

During the past decade the journalistic diet of American newspaper readers has been filled with figures, facts, charts, statistics, and proofs as to the unsurpassable omnipotence, the unexcelled superiority, the unparalleled predominance, and the unmatched supremacy of the Soviet military machine. The might of this Slavic Mars was also an unknown quantity. It still is. Even Finland will admit that. However mighty Russia may be in theory, she has not demonstrated her power. This article will attempt to explain to the Finns, who themselves can find no explanation, this failing, and will give a clear, factual account of the Marxian Malapropism to date.

The Communist corrigendum began as expected. Soviet armies swept into Finland, crushing all before them, disrupting the serenity and placidity of the Finnish countryside. The Finns, although demoralized, were not demobilized. Calling to the front all of their available reserves, they soon had the Russians in retreat. According to latest reports, the Finns, although not exactly dining in the cafes of Moscow, are at least having their entrees in Russia.

The predominant factor in the Finnish success has undoubtedly been the unhampered use of ski patrols, those winged phantoms of the Arctic, whose elusiveness and mystery are only surpassed by Aurora Borealis. Over the wires of the Finnish news agencies tales of the exceptional valor have reached the American Press.

On November 5 the first of these ski patrols, numbering 30 men, was launched at Helsinki. Rapidly covering the 300 miles from Helsinki to the Lake Pagoda region, they made final preparations. The following day they penetrated Russian territory and surprised a Soviet squad crossing the ice. Working quickly with bated breath, for the condensation of the moisture of one's breath can be seen for miles in these latitudes, they carefully cut the ice from under the Russian troops, drowning the entire division. At last, over the border, exchanging their skis for camels, discarding their heavy winter clothing, and sweating under the tropical Russian sun, they set out for the Murmansk-Leningrad railroad. Reaching it at noon on November 7, they silently de-

stroy an 11-mile section, and return, the original 45, uninjured.

Later, on November 21, a cordon of Finnish Boy Scouts surrounded and annihilated the 63rd Russian division. These boy scouts also were on skis. No casualties were suffered.

In reply to the growing demand for efficient suicide squads, the Junior Woodsmen of Finland, hardy tots of 12-16 years, enlisted on December 3. Their first assignment was the destruction of the

Kremlin. Complete reports are not yet available, owing to the military censorship. It is reported, however, from reliable sources, that the J. W. of F. eluded the first line of guards, and, without the loss of a man, completed their objective.

On Christmas Day, Finnish finishing school girls lured the Russians into a trap near Lake Soukami by singing Christmas carols. As usual, the ice opened and the Russians were destroyed. One Finnish ear was frostbitten.

William Hendrick van Loon, in an interview at his home, gave the reason for the huge number of Russian troops who have been reported frozen. Mr. Van Loon said: "One must realize the differences between the climate of Finland and that of Northern Russia. Whereas Finland exhibits typical arctic weather, Northern Russia is somewhat Californiaesque. This fact is not generally known. The Japanese current, flowing northward up the Siberian coast, divides in two parts, the main stream disappearing at a point near Vladvostok, and reappearing 750 miles east of Murmansk. From there it completely encircles Northern Russia, and then is diverted into a system of canals running south from Murmansk. Prevailing winds transform northern Russia into a veritable South Sea Paradise. Prevailing north winds prevent the high temperatures from crossing the border and melting good old "General Snow." No wonder the Russians are freezing! Unaccustomed and unprepared for the rigors of the arctic, clad in only loin cloths and sandals, they are easy marks for the sub-zero Finnish weather."

FLASH!—63rd Russian Division destroyed by ski reserves from Finnish Old Folks Home.

Overshooting Their Marx

by GORDON SEIDEL

Hassan was a little resolution, born on January 1, 1939, and this New Year was to have been his birthday. Hassan was sent to this Earth through the grace of the good fairy, whose only request in allowing his birth was that he should never become unruly or undisciplined. If by chance he should happen to overstep these bounds, he was to be removed to the land where all little resolutions go.

The good fairy entrusted Hassan to me and made me firmly promise to set him a good example so that he might grow up strong enough to blow out the candle on his first birthday cake.

Hassan arrived on New Year's Day (together with my usual hangover). He was a very frail child, as most other young resolutions, and had to be constantly attended. Many a night was spent pacing the floor with him, changing his linen, and doing many other sundry duties. I soon found out that being a mother to a resolution was no fun.

It wasn't until Hassan had been with me a whole week that he began to be a comfort to me. My days were filled with doing little things for his comfort. My nights, spent resting my body for these days; in fact, I had begun to live for little Hassan alone. Planning was the most fun of all: I decided that he should become a musician and go to a great conservatory. I looked forward to his debut at Carnegie Hall and a command performance before the president.

Hassan began to fulfill the first of my hopes; he took to the piano like a duck to water. Chopin was his favorite, and he could play the "Polonaise" with one hand tied behind his back. Hassan's precocity soon made it impossible for me to shield him from the world, and the masses

claimed him as their idol. It was then that I began to realize that I was eventually to lose him.

I could see the fatal day approaching long before it arrived. Hassan was becoming more worldly every day. His childlike innocence had become a chapter in "Gone With the Wind."

My heart was filled with dismay, but there was nothing I could do to avert the on-rushing catastrophe. I lay awake nights, wondering what would happen to my little resolution, but my feeble mental machinery just wasn't up to the task.

Then it happened.

Hassan came home one day with a woman. She was the slithery type and answered to the name of Molly Makem (a resolution wrecker if I ever saw one). She hung around until after dinner (I didn't eat much); then she and Hassan decided to go to the prayer meeting. They said they thought I looked tired and that I should get some rest instead of going with them. I must have been as badly off as they said, for I didn't even blink at the set-up and straightway hopped into my polka dot nightie and set out for dream-land.

I must have slept, for the next thing I knew the clock registered four A. M. As the night was very chill I decided I should go and put some more blankets on my dear Hassan. I tiptoed silently across the hall to Hassan's room. His glass of milk was still sitting on the nightstand, and his little pink bed was empty. You who are mothers know my dismay.

All of a sudden I heard a noise; as I had left the cat out, I was very puzzled. The pyrotechnics seemed to be concentrated in the hall, so I summoned my courage and opened the door. Poor Hassan was lying on the floor. I said to myself,

(continued on page seventeen)

Hassan

The sad tale of a little new year's resolution.

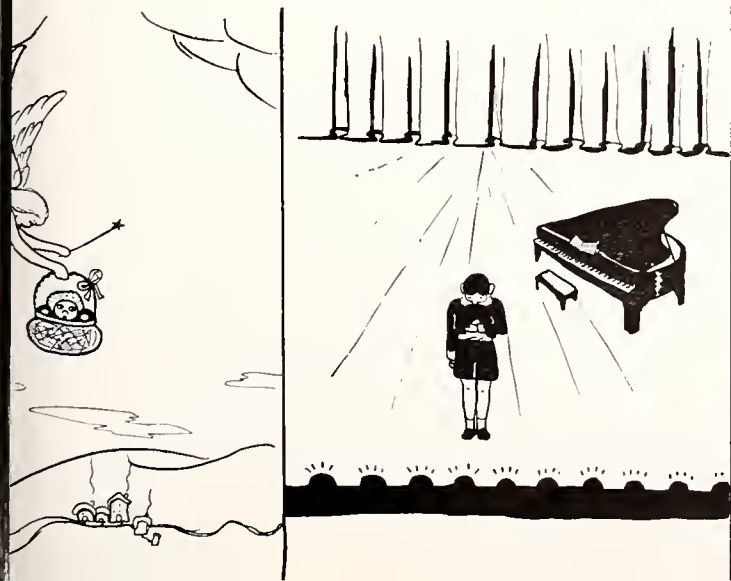
by GERALD FERGUSON

the grace of the good fairy."

"The masses claimed him as their idol."

"Ill-fated from the first."

"His insides hadn't been built for liquor."



There was a buzz-buzz as the girls ripped open the little brown boxes, and then a chorus of "oh's" and "ah's." The new pins had come! Now each girl, placing a gold and black shield over her heart, felt herself truly a part of her new sisterhood, Phi Mu. A new pin, a new name, a new meaning. Beta Nu was really on its way.

The affiliation of the two national women's fraternities, Alpha Delta Theta and Phi Mu, was announced in September. The official merger occurred on November 6. On that day, Alpha Delta Thetas everywhere wore the rose and white ribbons of Phi Mu, while Phi Mu's honored Alpha Delta Theta by wearing its colors. It marked the end of a splendid, progressive twenty years existence for Alpha Delta Theta, and the beginning of a new and even greater period of achievement for Phi Mu.

Mrs. Carl Benninghoven, president of Alpha Delta Theta, explained the sorority's decision to affiliate with Phi Mu, saying: "November marks the twentieth anniversary of our founding, and it is fitting at this time to consider our future as a national fraternity. The trend of the times in religious groups as well as social organizations seems to be toward larger, more centralized groups. As a young, progressive national, Alpha Delta Theta takes the lead in the Panhellenic world in meeting this trend by her affiliation with an honored, well-established national.

"Twenty years ago there was a definite need for more organizations on the college campus. Since that time there have been many changes. Organizations of all types and variety to suit the needs of every student have been established, and in the last decade the building of dormitories and the supervision by the university of the cul-

tural and social life of the student has also developed."

Miss Alice Miller, Phi Mu president, said: "Mergers are the trend of the day, whether in the business, church, or club world. I believe this is the first major National Panhellenic Congress affiliation, hence it is unique in that respect. We have found in each other mutual ideals and traditions—a oneness of purpose — a common bond. May our union bring to our memberships an en-

riched experience in fraternal living and to the Greek world a practical demonstration of true inter-fraternity co-operation."

Bethany's fraternity world became aware of the movement when Alpha Delta Theta's Omega girls, bubbling over with new vitality and spirit, returned to school in September to rush Phi Mu. Suppressed excitement and animation characterized the chapter's life until November 17, when national officers, Alpha Delta Theta alumnae, and Phi Mu's from Pitt, Morgantown, and Bucknell, began to pour into Bethany for the installation of Beta Nu.

It was a full weekend for all of us, with eighteen girls being pledged and ten actives and twelve alumnae being initiated. Among the latter were charter members of Omega chapter, as well as charter members of the local sorority, Gamma Chi, which preceded Alpha Delta Theta on Bethany's campus. Other alumnae of the chapter will be initiated within the year.

Installation of officers for Beta Nu occurred on Sunday, November 19. Jane Bryan, president; Dorothy Jackson, vice president; Myfanwy Strain, secretary; and Kay Allen, treasurer, were placed in office.

How do the twenty-eight new Phi Mu's feel about it? Isn't it easy to tell? Ask one of the girls about her new pin, and see how proudly she will show it to you. Of course, we have a tender place in our heart for Alpha Delta Theta. We always shall. But we have gone wholeheartedly along with our national officers and our old sorority in its joining with the new. Already

The New Phi Mu

by MIMI STRAIN

Phi Mu's at home: Nye waits for a cracked nut, Fraim begins a new book, and Schuller types a report.



we feel as important a link in Phi Mu as any of her other sixty-one chapters, each of us is conscious of her unity with 15,000 other Phi Mu's, we are enthusiastic over her projects, we are proud of her history as the second oldest national women's sorority, founded in 1852.

To uphold the combined traditions of Alpha Delta Theta and Phi Mu, and to continue our own chapter ideal of high scholarship, friendliness, and all-round activities — this is Beta Nu's goal and our New Year's resolution.

CHAPTER ROLL 1939-40

SENIORS

- | | |
|------------|------------------|
| Kay Allen | Eleanor Gray |
| Jane Bryan | Mary Ellen Hayes |
| Marie Lowe | |

JUNIORS

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------|
| Jean Allen | Betty Jeanne Schuller |
| Dorothy Jackson | Myfanwy Strain |

SOPHOMORE

- Roberta Elliston

PLEDGES OF BETA NU 1939-40

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| Lois Bancroft | Emma Jane Freshwater |
| Marjorie Black | Sarah Goodfellow |
| Angeline Bonnessi | Betty Hewitt |
| Anna Laura Burke | Margaret Middleton |
| Lois Conley | Betty Narrigan |
| Elizabeth Crawford | Mary Ella Nye |
| Marjorie Dice, <i>Sophomore</i> | Beverly Palmiter |
| Grace Francis, <i>Sophomore</i> | Betty Wuller |
| June Forry | Jean Fraim |

Flower Carnation
 Colors Rose and White

Top to bottom— 1. First Bethany freeze sends Miss Sanders' Phi Mu's off to skating party. 2. Mimi Strain in a housecoat and Prexy Jane Bryan in frilled apron do dishes after a lunch. 3. Lois Conley stands at the piano as Elliston and Wuller prepare to swing out.



This expose of A. K. PI is written for one thing, posterity. In the years to come, as we dandle our grandchildren on our collective knees, we can roll back the years as we turn back the pages of this pulp rag to *the* article. In the mellowness of life we may reflect, calmly and sagely, on the days we knew as our best. In our favorite chair before the fireplace, we sit, grandchildren, *d r o v e s* of them, at our feet.

"See *t h a t* chap there? That's Prexy Cutlip. He was heir apparent and defender of the Faith of Triple Moo. And on the Interfraternity Council, too. Randy was a good chap. Papa, we called him, especially after the Christmas of '39. And sitting next to him is Deafenbaugh, our Shylock and Herodotus. Far was it from him to take his pound of flesh when he saw the chance to take two. But Paul was O. K., as we used to say. He was history assistant. Thanks be to the powers for that. And then there's John the Silent, who was our secretary. John never said much—too much interested in his genes and chromosomes and stuff. But as frat athletic manager, he guarded our trophies like a fanatic. Right there is Frank, vice-president. Frank didn't have genes and stuff to keep him quiet. He made more noise than the rest of us, and that goes for orchestra, too. That was one place where he *bad* to play second fiddle. There's another chap I want to tell you about. He was the editor of this rag. Not much to tell about him though. Always asleep. Even slept through S. B. O. G. meetings. The chap hiding his face in his hands is Raymond H. Dick, our Sentinel. He was assistant in Physics. But he got his just reward. He's in a debtors prison. Oh, here's Bob Martin. Always thinking about education. No wonder. He had to. As assistant in Education, he

couldn't help it. Why, he even tried to educate the S. B. O. G. and the Inter-frat council. And he helped to distribute this rag as Circulation Manager. Stephen A. Douglass Burdue comes next. Manager of cross-country, assistant business manager of this magazine. Now here's

Max. The best piano virtuoso on the campus. But that isn't all. He was president of the Glee club and the Orchestra. It's a good thing that music is printed in black and white. And then come

the two happy roommates, Siemon, Marshall, Steward, and would-be smoothies, and Morris, smoothie. See that umbrella there? Well, behind it is Grim, Steward and Chaplain. Tommy's achievements lay in Music. Glee Club and Choir for him. Gulliver over here is West Liberty's singing pastor, Dale Sowers. Dale was also a Glee Club member. That white piece of cloth holds the arm of Earl Turner, onetime fancy skater. Our military master mind and naval nincompoop, the master of the theory of modern warfare, Dick Wallace, is here. See him? Oh, you think he's batty too! Tom Committe was a busy pledge. Dramatics and cross-country kept him going. Cross-country team had a place for Morris too. Pledges Deer and McKenna held down places in the Band and Glee Club, respectively. And I want you to take a good look at pledge Bob Jackson, the house-father at Gateway Hall that year.

"We had a lot of fun. Not just at our parties and dances, but all the time. I guess we were the most hair-brained group on the campus. But you can see we did our part to make Bethany tick, even though our balance-wheels may have been off center at times. We were founded as a social fraternity, and we lived up to the founder's wish that we should enjoy college life. We did."

Siemon is chagrined, Turner amused, as Bill nets the ball.

Pledge mounts pledge in trophy shining session.



Alpha Kappa Pi

SENIORS

Randall Cutlip Paul Deafenbaugh
Robert Martin

JUNIORS

Frank Belluardo Dale Sowers
Bert Decker Thomas Grim

SOPHOMORES

Wayne Burdue Gordon Seidel
Max Carr William Siemon
Raymond Dick Earl Turner
Norval Morris John Weber

FRESHMEN

Thomas Committee Vernon Jackson
Angelo Daniel John McKenna
Lewis Deer Thomas Otto
Robert Jackson Richard Wallace

HOUSE PRIVILEGES

Robert Williams

Colors Dartmouth Green and White
Flower Yellow Rose

OFFICERS

President Randall Cutlip
Vice President Frank Belluardo
Secretary John Weber
Treasurer Paul Deafenbaugh
Chaplain Thomas Grimm
Sentinel Raymond Dick
Marshal William Siemon

FOUNDED AT

Newark College of Engineering..... 1921, March 23

Top. Pianist Carr accompanies Alpha Kappa Pi trio of Grimm, Decker, and Williams. Bottom. Belluardo's claim to a winning card fails to scare Prexy Cutlip or Paul Deafenbaugh.



"Oh, Dottie, wasn't it *wonderful!* I don't know when I've had such a gorgeous time!

"I'm just plain *dead*. Lay me out in state and pin my corsage on the coffin. Do you feel strong? How's about carrying me upstairs?"

"Dead! Oh Dotty, how can you say that! I could go on all night. Say, that Steelmaker's gang is the best outfit that has hit Bethany yet. Did you hear that swingy 'In the Mood'? Our boy Ted Golden sure swings a mean trumpet. It's enough to make a sure-nuf jitterbug out of anyone — maybe even you.

"Who, me? . . . I'll take "Does Your Heart Beat For Me" any day. Here, help me unzip this rag, will ya? . . . Speakin' of smoothies, did you hear Joe White crooning in Ruth's ear when they played "Lilacs in the Rain"? Pretty dreamy!"

"You can take your old dream pieces — I like life . . . Hey! get outa my cold cream! . . . Know what Ray Tompson told me? He said that sometimes he swings Ginny Bell out and she doesn't come back till the next dance! . . . Goofy people . . . Such dancing as these Bethany bugs do—shaggin', dippin', stompin' — we really cut that ole rug!

"Why don't you put me to bed and tuck the civers up like Mother used to do? I'll probably faint — say, Marge Blackmore pulled a bona fide faint, no kiddin'! Poor Don, looked so helpless for a minute that I thought he was gonna disown her . . . but five minutes later she

was dancing as gaily as before—pretty game kid.

"Callendine too! He really hit the floor in a three-point landing during one of those white-hot numbers, but it didn't seem to phase the guy. Hutch just laughed . . . Cruel! . . . Golly, Dot, you look as if you'd been running track . . .

want me to bring the bed over to you? Hey! that's my corsage you are sitting on. Maybe I could have worn it to dinner tomorrow .

" . . . Say, did you see Marion Schreffler's three green orchids? . .

Pretty rare for Bethany . . . Say, someone ought to vote orchids to the game kids who dared to come informal. But then, didn't our laddies look elegant in tuxes? No hill willies in Bethany! Saw a lot of pretty formals.

"Gosh, Lynn Forsythe looked like pure flame in that scarlet job. She's a beauty. Did you get

a squint at Peg Ewer's new hair do? It was really tricky. Don't you think I'm more or less or type?

"Mostly less . . . you're no beauty queen right now! Might I suggest that you peel that make-up off. I don't expect my roomie to be a glamour girl . . . Jean Short looked like a real glammer with her fiance . . . and Nancy Jane and Petie looked 'oh so happy' . . . I felt like requesting 'Never Say Never' . . . Aint it wonderful. Sammy Bernard's Steubenville date is adorable, isn't she? They looked like fun.

"Know what tickled me? Seeing the basketball players come panting in about ten o'clock, hair still slick and do or die

You Should Have Been There

by

MARY LOUISE SESLER AND MARIAM BROWN



Frosh dancers "In the Mood."

looks on their faces . . . Horse Taylor told me it took him exactly 18 minutes from the time the game ended till he hit Phillips hall—date and all.

"Hit the date? . . . Get him! He was really going to town in the jive way, he wore out Sue Beth and Cherry both! I didn't know he had it in him . . . Hep, Hep boy!!!

"Guess what, you know how we've wondered if Arddy really followed Jim, or just danced along? Well, I traded dances with them and it was wonderful! Not a bit hard—sort of poetry—you know . . .

"Poetic bosh! Who wants to dance like long hair! Jim is a swell dancer though . . . Say did you manage to get in a picture? Dead eye Nick must have a grudge against me. I danced past him thousands of times, hoping, hoping. So every time he took a picture I was clear across the room!

"Nyara, my hair ribbon was in one, I hope. That's me, just a flash in the pan!

"Hey, did you see Jim Daub dancing with his smoothie pardner? He was shaggin' good and proper, while she just walked along!

"Cute. I saw something better. Bert Major went to town doing the polka with - - - to 'Oh, Johnny' . . . poor girl had never done it before—was she surprised!

"Dearest, sweetest, angel-pie roomie— I'm simply famished for a drink — will ya?

"Famish away — why didn't you push Seedy Huhn away from the punch bowl and have a swig?

"I didn't even stand a chance. Is that boy a camel? . . . I heard that the punch was good though. Personally, I wouldn't know, I was on a H²O diet. There was even a line at the fountain.

"The professors and their wives seemed to enjoy it too. The Werners and the Grahams danced almost every dance.

"Say, didn't Mrs. Shaw look scrumptious in her hoop skirt? She's the perfect type for one. Wish I could wear my hair that way.

"G'wan, you'd be a perfect old-maid school teacher in it, and you know it! Prexy and Mrs. Cramblet gave our party swank, didn't they! He's so handsome, makes me think of an African explorer, or a professional sportsman.

Then there's the little item of brains! Hope the movin' pitchers don't take him away from Bethany's receiving lines.

"Me too, I hope not.

"Dotty! are you listening? I was talking about the receiving line. Bob Martin and his social committee—Southie, Nancy Caldabaugh, and Cook—they sure deserve green orchids for the prom. It was wonderful. Hey, are you dead, or sonethin'? Why don't you move, honey— is life too much for you? Dottie! Dottie! don't leave me . . . come on and talk. Ok then, sissy, g'wan to sleep . . . "

"I am.

"All right, Possum, go to sleep. I hope you dream about Kirkpatrick."

"Uh huh."

"What, no objections? You must be dead."

"Uh huh."

"Nite."

"Nite."



Metal's camera catches three couples and the halves of three others at the Prom.

There seems to be an epidemic of taking doors off down at Cochran Hall. We go to the room of some poor, innocent, gentle soul, who is fun to heckle, take his door from its hinges, put it in the washroom, then all go to the Inn for a good stiff drink. While downing our drinks, we sit around, laugh, and think what MEN we are. Men, Bah! We are not men, but plain, common, everyday panty-waists, bloomer-buttons; in fact, we are sissies.

If you want to know what real men are like, ask one of the old grads. He'll tell you about some real pranks. He may tell you of the practice of sneaking into another student's room in the dead of night, catching that student with both eyes closed (which was unusual), tying him in his bed still asleep, and transporting student and bed, minus the covers, to a very conspicuous place on the campus, leaving him to pass the night there and greet the "eight-o'clockers" the next morning.

It was also during this time that the famous "Toonerville Trolley" was running from Wellsburg to Bethany. An unconfirmed theory is that Fontaine Fox, the cartoonist who draws the famous "Toonerville Folks," originally got the idea for his comic strip from seeing this trolley when he toured this part of the country. However, to get back to the story, one form of amusement practiced by the students at this time was to carry—in the middle of the night—the trolley from its tracks and hide it somewhere in the town of Bethany. The next morning the same group of students would be hired, at 15 cents an hour, to find the car and to put it back on the tracks. Of course, a very extended search was always made before the car was discovered.

Before Bethany became a "country club," the men did not have afternoon teas and open houses to amuse themselves, and they had to find other diversions. One very pleasant pastime was "stacking" rooms. This soon became very popular because of the great opportunity afforded of expressing one's originality. Those boys had a unique method of "stacking." They would first remove all drawers from the bureaus, carry all the furniture to some spot on the campus, put it in one high pile, then gently place the drawers and all the clothing and personal belongings

on the peak of that pile. Very unique!

During the course of such extra-curricular activities it can be readily seen that a certain amount of furniture in the whole dorm would suffer no few scratches. At the end of the year, the majority of students would find themselves facing a bursar's inspection, with only a handful of furniture. The average Bethany student today would probably end up by paying the bursar when facing such a predicament. However, they

had a foolproof scheme. They found they usually had enough furniture in the building to fill the rooms on two of the three floors. They knew that the bursar's inspection would begin at either the top or the bottom floor, and so, filled the rooms on these two floors with furniture, leaving the second floor bare. If the bursar began his inspection at the bottom, they would immediately move the furniture from the top floor, via the back stairs, to the second floor rooms, and while he was inspecting the second floor move the furniture of the first floor to third. If the inspection began at the top floor, the procedure would be just the opposite.

One year, the bursar, after making his inspection and standing outside the dorm, which was located where Commencement Hall now stands, surprised the students by saying, "Wouldn't you be in a predicament if I should start another inspection immediately?"

Another example of "good, clean fun" occurred the day that the new tower clock was dedicated. It had been donated to the college by a distinguished alumnus, who was supposed to dedicate it. As he walked, in a very dignified manner, through the gates and up to the main entrance with the president, he happened to glance proudly up at his gift to his alma mater. There, in place of the hands on the face of the clock, were a pair of eyes, a nose, and a mouth, which some ingenious college student had very artistically painted. Ho, hum, well, boys will be boys.

These are just a few of the pranks and forms of amusement devised and practiced by MEN of days gone by in dear old Bet'ny, when men were men, and women weren't around. And we call ourselves men.

They Must Have Had Fun

by DELEVAN BARNHART

After chasing Mr. Strasser all over the Main Building, I finally got a chance to tell him that I would like to have an interview with him. After giving some instructions to one of the boys, he turned to me. Then I began plying him with questions about his "gang."

"Did you ever have to fish any false teeth out of a drainpipe, or rout skunks out of the steam room?" he asked over his shoulder, as he handed a broom to one of the boys. I had asked him if he ever had any jobs that were not routine work, and that was his answer.

That staggered me for a moment, and before I could answer him, he said: "I even drove into Pittsburgh once for one roll of wallpaper to finish a job."

Being in his position isn't such a humdrum existence after all, I thought. In answer to my questions I found out some things that I thought were of interest. Up until four years ago he had charge of all student employment. That made his job even more strenuous than it is now. All the student employment at Phillips Hall, besides the N. Y. A. assistance and maintenance of the buildings and grounds, were under his supervision. With the advent of Mr. Hettler, this work was divided up, and now it is under his direction.

Concerning the amount of money earned by the boys in his department, the average is between ten and twelve dollars a month, although some earn anywhere from one dollar to fifteen dollars a month. Thirty cents is the rate paid per hour. For every dollar that is paid by the N. Y. A., the college pays between three and four dollars.

Mr. Strasser is of the opinion that several

men, working full-time, would do the work as efficiently and much cheaper than a crew of approximately thirty boys working two hours a day.

"It would be cheaper," he said, "not only in the way of labor, but the cost of equipment would be less."

If we are going to measure the value of the work done in dollars and cents, this is true. But the assistance and benefits that many boys derive from this employment is worth infinitely more than can be measured in dollars and cents.

"There are times when I don't have enough boys reporting for work, of course," he said with a smile. "That is probably due to the pressure of examinations and other things that take up the students' time."

"But despite these troubles," he said with a quizzical smile on his face, "I can tell what time of day it is when some of the boys come in, grab a broom and start to work."

Even with the irregularities of his work, and the killing pace which he must set for himself, he is very optimistic about it all. His philosophy is simple. The rational manner in which he faces his work may be easily summed up in his own words:

"I have a job to perform; it's not how well it could be done, but how well it is done under the circumstances. That is what I try to do."

If anyone has seen Mr. Strasser stalking around from job to job, if anyone has seen his snowplow which he converged from a power lawnmower, or a hundred other situations which he has handled here in Bethany, one would realize that that is just what he is doing—the best under the circumstances.

Bethany Broom Men

An interview on student employment.

by E. F. BROWN

Tom Committee heaves a shovel of snow into the background.



Strasser dips in while Assistant Blank holds the paint can.



As the dawn breaks into full bloom, seven sleepy boys are startled from dreams of huge congregations and nice chicken dinners by the dangling of an alarm clock in their ears. To each, however, comes the comforting thought, as his feet hit the cold floor, that maybe some day they will have a church just around the corner, instead of just around the mountain—a hundred miles away.

With this very comforting thought in his mind, he washes his face in cold water, because it is yet too early for there to be any warm water. Carefully he selects his best white shirt and thinks, "Well, here goes thirteen cents. I can't wear this baby any more." He takes a rag from the drawer, wipes a few specks of dust from his shoes and wishes the church would pay him his back salary so he could get a new pair. From a recess in the dresser drawer, a black and white four-in-hand tie is taken and tied with meticulous care, so as to hide some worn spots on the edges. With this very careful preparation in his dress, and with a tenth look in his case to be sure he has his sermon, he goes forth to conquer the world of evil and sin.

The young minister approaches his mode of transportation, a 1930 model, with some misgivings. He looks at the tires, and utters a silent prayer that they will last through the two hundred mile journey. He climbs into the seat, and offers thanks to the Highest Power as the motor starts.

He wheels his car out of the driveway, down the pike to Wellsburg, up the river, across the toll bridge, and on out into the hills of Ohio. As he drives along, he sees farmers coming out for the first time that day. A milk truck is passed, gathering up the morning supply of milk. And, just over the hill, he meets the sun just coming up.

The minister arrives at his charge, a little white frame building, about nine o'clock in the morning. This half-hour before Sunday school is used for picking out songs for the morning church service and arranging the program. Before this task is completed, the congregation begins to arrive.

Mrs. Henry, a little Irish lady, comes through the door that admits air at both top and bottom, and with a typical paddy accent, says, "Did you

know Mrs. Baldwin was sick? Well, it might be a good idea if you would call out there this afternoon."

Mentally, the student makes a note of the call and thinks, "There goes my afternoon nap that I have been trying to get for the last three months."

As the congregation arrives, each one is met by a smile and friendly word of greeting by the young pastor. From the smallest babe-in-arms, to the one who hobbles in with a cane, each one

must be noticed, and some special remark addressed to each, regardless of how sleepy the preacher may be, or of how terrible his head aches from working on his sermon too long the night before.

A few notes are struck on the old-fashioned piano, and the Sunday school breaks forth in song. In one corner may be heard a loud singing soprano; on the other side a bass that is singing off-key; while in between may be heard a flat tenor and a monotone alto . . . and the other three-fifths of the congregation afraid to sing.

The opening exercises are soon over, and the student takes his place before his class, a group of young people ranging in ages from 16-20 years of age.

The president of the class announces that the class is going to have a Christmas party, but there is no money in the treasury. After much discussion, it is finally decided to take up a collection. The young minister fishes down in his pocket, and takes out his last half-dollar and makes a mental note not to ask his girl for a date for the show Friday night.

The lesson is started, and each pupil either looks at the teacher with a blank stare or reads his Sunday school paper.

After running five minutes into the Church hour, the Sunday school superintendent suddenly decides that it is time to close, and, with a speed that is amazing to behold, he closes Sunday school and starts the Church service.

The Church service is very formal and, except for the case when the deacons and elders failed to come forward to serve communion, everything is run off in a very fine church form. At the close of the Church service, after each one has shaken hands with the young minister, who

Sunday, The Day of Rest

by GEORGE WALDON

by this time is about shook out, he is taken home by some member of the congregation and given a delicious chicken dinner.

The chicken part of the visit is soon a thing of the past; host and guest settle themselves for a friendly little chat in the parlor, when a light tapping on the door calls the attention of the host. A small voice from the door asks, "Is the preacher here? Mamma wants him to come over and see Daddy."

"Yes," says the host, "I'll tell him, and he will be right over."

With goodbyes and thanks to his host, the young minister starts on his Sunday afternoon excursion. The student walks down the street, for there are no sidewalks in the town, side-stepping puddles of water as he goes, seeking to preserve his shine for the evening service. He turns into a house and is met at the door by a kind lady, who informs him that her husband has a question of vital importance to ask him. After much idl etalk the question finally comes out. He asks, "Where did Cain and Abel get their

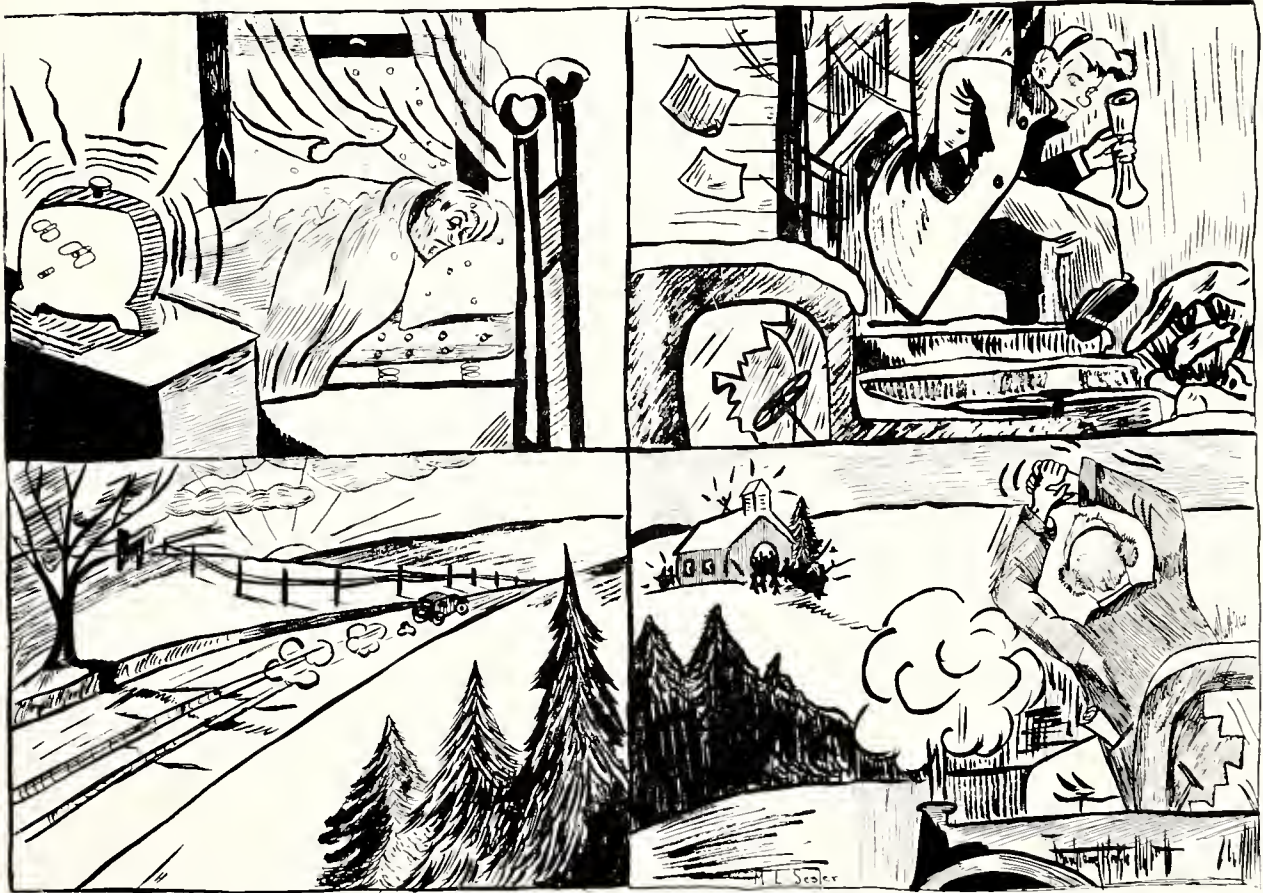
wives?" Of course this leaves the minister a little befuddled as to what to say.

And so, throughout the afternoon, the student pastor makes sick calls and social calls, trying to finish in the brief space of a Sunday afternoon work that he should have a whole week to do.

At 6:30 in the evening he returns to the church and attends the Christian Endeavor service of his young people. And at 7:30 his day ends with an hour church service.

By 9:00 the student has turned his thoughts and car toward Bethany. "Well," he mutters, "I wonder what I am going to tell my Profs tomorrow. Maybe being a preacher isn't worth it all, anyway."

Home at last, tires that survived another day, a tired body to greet the morn; but with this thought in his mind—"I wonder what I shall preach on next Sunday"—he slips into oblivion and completes Sunday, the Student Minister's Day of Rest.



Three hundred persons sat patiently in Commencement Hall, Wednesday evening, January 10. For 35 minutes they had waited for the Westminster Choir College, Princeton, N. J., to start its concert.

Then, minutes after Professor Osborne Booth announced that snow-covered West Virginia roads had delayed the 12-cylinder Cadillac bus and smaller automobile in the choir caravan, the curtains parted and graying Dr. John Finley Williamson, Westminster conductor, announced the first number, "Sing Ye to the Lord."

Applause that followed the completion of this four part Bach opus grew heavier after each selection, until audience enthusiasm for Jerome Kern's "Old Man River," prompted Dr. Williamson to offer as an encore "Old Black Joe."

Listeners who closed their eyes as Dr. Williamson directed "At Monts Errat," by Nicolau, heard not 40 human voices but a giant violin, played by a musician who created the instrument over a decade ago. "Soldier, Soldier," a lighter tune with much head-nodding between two soloists, brought laughter from the audience.

Dr. Williamson enhanced the pleasure of the program by deftly sketching a little of the story behind each of the songs. Before the "Navajo War Dance," he said, "this is what the Navajos sang before they went out to kill our forefathers."

Fifth attraction of the current lecture course and second musical offering the Westminster Choir will be followed by

Catherine Van Buren, negro lyric soprano, on February 9.

Victor Herbert became the biggest "big-man-on-the-campus" on January 5, when he added the presidency of the senior class to a portfolio already bulging with two other major presidencies, Interfraternity Council and Beta Theta Pi fraternity.

Three other officers were elected with Herbert by the Centennial year class of 1940. They were Robert Martin, vice president; Catherine Smith, secretary; Mary Jane South, treasurer.

A few days later, a handful of the 45 students of the junior class gave another boost to Beta Theta Pi prestige by electing John Morrill president. Ballots gave the vice presidency to Jane Edmunds, secretaryship to Katherine Leitch, treasurer's post to William Wells.

Jane Porter and Earl Turner, both of whom suffered broken bones in the winter sports parade, insist that they will not give up their sports.

Says Miss Porter: "I intend to learn how to ski when I am able."

Says Mr. Turner: "I'll jump that barrel yet."

Jane, skiing down an incline near the college barn, tumbled and broke the middle metacarpel of her left hand. Earl, skating on the frozen Buffalo creek, snapped the radius in his arm half an inch above the wrist.

X-ray photographs taken by Dr. J. S. V. Allen revealed the extent of the injuries to College physician S. S. Jacob.

News Copy

Reorganized, the Writer's club met in the Phillips Hall apartment of Academic Adviser F. M. Hoagland on January 10, to discuss a new program in which members will criticize their own prose and poetry at bi-weekly meetings.

Open to every Bethany student interested in writing, the nucleus of the club is composed of Gerald Ferguson, T. C. Jones, Margaret Keim, Bobby Murray, Florence Nicholas, Bert Decker, Robert Showman, Myfanwy Strain, and W. D. Rutter.

On February 5, Rutter will lead the discussion on "Contemporary Poetry." On February 19, Miss Strain will guide the club through "Dramatic Monologue and Character Sketch."

"An adjustment to extra curricular activities is a matter for personal initiative. The student should be aware of his own activities and capacities in college."

Thus did Caroline Butchko explain the shelving of the point system designed to prevent Bethanians from overloading themselves with extra-curricular activities.

Miss Butchko, chairman of the SBOG on the activities point system, said that Nancy Calda-baugh and Robert Martin, other committee members, will report that such a system is unnecessary at Bethany.

Amateur radio operators from nearly a dozen Ohio Valley towns converged on Bethany Radio club station W8PME for the first Bethany "hamfest," January 18.

The several score visiting am-

by JOHN COSTANZA

ateur operators, nearly all of whom had met over the ether waves, inspected the college laboratories and witnessed a demonstration of two-way radio installed in a Steubenville police car.

HASSAN—(cont'd):

"That top step always was a menace." Then the light dawned (I don't mean morning). My Hassan was pickled.

I put him to bed and summoned the doctor. It was no use; Hassan was done for; his liquor. The prayer meeting had proven too stimulating and Hassan was with the angel bands.

The good fairy came to comfort me. She said that I had done a wonderful job in raising Hassan, and that I couldn't be blamed for not keeping him away from prayer meeting. She told me that Hassan was ill-fated from the start, because Hassan was short for "Hasn't-got-a-chance."

I dried my tears on a couple of mattresses and resumed life.

I have since become a hermit and live in Bethany (with all the other hermits). Now I make only resolutions that can't be broken like: I resolve to stop dating or I resolve to start studying, or will get up for all my eight-o'clocks.

Every night, however, you

can find me, along with some sympathetic soul, in the cemetery, visiting Hassan's grave.

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(AUTHOR'S NOTE: This ballad consists of a conversation between a mother and her boy who is to be electrocuted for having committed murder. The language is a mixture of Scotch, English, Irish, and double talk, so don't let it worry you.) P. S. There just isn't any title.

"Why air ye 'hindst these prison walls,

Oh Percival me son?"

"They're 'lectrocutin' me today
For murder hev I done."

"And who've ye murdered so daid,

My poor, young Percival?"

"It was me wife, her soul be damned,

A wretched one, that gal!"

"Oh how'd ye kill her, Percival?
Tell me or I'll disown ye."

"I stabbed her deep for twenty times

And 'a th' room was blood-y."

"And why'd ye kill yor poor, good wife—

A wise and thrifty saver

Who was the mither of yor babe

And cooked to suit yor flavor?"

"It was fer this, my mither dear,
I found that sinful jade
A-sharpenin' her pencil points
Wi' my best razor blade."

—Peggy Keim

Written in imitation of the
ballad "Edward."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
Dear Editor:

I happened to hear that you were sadly in need of a gossip column because you were deluged with requests. So I scouted around and got someone to write one. They won't let me use their name. I wonder why? But here it is.

Yours for more corny stuff.

SNOOP SEZ:

Well, Bethany's coeds aren't doing so badly, considering it isn't even spring—Nancy Jane and Barbara. To date (remember, that's to time of publication) there are exactly 9 Beta pins, 1 Alpha Kappa Pi, 6 Sigma Nu, 1 Alpha Xi and 2 Kappa Alpha pins transplanted—(not counting transfers)—what no Phi Taus?

My, that Bissell girl gets around these days, doesn't she?

Speaking of getting around, Hester Ann isn't doing badly either, is she? I can't figure out whether she's going from—well, it's fun speculating.

—then there's Ruth Gasser—

I can't keep these Freshmen romances straight — Nelson Banks, Dale Marriott, now he's sporting Helen Arensburg — (well, he was). Don Wolf went and crossed us up. Anyway, my vote for some sure

hits. (Here I go sticking my neck out again):

Pauline Gilbert.....Don Hillstrom
Weesie Sesler.....Ed Harris
Jean McCroba.....Ed Elsasser
Marion Shreffler

.....Ralph Burbridge

We thought Ruthie had the halter on Art but—

Lyle's main object in life seems to be to forget the senior girl.

What is that peculiar something our Dean of Personnel possesses—Louise?

Have you heard the one about the three red heads? Maybe Mary Jean could enlighten you.

KD prexy Peters and Mary Jane are still holding their own in the Beta house. The reading room must be cozy, these days.

Last thing heard, Chuck's officially goin' steady. He must want to graduate.

Looks like Max Carr's found someone to play to.

When the cat's away the mice will play—Sig girls go Beta.

Until next month, here's to beggar and better snooping.

●

Yours for more corny stuff's note—"It stinks!"

Ed. Note—"I'll say it does!"

Rewrite man's note—"I agree with both of you!"

Printer's note—"Say, do you want *that* stuff printed?!"

Proof reader's note—"After it with the red pencil!"

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THE
Bethanian

NUMBER 5 . . VOLUME XXXI

FEBRUARY
1940

Perhaps the question "What good does football do Bethany?" has been in the back of your mind for some time. And you probably haven't given much active thought to the matter, possibly because you thought it unimportant. Father M. J. O'Connell, C.M., President of De Paul University, in Chicago, which gave up football last year, had to say on the matter: "The commendation on this move far outnumbered the criticism. I am convinced that, for 95 per cent of the schools in the United States, football is not serving its prime purpose in educating the student body."

Is it not possible that Bethany is in the 95 per cent to whom football is not serving its prime purpose? Wouldn't it be better to have practically the entire student body actively engage in intramural sports instead of 30 selected members each Saturday afternoon in the Fall?

Then there is always the argument that it helps the college and brings in students. In this connection George W. Gorrell of Denver University conducted an investigation to find out if a winning football team really helped the college and attracted new students. The results of this

Recently a Youth Congress composed mostly of college students went to President Roosevelt. They were worried about the rapidity with which we are drifting towards war.

They should be worried. It took almost three years for the nation to take sides in the last world war. Wilson was re-elected to keep us out of war, six months before he asked Congress to declare war on Germany. Now, a few months after the first clash between U. S. S. R. and Finland, our administration has already made serious breaches in our neutrality. Our Import-Export Bank and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation are providing \$10,000,000 in credits to Finland; the president has expressed a wish that Congress authorize refunding at least part of the installments Finland has paid on her debt to us.

investigation showed the increases in enrollment were in those colleges with losing teams or no teams at all.

The money spent on football could support many other intercollegiate sports such as golf, tennis, fencing, boxing, and swimming. It would be far better to encourage these far cheaper sports and give more students a chance to compete than to put the eggs all in one basket, hope for the best, and create opportunity for only a few.

Football a difficult problem? Certainly. But like every other problem it can be solved by men who have courage. The truth is that few academic leaders in this country, no matter what they may say in public, are interested in sticking out their necks or doing anything about football. Most of them have sat on the fence so long that the iron has entered into their souls. However, at Bethany, any change for the better that is desired by the student body would no doubt have the wholehearted support of the administrative officers. Let's think about this situation.

Naturally, we are sorry for poor Finland. We were sorry for the poor Chinese, the poor Czechs, the poor Albanians, the poor Poles, but we steered clear of entanglements. Because every imperialistic nation in Europe is ganging up on Soviet Russia is no reason for us to become involved. France and England let Hitler have his way until they saw him sign a non-aggression pact with Stalin. They had planned to use Germany as a point of attack against Socialism. They still hope to do so.

The Youth Congress realizes what is happening. Washington's "No foreign entanglements" is good enough for them.

We Bethany students have a voice. We have no desire to kill or be killed. We should join the Youth Congress' war disapproval policy.

Do We Need Football ?

by NORRIS WHITLOCK

We Stand By

by BERT DECKER

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OF
BETHANY
COLLEGE

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NUMBER 5

EDITOR-IN-
CHIEF

BERT DECKER

* *

BUSINESS
MANAGER

GEO. PETROFF

Editor's Notes

IF YOU'VE BEEN wanting to know the what and wherefore of the S. B. O. G.'s business within the past week or two, just turn the page. Ken Underwood tells all.

WHERE DO THEY come from? Why do they come? On page seven you'll find the answer.

THERE MAY BE some questions as to why we choose for the personality sketches whom we choose. Dr. Miller's sketch is self-explanatory. But Rosensteele was chosen by luck and fortune. So that no student was given preference, we picked a name at random from the college catalogue, believing all the while that in every person a story can be found.

ON THE COVER. If you're a romanticist, the two silhouettes crossing the snow to the horizon symbolize young love. If you're a philosopher, they stand for a brave quest for certainty. If you're a cynic, they are only two blobs of ink . . .

Actually they are sophomores Ila Warstler and Ted Golden.

SLIP BACK TO page 14 if you want the low-down on unmentionables. Miss Dawn Davis turns the petticoat problem into a subtle chuckle.

IT NEVER SNOWS but what it drifts and delays the mail. That had to happen just when we wanted to rush photographs to the engraver.

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No student body is truly alive unless it is constantly demanding changes, reforms, and innovations. The student body showed its first signs of life last February 2 when a group of students dissatisfied with our present publication organization proposed a plan for giving Bethany a weekly paper.

Student discussion echoed once more in chapel. Students woke up when they found that they were not being talked to any longer. They said something for themselves.

I believe all students desire to participate in cooperative, creative efforts. They want to plan things. If a college frustrates that desire for long, a permanently, shiftless and irresponsible student body is created. Just that has happened on many campuses and "it can happen here."

A college that does not need its students to work out its education program is always in the danger of being undermined and even destroyed by that student body. Students will never forgive a college for destroying their power to act. You cannot satisfy them by giving them a puppet student board to play with or buy them off with some funds to handle.

Because Bethany College's administration and faculty knows that, as does every alert faculty and administration; a student body in a state of lethargy is dangerous, they must have been glad to see the discussion of publications arise. There has been much worry on the part of the faculty over student apathy. They should be pleased to see students calling for a cooperative committee meeting, however unorganized their ideas might have been. For it was a sign of health in the student body.

For the reasons outlined above I believe that the administration and faculty will not let the issue of reorganization of publications die. I say this, no more aware than you of what the college intends to do with the recommendation of the Student Board submitted to President Cramblet February 11. A faculty meeting at the time of writing had not been held. But the recommendation, the contents of which I want to acquaint you with here, is in President Cramblet's hands.

If the issue dies and the students forget the matter and continue publications as they are now, the administration and faculty have as much to fear as the students, for a student body so dead would be dangerous to the educational integrity of any college.

Wasted Words ?

The story behind the demand for a newspaper.

by KENNETH UNDERWOOD

That is why this publication question is so serious and why I want to present for the students information the complete findings of the SBOG on the matter. If students fail to read this, we have further reason to worry for the welfare of the student body.

The board believes that the student demand for a newspaper is but an expression of the general dissatisfaction with student publications. We feel that the chapel vote of 10 to 1 for a newspaper and 9 to 1 for paying \$2 a year to get one may be taken as a certain indication that students do want a newspaper. However, the vote as it was conducted can represent little more than that.

The Board is unanimous in its decision that it is to the best interests of all student activities that no more be expended for publications than the present \$2000 of the student fee and the \$400 given to the Board by the college.

In light of this decision the Governors make the following recommendations. Bethany publications should consist next year of a weekly newspaper and a yearbook. Since the newspaper's maximum cost will be \$1500, the *Bethanian* magazine, which can be published only at a minimum of \$2700, will be replaced by the less expensive yearbook.

The Student Board believes that this plan can be successful only if the newspaper is coordinated with the journalism department in such a manner that the staff may draw on the material produced by the reporting and feature writing classes, and can have the constructive criticism of the professor of journalism. The Board is well aware of the failure of the old poorly staffed *Collegian* and *Beacon* which were not coordinated with the journalism department. The Board is not in favor of having a newspaper if it is to be published under similar conditions.

The Board is divided on how the newspaper

is to be coordinated with the journalism department, and made a "laboratory" for that department. The majority feel that the assignments for newspaper copy should be class assignments and part class credit be given for this work. Reporting for the newspaper could well be a part of Course 53 "Reporting and Styles of Newspapers." This course is not at the present time continuous. The only additional course required under this plan would be a three hour reporting course the second semester to make 53 continuous. Courses 63 and 64, "Feature Writing and Column Writing" and "Editorials and Public Opinion," respectively, could well devote at least one period of the week to feature article, column and editorial writing for the newspaper. We see no reason why students in the advertising class could not spend one period a week writing ads for prospective buyers of ad space. Students would not be required to take these courses to be staff members.

Proponents of this plan are not worried about the loss of student initiative or the destruction of the more positive motivation of working for self-improvement, for they feel that both are definitely linked with our whole system of quality points, grades, course requirements, etc. If we are to question this method of editing a newspaper, we are questioning the whole system of education, for the same principle of getting work done is employed in each case.

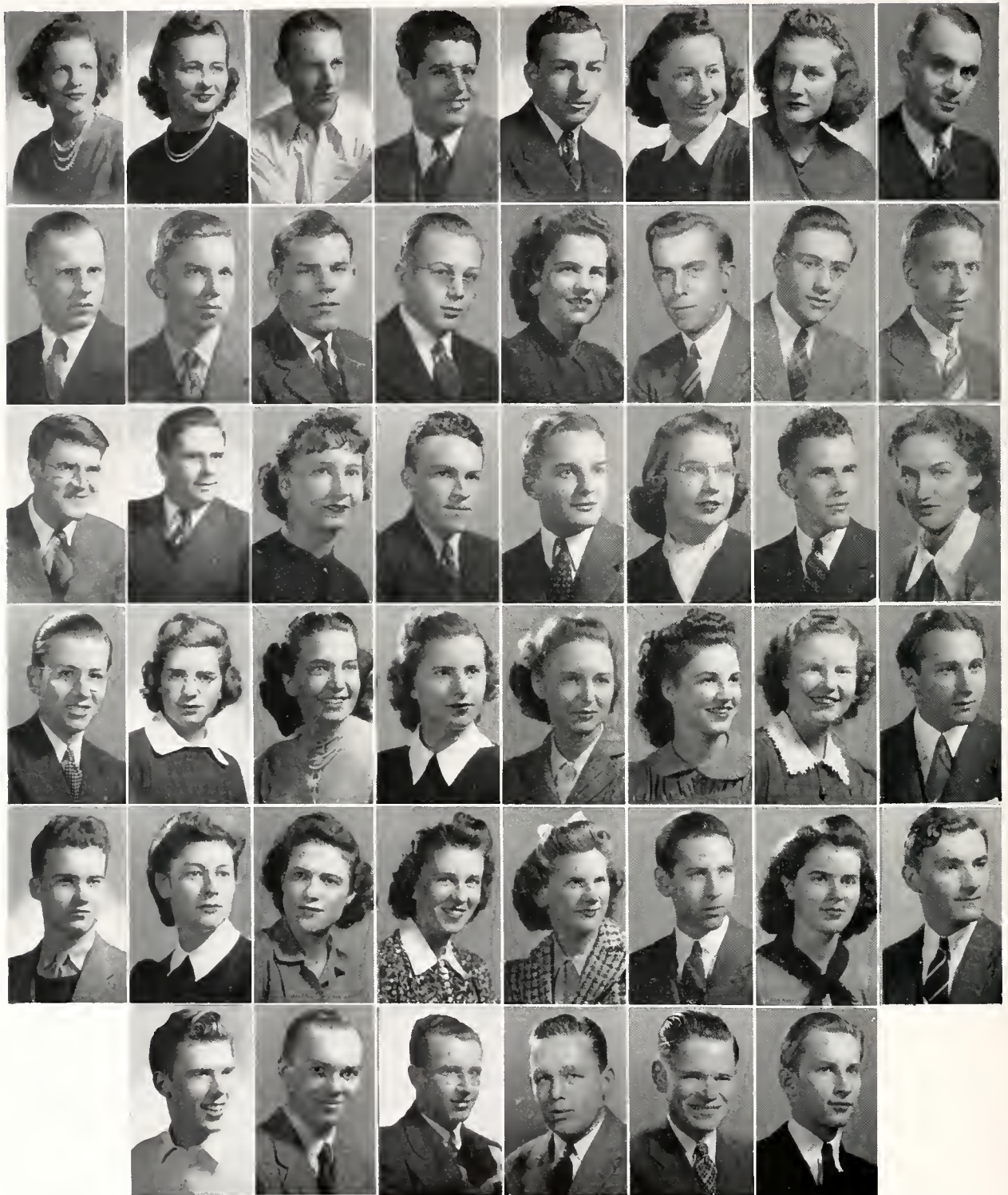
Other students of the board feel that the failure of the old extra-curricular publications is but an indication of the effect that our system of motivating work by grades is having upon students, and until such a system is done away with, extra-curricular publications will never function properly. So such activities are forced to adopt such perverted ideas of education as putting newspapers in journalism departments under the perverted ideas of education we now have. This group of board members suggests that a compromise measure which would ensure a successful newspaper and also promote more self motivated work is that system now used by Stanford University. This system involves a seminar which is open to staff members, in which the professor helps the students with constructive criticism as they work on the paper. Such a seminar should give credit in order to equalize the amount of time worked and to indicate the amount of information gained through work on the paper in comparison with that gained in orthodox class work. However, credit should never be so generously given that it would become an end in itself or attract students looking for "snap" units. It should not be limited to journalism majors.

In regard to the News Bureau, the Student Board leaves it up to the administration as to whether it wants the News Bureau to come into
(cont'd on page seventeen)

Student Board of Governors calmly assembled before debate on the newspaper issue roused delegates. Left to right are Porter, Costanza, Strain, Decker, Martin, Porter, Girton, Honenberger, President Underwood, Herbert, Peters, McDonough, Gibson, Short, South, Rutter. Missing are members Braem, Butchko, Fultz, Gordon, Gray, Montagna.



Sophomores Today, Graduate In 1942



Left to right—First row: Sue Beth Archer, Gladys Armor, Delivan Barnhart, Frank Belluardo, Harold Blank, Gwendolyn Borden, Ruth Braem, Wayne Burdue; Second row: Edgar Byers, Max Carr, Gordon Carroll, Irvin Charnock, Rita Cleary, Robert Cook, John Costanza, Wilbur Cramble; Third row: Bond Davis, George Davis, Margaret Dice, Raymond Dick, Alan Dowler, Frances Dvorak, Richard Dye, Roberta Elliston; Fourth row: Edward Elsasser, Mildred Erskine, Janice Evans, June Fiess, Marjorie Finney, Madeline Forsythe, Jean Girton, Edward Golden; Fifth row: William Griffiths, Ruth Halter, Phyllis Harbison, Mary Jane Hare, Grace Henkel, Robb Henry, Helen Hicks, Joseph Hunger; Bottom row: James Huntsberger, Tom Jones, Edward Laubersheimer, Edward Machamer, Bertram Major, Wallace Mayor.

...But There May Be A War



Left to right—First row: Marjorie Miller, Betty Lois Moore, John Morrill, Norval Morris, Ruth Moser, Betty Murphy, John McCord, William Neumann; Second row: Lewis Newman, Florence Nicholas, Martha Owen, Lily Pendleton, Glenna Mae Potts, Harry Prosser, Ralph Pryor, Morrison Ratcliffe; Third row: Helen Reuter, Dorothy Reynolds, Rosemary Roberts, Ivrin Roche, Hilda Sarver, Leon Schliff, Joanne Schott, Ruth Schwartz; Fourth row: Gordon Seidel, Arthur Sheets, John Simeral, Phyllis Skilton, Dale Sowers, Eleanor Sprouse, Margaret Stein, William Stockdale; Fifth row: Jean Sturgis, Helen Jane Taylor, Earl Turner, Robert Ulrich, Julia Wakefield, Ila Warstler, Eleanor Waterhouse, Walter Webb; Bottom row: Bette Weber, John Weber, Helenmae Weinik, Mary Jean Weir, Elizabeth White, Wyt Wright.

In the glass bookcase in the upstairs reading room of the Bethany College library are scores of bound periodicals that Alexander Campbell printed in his printing shop between the years of 1830 and 1865.

And in the living room floor of the Phi Kappa Tau fraternity house there may yet be marks made by the weight of the press that sat there, Alexander Campbell's press.

For, as editor, printer, and publisher of the periodical *The Millennial Harbinger*, Campbell sent forth thousands of magazines, spreading the doctrine of reform, of restoration of the church. But *The Harbinger* was never a profitable venture. The crusading printer kept it alive only by feeding it money that he made from his productive farmlands along the Buffalo. Despite the tremendous drain on his resources, Campbell published *The Harbinger* regularly until the end of the Civil War. At that time he relinquished the editorship to W. K. Pendleton, a professor at the college. Pendleton, like the editor before him, later became president of Bethany College.

The Harbinger was the greatest, but not the first work of the Virginia printer. On Independence Day, 1823, Campbell lifted from his press the first issue of *The Christian Baptist*, a monthly magazine in which he criticized the trends of religion. The magazine stirred religious discussion in rural Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio, where it was widely circulated, for Campbell wrote prolifically. But when he saw that readers might begin to call his reform program a "Christian Baptist" movement, he ceased publishing the magazine. This was in 1829.

By the time printer Campbell published a Christian hymnal, containing 125 psalms, in 1828, the Buffalo press was pounding continuously. There followed a pocket edition of the New Testament, a biography of the printer's

father, Thomas Campbell, a revised translation of the Acts of the Apostles, papers, debates. In all, Campbell published about 60 volumes of his own writings. Between 1823 and 1830 it is estimated that 46,000 pieces of printed material went out from the shop.

When the cost of postage for his publications and personal correspondence became exceedingly heavy in 1828, the astute Campbell arranged for the establishment of a post office in his home. A fourth class post office was opened, with

Campbell receiving as remuneration a franking privilege, which he used to great advantage. The pigeon-holes of this first Bethany post office may still be seen in the study of the Campbell Mansion.

By mail and by agent Campbell sold his periodicals. Many of his books were sold in Pittsburgh, Pa., by the publishing house of Forester & Campbell. The edition of the Christian hymnal sold well. Many orders came in. Several of these orders, yellowed with age, were found between the walls of the Campbell Mansion only last year. In one from a trader in Cadiz, O., Campbell is asked to "for'd as many of the hymnals as possible, as the demand for them is great." Another, from Alabama in 1838, said to Forester & Campbell:

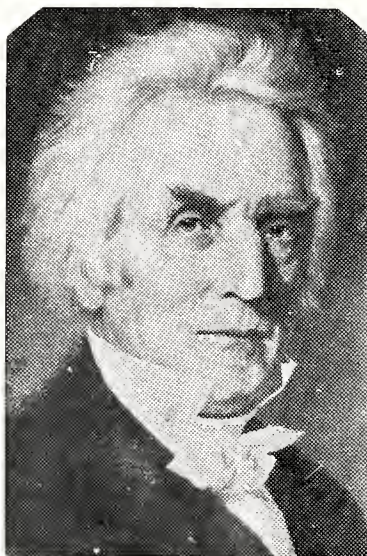
"Having your notice in the *Harbinger* of Sept last, and the wants of the brethren on me to request you to forward 8 Doz. of your common bind Hymn Books . . . We need the books very much and would have ordered before now but for low tide in rivers."

Thus by the printed word Campbell reached those whom he could not speak to, combining the skills of a craftsman, writer, and farmer, to carry his message of faith.

And he still had time to found a college!

A. Campbell, Printer and Postmaster

by DELIVAN BARNHART



Alexander Campbell

The most astounding fact that came to light in interviews with Bethany's transfer students was that students change schools with little more or no forethought as to their future alma mater. The little things seem to have the greatest influence on the final decision. Sometimes it's an alumnus or a student who sells Bethany to them, at the same time getting in a little pre-rushing. The nearness of Bethany to their homes brought several students here. Very often parents who have attended Bethany persuade their children to transfer.

Sandra Abrams was the first transfer student interviewed. She returned with this reply to our query of, "Why did you transfer to Bethany?" "I wanted a small school with a high rating, where I could receive full benefits from dormitory life and from the close association with the professors and students. You see, during my first two years of college, I lived at home while attending the University of Newark. It was so large that you did not receive the individual attention that is so vital to a complete college life."

One student from the East finally decided on Bethany, because she wanted a small college near home and she was under the impression that Bethany was only seventeen miles from Washington, D. C.

A senior who spent her freshman year at a girls' school had a friend about Bethany.

They drove here one summer afternoon to look over the campus and she was so impressed with the sheer beauty of Bethany's grounds that she signed immediately.

Ohio sent a student to Bethany because of parental influence. This girl had previously

attended a seminary but her mother had lived in Wellsburg as a girl and recalled Bethany so often that when her daughter decided to transfer she chose Bethany.

Many of the answers echoed Miss Abrams' reply, although one youth said that he had always thought a small school

had more advantages than a university, and he had transferred to Bethany with no knowledge whatsoever of the scholastic rating.

Of all the students interviewed, only one came here for certain courses. She plans to major in psychology and the college she had formerly attended did not have the work she wanted.

Six had previously attended large universities. The main point they bring out is that a small school offers a closer relationship between students and professors, giving one a fuller college experience.

Yes, it seems as though Bethany, Beautiful Bethany, still appeals to those "outside."

From Near and Far

What does Bethany have that brings students here from N. Y. U., Michigan, Capital?

by JUDY WAKEFIELD



These students chose Bethany after they had attended some other college. Left to right: Jean McCroba, Ann Harmon, Jean Fraim, Norris Whitlock, Lily Pendleton, Sandra Abrams, Frank Belluardo, Helen Hooker, Rita Cleary.

"Spike" says, "Come on, babes, let's give it the old one-two." So they do. But that's not because of the influence of this Age of Swing. That's heredity. We got it from our Alpha Xi Delta ancestors. "Spike" also says, "They're good boys!" And she means those Sigma Nu boys, the brother fraternity type of shot, you know. Oh, you've never heard the story, huh? Well, here's how. Once upon a time (for isn't that the way all good tales begin?) some Sigma Nu boys from Bethany said to some Sigma Nu boys in Mt. Union College, "Collect a few of your Alpha Xi girls and bring them over here and make Alpha Xi girls out of our girls." So they did, boys and girls. In the old chapel—no end. And while it was all going on, the Sigma Nu boys (are there no men in the crowd?) stood guard at the door.

Ladies and gentleman—the foregoing was number 12, section 46 in our "How It All Began" series.

What those Sigs began is still carrying on (or should I have put it that way). "Spike" calms down her jumpin' jive instincts occasionally in the Treble Cleff Club (as do seven others) and in the Choir, accompanied here by Cramblet. A few more of us tread the boards via Bethespian Club and Alpha Psi Omega (Ruth Braem and Peg Geyer). Ruth Gasser presides in her best oo-la-la manner over the French Club, and Jo Wylie over the Y. W. C. A. Peg Geyer and Mildred Erskine record and correspond respectively in secretarial positions on the A. W. S. board.

Treasurers Hester Ann and Aureline manage,

or mismanage (Dirty Crack ———, they call me) in their respective positions in Panhellenic and Student Board. The roll of junior class officers includes Jane Edmunds, vice president, and "Sticky" Leitch, secretary. Kay Smith is secretary of the senior class.

Alpha Xi Delta

Wherein the founding of Bethany's oldest sorority is quaintly told.

by MARILYNN ROBERTS

Well—I think I've consumed enough long-suffering paper in boasting. Now what did I talk about, if not us? Confucious say, "Never bet money on Russian horse—he can't cross the Finnish line." And I, like the Russian horse, have hard time making end. So how about a yell?

One the sisters used to indulge in in age's past.

Delta, Delta, Alpha Xi Delta
Onig, bonig, giefen weiy,
Sprechen Sie wohl,
Avant Long temps
Shie on restez.

Come March 2 and the alumnae, we have initiation. I can't scoop the chapter by saying how many and why or why not, but that isn't exactly the point. March 2 is initiation. March 9, this year's crop of pledges becomes grateful for the dance the actives gave them in the fall and hands us a dance. Neither can I scoop the pledges by saying where, when, or how. (This is definitely turning into a no scoop article.)

Then, of course, there's always the Rose Formal in the spring—if the social committee will give us a date. Reminds of the chapter minutes in a time not so long ago, where, after discussing the proposed dance, the minutes read:

"Marge will try to get a date." Marge is social chairman.

If we had an opinion on the foreign situation,

Sororities have prob'ems. Here, Edmunds, Prexy Hare, McDonough, Cramblet, Stewart try to solve them.

Mrs. Matthews advises pledges Purdum and Westland while Cluss takes notes.



Jane Edmunds leads the girls from the "house of charm and beauty" in a sorority song.

I'd expostulate thereupon for a time. But we haven't, so that's that.

Founded at:
Lombard College,
April 17, 1893.

Colors: Double
blue and gold.

Flower: Pink
Kilarney Rose.

Publication:
The Alpha Xi
Delta.



Seniors

Ruth Gasser Aureline McDonough
Marilynn Roberts Catherine Smith
Gertie Mae Stewart Marjorie Wilt
Josephine Wylie

Juniors

Sandra Abrams Helen Cluss
Jane Edmunds Louise Gettys
Peggy Geyer Ann Harmon
Kay Leitch

Sophomores

Ruth Braem Rita Cleary
Dorothy Douglass Mildred Erskine
Madeline Forsythe Mary Jane Hare
Helen Hicks Betty Kennedy
Jean McCroba Barbara Schutt
Flora Jane Smith Eleanor Waterhouse
Bette Weber

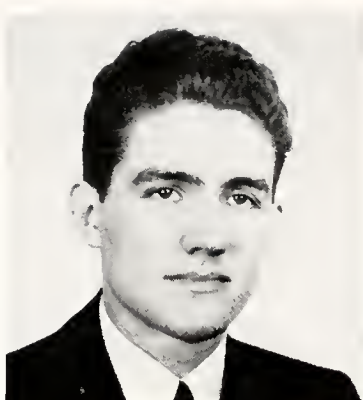


Freshmen

Helen Arensburg Jean Berggren
Susan Carnahan Corinne Cashman
Janice Cooper Joan Cramblet
Pauline Gilbert Elizabeth Lewis
Janice Purdum Marietta Shore
Marion Shreffler Virginia Westland
June Williamson

National chapter was founded April 17, 1893, at Lombard (now Knox) College, Galesburg, Illinois. Local chapter was founded June 3, 1903.

Local alumnae include Mrs. R. H. Eliassen, Miss Anna Mary Kemp, Miss Louise Miller, Miss Miriam Netting and Mrs. E. E. Roberts.



PEOPLE

DR. MILLER

DON ROSENSTEELE

by BOBBY MURRAY

by JERRY FERGUSON

To most Bethanians, unassuming Dr. Miller is the "Enigma of the Campus." Quietly he manipulates beakers and elements in the chem lab, sympathetically spurring the ambitions of neophyte chemists. But beneath this cloak of silence in speech and absorption in work is an individual who is not only a fine professor, but a darn good fellow. As nature study counsellor at Y. M. C. A. and church camps, in the Poconos, he developed an interest in and knowledge of bird study, geology, swimming, canoeing, and indian relics which intensified annually.

Having to get up in the black hours of winter mornings and travel 8.5 (That's the Miller influence) miles by trolley to avoid cuts in Lehigh's compulsory 7:45 A. M. chapel is no fun. So, Doc and two fellow sufferers decided upon a new regime during their graduate work. Together they planned and plunged. Lumping their cash together, they purchased. The result was a Model T, which ran—and nothing more.

Composing semi-classical piano etudes, concertos, fuges, and what not for his own enjoyment and satisfaction occupies many of his spare moments. And he's no slouch at this, either. But his interest in music does not stop here. He collects symphonic recordings and is a devotee of the Sunday Evening hour. Despite thus tendency toward the classics, he is no condemner of jitterbugs. In fact, there is proof that he may be one himself. You never see the Miller's as wallflower at any college dance, do you?

"Everyone needs some type of outdoor exercise," thinks Dr. Miller. And following his thoughts he has one — Hiking. It's always been among his pleasures, but at present he's marking time, until Marnie's toddling feet can keep up with her Mother and Dad.

"There was one time when my horn fell apart while I was playing. I was on the second number before I noticed it." This happened when

Don was playing one of his first jobs. To the question, "When did you decide you liked music," Don replied, "I didn't. Someone else decided for me.

That was my Ma. Even though I didn't like piano, I took lessons for three years. Then, one day, I saw someone playing a horn. Right then I thought I'd like it. So I began lessons on the horn. You know—one of those "Try it for two weeks then if you like it buy it." Then came the days of days, the moment of moments. He played "Abide With Me" as his first solo. Says Don, "They didn't."

He's no composer. He says this himself. But rumor has it, and it's a pretty well-founded rumor, that he's a mean arranger. He likes classical music—very much, preferring the symphony in general, and Mozart's G minor in particular. In swing, he styles himself a purist. Questioned about dance bands, Don said: "There are hardly any more real swing bands left. There's Charley Barnet and most of the colored bands. Most of the others have become too commercial."

Don has one musical wish—to play first trumpet in a large band. No leader for him. As he said, he'd rather sit back and get a weekly check and let someone else do the worrying.



"At ease!" seems to be the social command to which most Bethanians respond readily, if the results of the social program questionnaire are reliable indicators. For a preference for informality, in both parties and dances, tops the list of qualities students like best in their social functions.

The tabulation is based on more than 80 questionnaires that were filled in and returned to the social committee. This represents about one-fourth of the student body, and should provide a usable sampling of opinion on the type of social program that would please the greatest number of students.

While the most important part of the survey was the reaction to social events, other valuable information was gleaned from the replies. It was learned that fifty per cent of the voters attended only half of the social functions. The remainder of the votes was divided between those who went only a few times and those who never went to social functions. Again, more than half of the persons answering felt that they were getting a well-rounded social life. Thirty students believed they were experiencing an unsatisfactory, incomplete social life.

Pressing informal parties and dances for the honor of best-liked social function were desires for more opportunity to make trips into Wheeling and Pittsburgh, presumably for movies and shopping tours. Since such a large proportion of Bethanians live in or near these two cities it is difficult to determine whether trips to them would be satisfying student desire to get away from Bethany or to get near home.

Many suggestions were included on the questionnaires. Complaints were made, also, but these were in the minority. Typical of the best suggestions were the following:

"Have open houses at the fraternities and sororities."

"Organize music appreciation groups."

"Weekly pipe organ recitals, preferably in the evening."

"More discussion groups."

"Use talent within the student body."

Students with an axe to grind jotted the fol-

lowing criticisms on their questionnaire sheets:

"Too much dancing and not enough culture."

"Not enough time."

"No dates."

"Social activities center around fraternities and sororities."

Informal Parties Tops

**Trips to cities liked. Much indifference.
Some suggestions.**

by E. F. BROWN

According to the poll, Bethanians don't have an intense dislike for any of the social functions. Only two of the types listed received more than 15 black marks in the "dislike" column. These were open houses and tea and receptions. Is that just a different way of saying

that informality is still tops?

Against the general trend toward informality, one amazing paradox sprouted. More than 61 per cent of the polled students were in favor of formal dances.

Faced with such a welter of figures, peeves, and wants, social committee chairman Robert Martin reminded that, "It must be remembered that the social committee is functioning on a smaller budget than last year. When you stop to consider that each student pays six dollars a year for a magazine once a month, and only two dollars for the social committee, it doesn't seem quite right to expect a formal dance with Benny Goodman officiating.

"One event that cost the social committee sixty dollars last year cost only seven this year."

Reaction To Social Events

	Like	Indif.	Dislike
Informal parties	72	11	4
Informal dances	68	13	1
Shopping or movies in Whg.	63	19	3
Trips to Pittsburgh	57	24	5
Musicales	54	21	5
Formal dances	52	22	11
Skating parties	50	28	7
All-college hike	48	24	14
Group discussion	37	39	10
Open house	36	30	19
Local art exhibit	35	46	9
After dinner coffee parties	31	40	14
Teas and receptions	15	46	26

Confucius say, "A gem is not polished without rubbing, nor a man perfected without trials."

In the center of my Phi Tau pin lies a diamond, surrounded on the border by sixteen pearls. When I look at this emblem signifying my connection with the brothers in Phi Kappa Tau, I can't help thinking about gems and their relation to our fraternity.

Gems are peculiar things. For instance, this diamond in the center of my pin was not lying on the banks of some sunny stream where any layman could see it, recognize its value, and benefit from it. Men had to dig deep into the depths of the earth to find it, and even then, their work was not finished, for someone had to continue to rub it to bring out the beauty it now bears. Infinite hours of patience made this small dark piece of stone into the glittering thing of beauty it now is.

The pearls on the border of the pin were not found on the seashore, nor were they floating on the surface of the sea where they would be easy to gather. Men had to dive deep into the depths of the ocean, where nature had spent many long years in forming these gems.

Confucius has been credited with saying many things on the campus, but one thing that he did say you will find quoted at the head of this article. Jewels, men, and fraternities are molded by the rubbings they receive; and the only way to find the flaws is to study the effects of this rubbing.

The connection between the diamond, the pearls, the rubbing and our fraternity is not hard to see. The Phi chapter of Phi Kappa Tau is a

diamond in the rough at its present stage; you and I, as fellow Bethanians, have been helping to cut her into a finished stone by our rubbing, whether we are moved by constructive or destructive motives. With every chip that he makes, the expert breathes a prayer that no flaws will appear; with that same satisfaction, we are glad that no flaws have yet appeared in this rough stone.

The sixteen pearls, of course, are represented by the sixteen new boys who took the name of Phi Kappa Tau this year. They are constantly being molded into that pattern of co-operation

that is expressed in the pin itself. Probably some of them are not yet fastened securely to their settings, and only time will tell whether or not they are flawless enough to bear comparison with that diamond on the same unit. Naturally, it is necessary to have some metal to hold these pearls in harmony; we believe this can be found in the spirit of Phi Kappa Tau.

You, Bethanians, represent the laymen who may or may not be able to recognize the value of this unfinished stone. Your actions and ours represent the influence which will either polish these stones into finished gems, or will prove their worthlessness by bringing out the major flaws.

It must be a fascinating experience watching the development of any gem from a dark piece of stone into a glittering thing of beauty, even though the work would be tense, fearing failure. It has been a fascinating experience watching the development of this diamond and these pearls, even though many nervous moments were spent, when marks appeared on the surface of the stone.

Pins, Pearls, and People

In which the author draws a neat parallel between a symbol and the thing it stands for.

by LYLE MAYNE

Pledge Keckley, on the "hot spot", is quizzed by Prexy Ashley. Freshmen Finch, Goldberg, Robinson look on.



N wman, Finch, Jackson, Honenberger agree that if the Petty girl had more clothes on, she would be less distracting.



It would be disappointing to feel that every chip has been in vain, but as I survey my pin, the past of Phi chapter, and face the realization of what this signifys to me and to my brothers, I can't help facing the future without fear.

THE ACTIVES OF
PHI KAPPA TAU FRATERNITY

- President William Ashley.
Vice President Thomas Cullison.
Steward Joseph Caliguiri.
Secretary, H. M. Harold Taylor.
Sergeant-at-arms Walter Kuhns.
Pledge Master E. J. Honenberger.
Treasurer Walter Webb.
Corresponding Sec'y, Chap. Lyle Mayne.

PLEDGES:

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| Robert Connell | Fred Robinson, Jr. |
| Lewis Finch | Jay B. Schaeffer |
| Edward Harris | Stanley Stitt |
| Eugene Keckley | Roger Waterman |
| Anthony Pinto | Richard Jackson |
| Glenn Ritchey | Hermes Montagna |
- William J. Bannen, Jr.

HOUSE PRIVILEGES:

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Lewis Newman | Bernard Goldberg |
| Irving Glassman | Sanford Steinman |



Coach Cullison diagrams a play for the Phi Tau basketball team. In the huddle, from left to right, are Mayne, Finch, Robinson, Honenberger, Goldberg, Steinman, Cullison, Stitt.



Hope of the World



With ripping shell and flames of hell,
Men dig the grave of Peace;
Thus buried deep in deathly sleep,
Peace waits divine release.
Men's earthly schemes disturb her dreams—
She waits for Love to come—
To take command—to take her hand,
And strike the cynics dumb.
Faith speed the day when men shall say,
"The Prince of Peace alone
Can peace restore from wounds of war—"
And hate shall be undone.

—N. H. WHITLOCK

Here is for more slips that we won't have to iron. If a greater boon was ever granted to the hard working coed or business's bachelor girl, please tell me what it is and I will go out and buy it.

The majority of us, whether we go to school or whether we work, dress on a limited budget. We have two or three slips of varying degrees of usefulness and age. That is unless we are plutocrats. then we may have five or six. We women are aware that most of a woman's charm lies in her feminine daintiness, and it is called to our minds daily by some ad should we forget it for an instant. Naturally, that involves a great deal of slip washing. This in turn involves ironing. Logical, isn't it?

Anyone who understands the heart of the sweet young thing will know that our budget of time is just as limited as our budget for clothes. No matter how we stretch them (the hours, I mean) there are only twenty-four of 'em in a day—and in spite of labor laws, coed or careerist works (or loafes when she should be working) eight hours a day. It follows (still

more logic) that some of our precious leisure must be spent ironing—leisure taken from the "man in our lives." This in itself is criminal to all youthful desires.

There is another angle to the time problem—not the potentialities of the time we spend pressing the slips but the many instances when we are late for work or for class. Then it is so handy to have a slip (washed the night before) ready to put on without resorting to the iron way down stairs.

Finally, there is the stern angle, the do or die one. The tired working girl comes home from work and drops wearily on the bed. An expression of one at peace with the world no sooner comes over her face than suddenly the thought strikes here—"I have no right to lie here like this. I have some slips to iron." The mental conflict that ensues is pitiable to watch. Duty wins or else on the following morning she goes slipless to work, unless she is one of the hardy souls that can wear unironed a slip, that should be not unironed.

(continued on page seventeen)

No Ruffles, Please

by DAWN DAVIS

Doris Thiele, *president*
 Robert Martin, *vice president*
 Gladys Miller, *secretary*
 Jay Lohr, *treasurer*
 Kay Allen, *historian*

Education Club

Jane Bryan	Peggy Keim
George Davis	Marie Lowe
Eleanor Gray	Ruth Moser
Mary Hayes	Milton Parker
Lulu Mae Hays	Adabelle Pilchard
Lillian Henkel	Dorothy Ritter
Ivan Holland	James Stoner
	Marge Wilt

Faculty advisors:
 Dr. Eliassen, Dean Kirkpatrick



Ruth Gasser, *president*
 Robert Showman, *treasurer*
 Catherine Smith, *secretary*
 Louise Gettys, *program chairman*



Kay Allen	Marie Lowe
Gladys Armor	Helen Novak
Francis Dvorak	Janice Purdum
Donald Gordon	Betty Schuller
Lillian Henkel	Marvin Siegel
Robb Henry	Virginia Westland
	Betty Wilson

Faculty advisors:
 Miss Mahaffey, Dr. Graham

French Club

Foot deep snow that blanketed Bethany for three days, February 14, 15, and 16, bringing with it tobaggans, snow men, swarms of camera enthusiasts, was the heaviest in 27 years, according to Postmaster S. C. Underwood.

Students donned arctics, high-tops, riding boots, and fishing boots. Strasser ran his gasoline snow plow at all hours to keep the walks cleared. Trenches connected houses with the campus. Fraternity men sympathized with the Finns. And Postmaster Underwood saw his mail dwindle to one delivery a day.

Bethany was beautiful, dressed in snow. So Bill Hennessy, Dr. Jacob, Mr. Shepard, and Nancy Jane Spears took motion pictures. "Flash" Gordon took pictures. Mr. McCullough took pictures. Narrigan, Prosser, and Swearingen took pictures.

Snow blocked the roads. Miss Hendricks was stranded in Wheeling. Dr. Gay stayed home. The college milkman delivered milk in a sleigh.

But white snow didn't last. Soot from Bethany's chimneys made it dirty. Wind blew it away. Sun melted it into the Buffalo.

Bethany "biz" suffered a setback on February 10, when mist that turned to rain forced postponement of Open House at the Campbell Mansion.

But in two other places on the campus, the social spotlight gleamed brightly that evening. In cleverly decorated Cochran Hall lounge, Y. W. C. A. and its young men danced to the music of Tommy Care. And at Kappa Alpha, couples gayly

partied while rain beat on the windows.

Seven seniors, four juniors, and Dean Weimer lunched with young industrialists and business men, the Live Wire group of the Wheeling Chamber of Commerce, on February 12.

The representative Bethanians saw a vigorous display of American "executive action" when the Live Wire roared disapproval of a possible hydro-electric development on the upper reaches of the Ohio River.

When mimeographed sheets listing the Bethany guests, their homes, and probable vocations were distributed, one of the Live Wires cracked:

"This will be the first time I've been able to take home the names and addresses of any beautiful girls."

Around the C. of C. table were Warren Coughanour, Peggy Euwer, Louise Gettys, Chester Gordon, E. J. Honenberger, Donald Regier, Dorothy Ritter, Kenneth Underwood, Marjorie Wilt, Darrell Wolfe, and Al Wright.

Seniors, bolstered by the perfect 3.00 averages of Costello and Underwood, were kings of the academic hill during the first semester, averaging 1.23. Juniors came next with 1.46, while freshmen polled 1.26, leaving last place to the 1.20 sophomores. Curiously, the class ranking was the same as the first semester of last year.

"Hell Week" capers retreated from the campus to the fra-

ternity houses after newspapers headlined Bethany's "Hell Week" activities as "screwball."

With Alpha Kappa Pi pledges dropping to the ground every time an active blew a whistle, and Sigma Nu pledges munching onions in classes, President Cramblet asked the Interfraternity Council to keep the "Helling" off the campus.

But this caused little rejoicing among pledges, who still had to endure a muddy "Hell" trip at the end of the week.

Fate of the proposed college newspaper now seems to be in the hands of a student-faculty committee, which will discuss the feasibility of substituting a newspaper and yearbook for the *Bethanian*.

President Cramblet, who reviewed the SBOG report at a recent faculty meeting, indicated that a cooperative committee of Dean Kirkpatrick, Miss Hoagland, the president and probably students Decker, Rutter, and Underwood, would delve into the publications problem.

A penny postcard from "somewhere in the South" is the only clue to the whereabouts of Charles Camarata, Bethany freshman who auctioned all his belongings and left college at the end of the first semester.

Camarata and another freshman, six-foot, red-bearded John Owen, had planned to travel south. Irked with college, they sold books and clothes, prepared to wander.

When Owen's father, in East Aurora, N. Y., heard of his

News Copy

by JOHN COSTANZA

NEWS COPY—cont'd:
son's exploit, he came to Bethany, tagged John. Camarata, stocky and soft-spoken, went to Beaver, Pa., said goodbye to his parents, and set out by himself.

NO RUFFLES—cont'd:

How much more pleasing to our sense of the aesthetic is the word picture of the young girl who flings herself on her bed and goes peacefully to sleep knowing that she rests with an easy conscience. She can wash her slip in a few moments and hang it up to dry and in several hours it will be ready to wear. Thus is she safe from any mental qualms.

In this work-a-day world where efficiency is the keynote no woman can afford to be reactionary. Oh, I like the fluffy petticoats that grandma wore; they give me a glamorous feeling for that "certain date." But for everyday wear, please, may I have those slips that one wears unironed.

WASTED WORDS?—cont'd:
the original plan suggested in chapel of pooling cuts, pictures,

articles, etc. The Board is not in favor of giving a scholarship to the newspaper editor, and would like to see the business manager paid on a commission basis. Under the newspaper-yearbook proposal it would like to see the business matters of both publications under one student. However, since the yearbook is to remain strictly an extra-curricular activity, we feel that the yearbook editor should receive some sort of subsidy.

If it is not decided to have a newspaper and yearbook, the Board feels that rather than go back to an inadequate publication like the old *Collegian*, it will vote to continue the *Bethanian* as a magazine yearbook. It,

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too good for you.
Stationery - Dance Programs
MARKET ST. WHEELING

or a yearbook, can function much better without journalism department guidance than could a newspaper. However, the Board feels that even for it to be the interpretive, inquiring and recording medium which it should be, some attempt should be made to coordinate the *Bethanian* with the journalism department, at least utilizing the material from the feature writing classes.

No doubt a discussion of this report will bring up many other questions such as why the debate teams, the W. A. A., the dramatics, and the glee club's appropriations from student activity fees have been decreased or cut out altogether the last three years. Many organizations are forgetting that they are basing their demands on what they used to get before the student activity fee was decreased two dollars and fifty cents by the faculty and administration in the school year of 1936-37. While fees have been introduced for medical care and the library, the student activity fee has not been restored and still remains at ten dollars per semester. In discussing student publications let us keep in mind the whole future of student activities and consider the possibility of extending the activity program by restoring the fee to the former amount of \$12.50 a semester.

When you read this you will know as well as I what happened to the SBOG recommendation which embodied the same conclusions I have outlined here.

What the faculty and administration does with the Board's recommendations will tell us much about our college. I hope the students are not disappointed.

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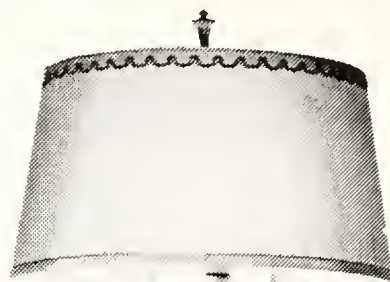
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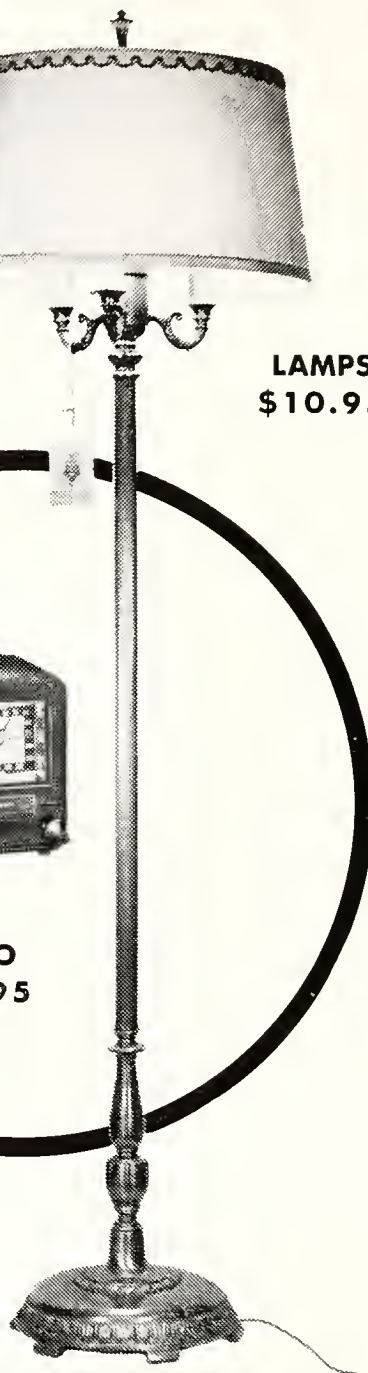


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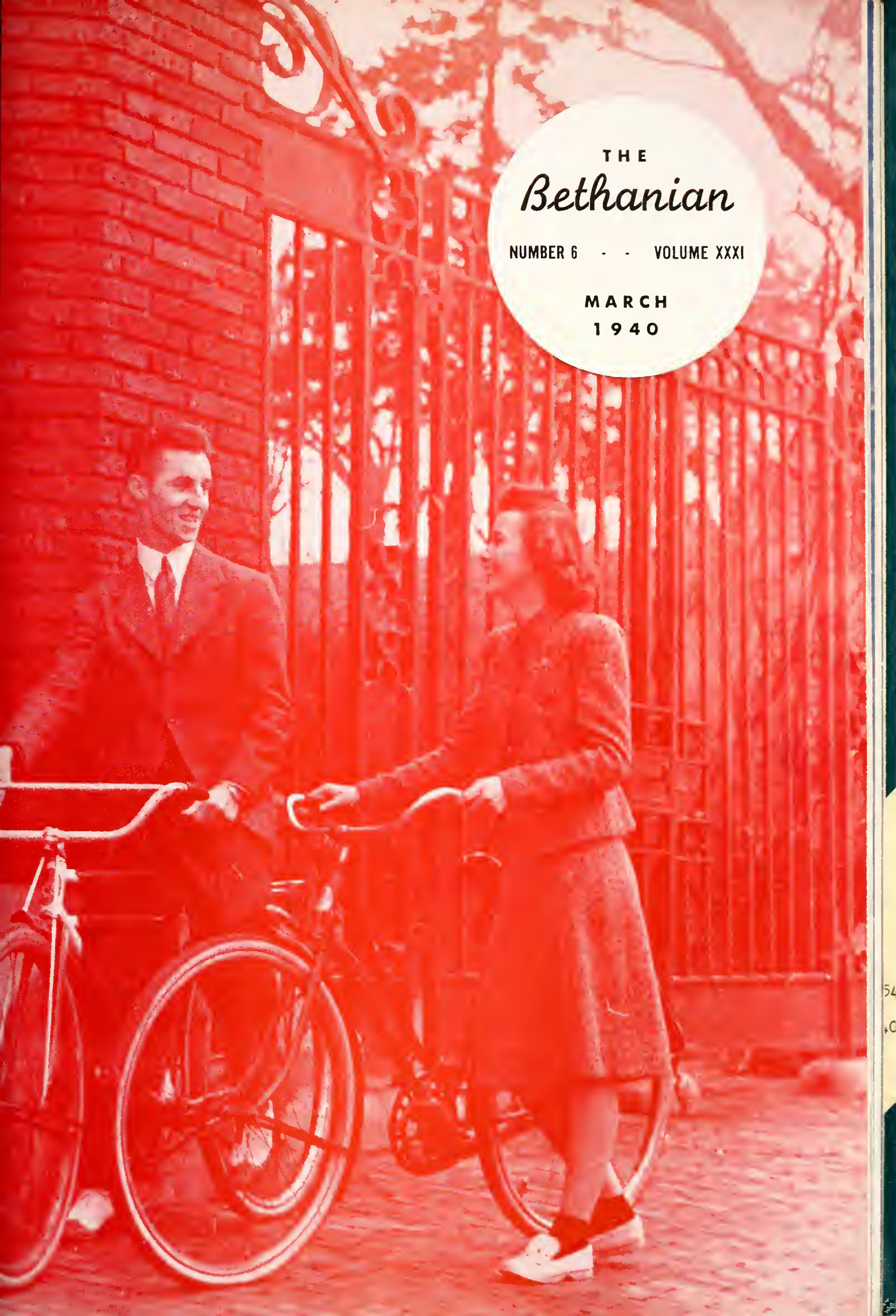
MONONGAHELA SYSTEM



THE
Bethanian

NUMBER 6 . . VOLUME XXXI

MARCH
1940



One of the noticable things here in Bethany to the students that hail from the mountains or plains of some of the surrounding states, is the nearness of the horizon. Which-ever way we look, the low bumping hills of West Virginia touch the sky a few miles away. Too many of us are content to remain hemmed in, satisfied with our own small valley. Too few of us climb to the hill-tops to get a farther view.

An analogy to this horizon nearness in Bethany is the pettiness of our concerns. Only those things that touch us personally are considered. Important issues that will effect us as a group or as a part of nation do not interest us. Our Board of Governors, debates for days dividing a few dollars among different campus organizations, but no college group voices an opinion concerning our national budget or national program. If this attitude was nation-wide among colleges, perhaps Bethany's indifference could be over-

looked, if not excused; but Bethany is not up to par. The Youth Congress, which has taken a definite stand on certain nation questions, and to which certain minority political groups have been catering, has members representing college organizations from all over the country. Bethany's student opinions are not represented.

Even our reactions to our personal concerns are infantile. We yap childishly about the Sunday rule against dancing but do nothing about the main issue behind it, student government that would enact all social regulations. We beef about low marks due to cut classes; when we should be complaining about a philosophy of education that allows a professor to lose sight of the fact that we have come to college not to be punished for missing a few lectures, but to acquire as much knowledge as possible and to get credit for it.

Yes, the average Bethany students looks not to the far horizons, and he definitely has intellectual myopia. Let us climb the hills and think.

How Near Our Horizons

Every editor has his dreams, his ideal for a perfect setup, a utopia in publication organizations for his particular college. In Bethany, a college that has too small a student body to have a good staple staff because the few most-talented students are in too many extra-curricular activities or else too busy studying to be dependable as staff members, too much detail work falls on the editor. As a result, both the publication and the editor suffer. College records show that practically every Bethany editor has taken a beating academically during the year of his editorship; at least, he has fallen below his par of the entire four years. Some, in fact most, have fallen badly.

The compensation for the editorship is two-fold. First, the editor receives two hundred dollars per year; second, he receives experience that is educational. For the time spent he could earn more working for the college at thirty cents an

hour. After the second or third magazine, the experience is no longer beneficial.

Perhaps this is a solution. We could have a number of editors sharing the work, the scholarship, and the experience.

Of course, as the title suggests, an editor for each month would be ideal, but for the present, not practical. But we do have three good managing editors on our staff who have definitely proven that they can and do work together. At the beginning of next year they could plan a general theme for each monthly magazine, set-up a monthly budget, and then determine which editor was to be responsible for certain months. Perhaps this system would depend on too much co-operation between the editors, but it is to their credit that I believe that working together they would turn out a better magazine and still do justice to their academic records.

Not One Editor --- Eight

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The Bethanian

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VOL. XXXI

MARCH, 1940

NUMBER 6

EDITOR-IN-
CHIEF

BERT DECKER

* *

BUSINESS
MANAGER

GEO. PETROFF

Editor's Notes

The cover is Kay Leitch and Scott Kaler, the only Junior couple that have gone together since they were Freshmen.

One page two Ginie Richardson reports and retorts on Homecoming, the bane of most students.

Change, meaning both money and to alter, is what Budd Deer advocates on page four. A little change for, and a little change in, our Intra-Mural program.

Ladies! Do you have a pin? Do you want one? Turn to page 12 and learn all tricks and tactics on how to win pins and influence Greek-men. Since there are two sides to every question the gentlemen may turn to page thirteen. "How To Keep A Pin" will enable you to venture forth on a date feeling that you shall return with your pin safe and secure on your vest.

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Amid the strains of "One Hundred Years Have Rolled" and various other tear-jerkers, Bethanians of years gone by descended upon us, took over the town, and did likewise with our beds. Gibson's Student Union, after a careful survey, announced that there would be at least quite a few of the "old ones" with us. Mr. Hettler reports a more official 250. The college dolled itself up somewhat—the biennial spotlight on the Tower and such—did its best to convince the grads that it has improved a minimum of 200% since their day.

In the formal line, the homecoming committee, consisting of Bernal R. Weimer, Chairman, Blanche Burrow, Caroline Butchko, Rush Carter, Bert Decker, Marian Hendrick, Peter Johnson, (sometimes called Pe-ray), Bobby Murray, Earl D. McKenzie, E. E. Roberts, and Kenneth Underwood sponsored an Art Exhibit, among other things. This display of talent and otherwise, included (on the talent side) work by George M. Sutton, '23, William Erskine, '31, William Montagna, '36. The Art Club also dabbed out a few things. Paintings and otherwise. We will ignore the "otherwise" in both instances.

The Library held up an exhibit of historical memorabilia—better known as old stuff—under the direction of Anna Mary Kemp, Ethel Charnock, Margaret Hurt Roberts, W. Kirk Woolery, E. Lee Perry, and Irvin T. Green. The exhibit included a copy of Bethany's charter, old diplomas, an ancient music box with steel records, the Bible of Alexander Campbell and numerous other things whose

value seems to have varied directly with the amount of dust they have collected. We hear—at least it was reported—that someone went to see them.

Friday night's basketball game was exciting in that we didn't lose by as big a score as usual.

HOME COMING

by VIRGINIA RICHARDSON

It is possible that Alderson-Broadus is a high school or something. Then again, maybe, it's just one of those things one never hears of. The Bethany College Band, starring Dean Weimer and new

uniforms, beat out *Best Loved Irish Melodies* and other numbers with such enthusiasm that there were earth tremors reported as far west as McKinleyville. Anyhow, it gave the teams a long rest between halves.

Mrs. Anna Ruth Bourne, Mrs. Wilbur H. Cramblett, and Mrs. Cloyd Goodnight served as hostesses at the costume tea and period musicale Saturday afternoon. The music was provided by Professor Carter's proteges; Mildred Erskine, Marjorie Blackmore, Donald Regier, Jane Bryan,

Jane Douglass, Alfred Swearingen, and the music box. Aides Brown, Close, Close, (I suppose closer comes next), Bonessi, Hinkle, Murray, Peters, Westland, Wilson and Willoshat provided the costume angle, with more graciousness than grace. But then, who goes around every day with six petticoats on? Oh, does she? Well! Tsh! Tsh! Such goin's on!

The highlight of the Homecoming Program, a pageant of Bethany episodes in the last hundred years, was produced during intermissions by Professor Roberts and Miss Hendrick,—assisted by Miss Burrow and Mr.



The marriage of Alexander Campbell and Margaret Brown as portrayed by Bethany students.

McKenzie. Mr. Shephard took care of the music, Mr. Allen, the incidental portraits, Art Sheets, the stage direction and Tom Jones, the make-up. Emile Sullivan sent the costumes clear from Columbus, Ohio, for a small fee. The pageant started with an overture of Bethany tunes (Buffaloing on the corridor, and such). The overture was orchestrated by Professor Shephard and asphyxiated by the orchestra.

Then came episode One. The Brown Homestead. (We should have been home 'stead). Jerry Ferguson came in behind a dark cloud and started to sing a song. He was doing very nicely until someone started to scream offstage.

Episode Two was supposed to be the Marriage of Alexander Campbell and Margaret Brown. The Married Couple turned out to be Lyle Mayne and Madeline Forsythe. And they never even knew that he had his pin on her. Like all good weddings, the wimmen folk sat around and bawled. Tears fairly flowed over the footlights and gushed down the aisles, and into the orchestra pit. All but the bass section had to move.

Episode Three. A Faculty Meeting. Need we say more?

Episode Four. Daniel Boone, alias John Topping, slunk in with a rifle and a menagerie. The menagerie sniffed at the footlights and left disgusted. (Ed. There were no trees on the stage.) Reports are that they are pledging Horace to Alpha Xi Omega.

Episode Five. They fought that Civil War *again*.

Episode Six. The blessing of the Ages! Women came to Bethany and watched Wayne Burdue ad-lib into a brown jerby.

Episode Seven. The Grand (pronounced grrr-and.) finale! A Faculty Meeting of today with the student touch. Ray Lohr punned more like Weimer than Weimer does. Elmer (Forrest Hunter) Honenberger took first prize for his magnificent Mr. K. If you don't know the rest of his nickname, he does it to some of the students.

March 2-3 had all the color of a typical Spring Homecoming. The town looked as if it were almost in the mood to wake up, but not quite. People, automobiles, and people were practically all over the place. In fact, there was so much traffic that one was forced to stop and look one way before crossing the street.

Homecomings are peculiar things, and Bethany's is no exception. We students are inclined to laugh when we hear people we don't know reminiscing about other people we don't know, and then deciding they don't know them either; but deep (very) down inside we fear that someday we too will become old and sentimental and come back to Bethany for Homecoming. Ho hum.

Top to bottom— 1. Mr. T. W. Phillips, Mrs. Bourne, and President Cramblett chat at Homecoming Art Exhibit. 2. Doctor Erskine and friend study art exhibit. 3. Dean Weimer swings baton at band's first appearance in new uniforms. 4. Isms invade Bethany as students portray faculty meeting.



With the recent competition in boxing and basketball still fresh in mind, we turn to look at the intra-mural program as a whole. This sort of formal competition within a college began to sweep the nation back about 1925. Before this there had been a scattered few who had begun the movement back as far as 1869. The idea spread very slowly up until the late twenties, when it was adopted by most colleges in this country. With the cry for less emphasis on intercollegiate competition sounding in the ears of college presidents, they spent more time, money and planning on the intra-mural plan, until today it holds a place of equality with varsity sports in most colleges. Leading the din against over emphasis of inter collegiate sports was *The Carnegie Foundation Report 23*, which revealed the amounts of money spent by the colleges and universities on sports and stadia. After this report was published, the school leaders were anxious to vindicate themselves in the eyes of the public, so they went to work to develop a plan of sport activity that would be beneficial to the whole student body. Needless to say, such a plan met with the immediate enthusiastic support of the students.

The value which the participants in such a program place on it is backed by the opinions of the athletic directors of the leading universities of America. When they filled in a questionnaire on the subject of intramurals, many and varied were the virtues ascribed to an intramural program. Some of the more common reasons for continuing such sports are these: development of a variety of interests among the students; a wholesome outlet for the spirit of rivalry; promotes health; increases muscular development; stimulates scholastic attainment (this in schools that require a C average for participation); testing ground for varsity material; social contacts. These and many other listed values show the high regard in which educational leaders hold such a program of student competition.

At Bethany we have an intramural program, but how does it compare with others that have been examined in colleges of like size? In general structure, plan, and activity it is the same

as most others. However, it does have a few differences.

The units of competition as set up here are the same as those in other colleges; i. e., competition on an interfraternity, inter-class, and inter-professional basis. In every school where fraternities are represented, they are the principal group involved in the program. Also at Bethany and at other schools, individual games and inter-collegiate inter-mural championships are a part of the program.

The type of sports played is also the same here as elsewhere.

Chief among these are touch-football, basketball, swimming, cross country, and boxing. All of these have been held this year on the basis of intra frat competition. The Betas came off victors in the touch football league. Basketball required a championship play-off between the Betas and the Sigs, with the Sigs finally winning out. The cross-country run was taken by the Sigs with Bob Kaiser leading the field to win the individual honors. In the pool the AKPi's splashed to a win that was as hard to get recorded as it was to win in actual swimming. In boxing, so far as team competition goes, the Betas scored a close decision over the Phi Taus to gain first place.

Yet to come before the year is finished is team play in basketball foul shooting, track, soft ball, hand ball, volley-ball, ping-pong, and horse-shoe pitching. In addition to these, individual championships are scheduled for the following: golf, bowling, riding, and fencing.

In the matter of awards, Bethany falls short of the usual plan. Here the team that wins a particular sport has the right to purchase for itself a trophy or cup to show its attainment. The individual players get no recognition whatsoever. The general practice, (once more we refer to the survey of athletic directors) among other colleges is to provide a team award and individual awards. The team award is usually a plaque suitably designed for the particular sport for which it is given. The players of the winning team each receive a medal which may be used as a watch fob. These are of a uniform design

With A Little Change

Bethany's Intramurals, what they are, and what they could be.

by BUDD DEER

for all sports, containing the name of the school and some emblem of superior achievement.

These medals and plaques add much to the competitive spirit of the program. In addition to the awards to winners, special medals are given for the "best sport", "cleanest player", etc., in most schools.

Another place where Bethany's system drastically differs from the generally accepted plan is in the administrative set-up of its inter-mural program. *Here it is an incidental item under the athletic department while in schools where it is most successful it is planned for by a separate department with a separate budget.* Since the athletic department has only a small budget to work on, it is no wonder that after money is spent to equip the varsity teams there is none left to spend for an inter mural program. *Last year the astounding sum of \$50 was spent by the department for this program* and the largest part of this money went for boxing equipment which is used by the gym classes more than by the inter-mural teams. The average amount spent by other schools of our size for their programs is somewhere between \$500 and \$1,000. This amount comes mostly from the college although a small part is contributed by the participants in the way of entrance fees. From this fund the Intermural Department provides the trophies, equipment, and publicity necessary to a satisfactory program. Speaking of publicity and promotion we find another lack in our plan. At Bethany the program is kept alive by the natural interest fellows have for competitive sports without any stimulation from the administration. This, again, is due to lack of funds.

The amount of money spent on the inter-murals is justified by the number of students who are benefited by participation in them. While the varsity squads of football and basketball numbered 33 and 20 respectively, there were 71 fellows playing touch football and 89 engaged in basketball intermural competition. The whole program is similarly popular with the students and should receive its share of money appropriated for athletics by the school.

Girl's competitive sports and mixed boy-girl games is another weak spot of the Bethany plan. So far as Bethany girls are concerned the inter-mural program consists of watching their favorite boy friend play a hard game for dear old Phi Ki Phi. There are of course the tests of ability given by the W. A. A. but these are individual and in

no way comprise any team or personal competition. There should be a place in our sports program for a girl's soft ball league and a basketball league. Mixed competition, that is boy-girl doubles for tennis, badminton, ping-pong, quoits and other sports, is much needed to make the program complete.

Under a separate department with its own budget the intermural program could be made more efficient and more interesting to all students. If almost 70% of the student body participates now without any promotion by the administration, how many more could be interested if a definite plan was designed to appeal to them? With a little promotion in the form of decent awards, and adequate equipment, Bethany could have an intermural program that would add to the development of each of her students. She has the natural resources for winter sports about which nothing has been done. She has an ideal set-up for a hiking club which has never developed.

One department supervising the program would not need to stop at athletic competition. The plan could be carried out into other activities of the campus. Debating, play writing, acting, painting, gardening, landscaping,—these are a few of the fields which offer an opportunity for competition. Under the incentive to win a medal or trophy or to beat the other group, new interests would be developed in all these fields.

Bethany does have a lack-a-daisical system of intermural sports. It's there if your natural interest is great enough to make you look for it. But it is wasting its natural resources by continuing such a policy, when a really live-wire program is possible with such little change.

SPRING BLEW IN

Spring blew in the other day—
Strewed violets in my path.
I stuck my fingers in my ears
And studied hard at math.

Spring blew in and fanned my cheek.
I studied hard, alone.
A couple strolled beneath my sill—
I grabbed the telephone!

Spring blew in and I blew out
And bought a blonde a coke;
Spring blew in, and marks blew up—
And boy, this is no joke!!!

Perhaps this title is a little crude, but the disastrous season that the Bethany Basketballers have just finished seems to me to be nothing but a nightmare. One win and nineteen losses. Was our team that bad? Despite statistics, I don't think they were. Those students who saw the Westminster game, the Salem game, and quite a few others will realize that the Bison players had some really top-flight basketball in them. Why didn't it come out? Almost every student on the campus and even some of the professors have tried to analyze this enigma and offer a solution. The simple fact that the losing streak continued is proof enough that no satisfactory answer has been offered. The plain facts are these, and if there is any aspiring Sherlock Holmes among you, here is your chance to prove your worth. Man for man, Bethany has a good, maybe not great, but good, team. They have the ability, and there is no denying that they have their share of "scrap" and spirit, perhaps even a little bit more than their share. Now, Mr. Holmes, why didn't they win more games? I gave up guessing long ago.

But it's all over now and let's look back in a sort of retrospect and see just what did happen. Things didn't look so bad when a fairly well-rated Hiram team bowed in the opener 26-16. But the next night at Morgantown, West Virginia University started them off. The Mount Union team took up the cry and nobly carried on when they defeated the Bisons two nights later. Thus began the sad tale that ended only because there are no more games to play.

At times, flashes of really brilliant basketball flashed on the court. Washington and Jefferson, one of the best teams in the district, got what their coach termed "the worst scare we got all year" when two minutes before the end of the first half found the Bisons two points to the

good and roaring dangerously. An even better example was the Salem game at Salem. Bethany led 58-17 with about three minutes to play, but couldn't stave off Salem's last desperate bid. Just recently,

Westminster, one of the best rated teams in this part of the country, had to step lively to defeat the underdog Bisons. It's true that the score-sheets show that the Bisons were defeated by a good margin in almost every game, but for the real story one must look behind the scorebook. And a glance there reveals that the games were much closer than the actual scores indicate.

But to get back to the records. The individual scoring honors of the team went to Cullison, with a total of 94 points in 20 games, followed by Jackson, with 80 points. When questioned as to the Bison's most valuable all around performer, Coach Knight hesitatingly named "Petie," with Jackson running a close second. However, they weren't the only members of the team.

All played a definite part in the Bison's games. The last few games witnessed the sensational rise of Don Wolf, 6 ft., 5 in. freshman, who looms as a potential scoring ace for next year.

Next year, the Bisons will lose only two men. This year is finished and forgotten (I hope) and our eyes turn toward next year with the thought "revenge is sweet."

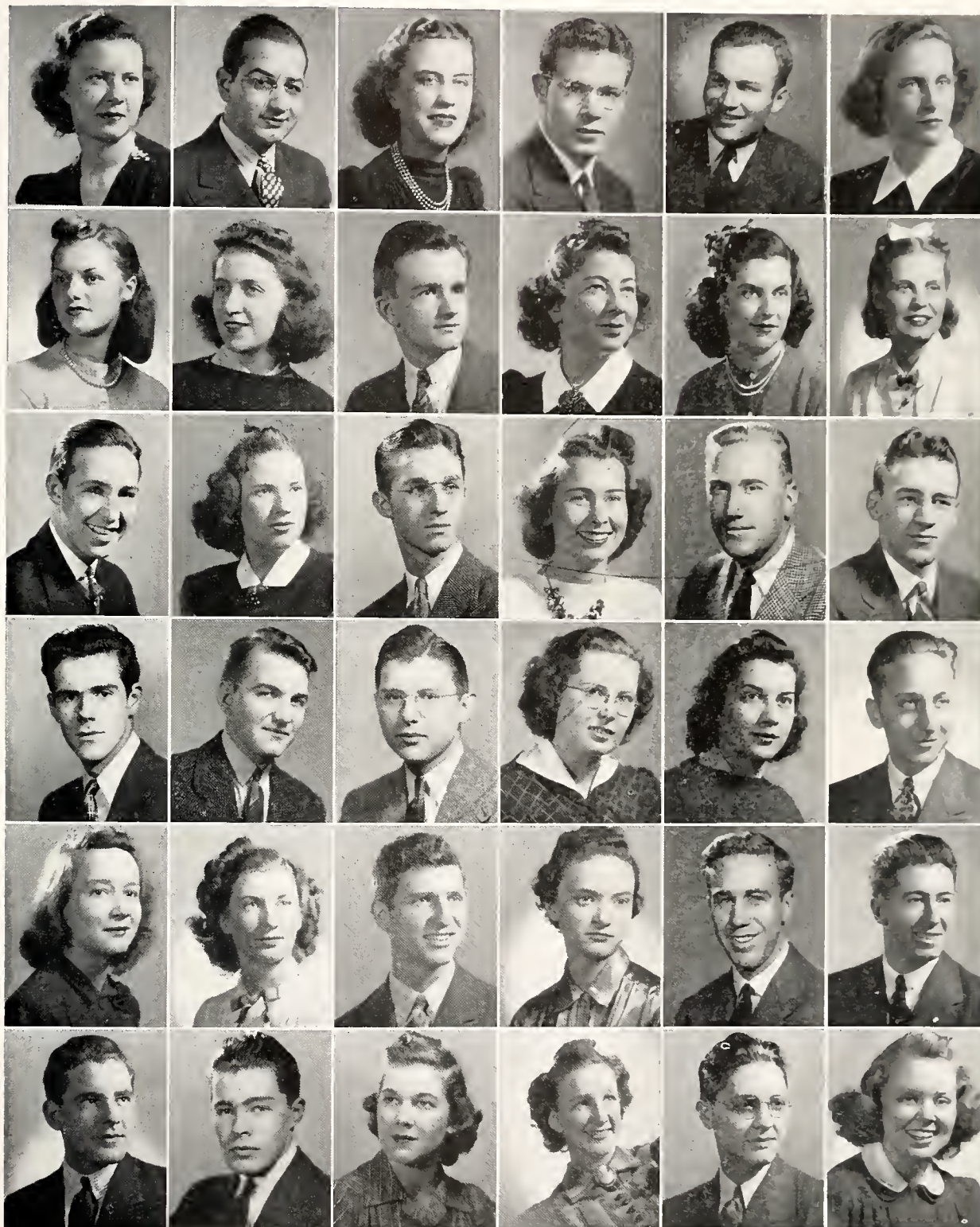
NIGHTMARE

by ED HARRIS

Top row—Newman, Coach Knight, Rowlands, Gordon, Wolf, Huhn, Callendine, Harris, Wells;
Bottom row—Byers, Cullison, Taylor, Petroff, Fair, Jackson, Pryor.



JUNIOR CLASS



Left to right—1st row: Jean Allen, Joseph Caliguri, Helen Cluss, Thomas Cullison, Bert Decker, Jane Edmunds; 2nd row: Louise Gettys, Margaret Geyer, Thomas Grim, Mary Jane Halter, Ann Harmon, Helen Hooker; 3rd row: Richard Jackson, Betty Jane Jolliffe, Scott Kaler, Katherine Leitch, Jay Lohr, Lyle Mayne; 4th row: Milton Parker, Don Rosensteel, William Rutter, Betty Schuller, Jean Short, Raymond Simmons; 5th row: Catherine Smith, Nancy Jane Spears, James Stoner, Mimi Strain, Harold Taylor, Richard Wells; 6th row: Joseph White, Norris Whitlock, Marjorie Wilt, Dorothy Winfield, Darrell Wolfe, Virginia Wood.

True as loyal Greeks are we to our Z. T. A.—not only do the members of Zeta Tau Alpha try to maintain a high standard of loyalty among their own group, but among their fellow students, the faculty, and toward their school.

Their loyalty is not of a passive nature; to the contrary, it has always been revealed in an active way—in the classrooms and on the campus Theta Chapter has ranked among the leaders both in scholarship and activity ratings.

Many of Zeta's girls occupy administrative positions in numerous organizations. On the Executive Board of the Association of Women Students are: Peggy Euwer, Vice President; Kate Anna Drake; Mary Jane Halter; Bobby Murray; and Jean Short. For the coming year, Jean Short has been elected President of A. of W. S. and Betty Murphy and Esther Mackey will serve on the board as representatives of their respective classes. Zeta is well represented in the college choir: Dorothy Bissell, Mary Jane Halter, Lulu Mae Hays, Jane Douglass, Betty McIntyre, Nyla McCrory, and Peggy Keim. Virginia Woods and Lillian Henkel were taken into Alpha Psi Omega, and this year Lillian is serving as President of the local chapter of this National Dramatics fraternity and as secretary-treasurer of the tri state group. Gladys Armour, Irene Hutchinson and Bobby Murray, in the capacity of cheerleaders, helped to cheer the various teams on to the field. Dorothy Bissell is president of Phillips Hall, with Peggy Keim serving as secretary and Joan Schott as social

chairman. Peggy Keim is secretary of Student Board and Bobby Murray is president of Pan Hellenic. Bail Close and Jean Short are on the College Social Committee. Jane Porter is secretary-treasurer of International Relations Club and last fall Grace Runnion was selected as one of two candidates who were sent by Bethany to the National Convention of I. N. R. at Berea, Kentucky. Peggy Euwer was elected Homecoming Queen at homecoming last fall. Esther Mackey was

chosen as the favorite freshman girl in a Bethanian poll, and her picture appeared on the cover of the December issue of the Bethanian. Jane Porter is Vice President of W. A. A. Listed among the class officers are: Gladys Armour, secretary of the sophomore class and Betty Murphy, treasurer.

Last semester Zeta Tau Alpha led all women's groups on the campus for scholastic honors with a 1.34 average.

The social program has always been an interesting and varied one, with the pledge dance in the fall starting off the year. Then at Christmas time the Zeta pledges are "at home" to the pledges of all the other sororities and fraternities. The actives have a buffet supper for the pledges and their dates and the famous Stardust Formal finishes out the program for the year.

Every year the actives present two of their pledges with lockets for scholarship, and the "model" pledge respectively. This year Esther Mackey won the scholarship award and

Zeta Tau Alpha

by JUDY WAKEFIELD



Four Zetas step off on their right foot.

Marion Lemon was voted the pledge who had shown the friendliest and most cooperative spirit.

The new officers of Zeta Tau Alpha are: Joan Schott, president; Grace Henkel, Vice President; Margaret Stein, secretary; Betty Murphy, treasurer; Jean Short, Historian; Judy Wakefield, Guard; Gladys Armour, Social Chairman; Marjorie Miller, Rushing Chairman; house manager, Virginia Woods; Gwendolyn Borden, Librarian; Virginia Ponzo, scholarship chairman; and Gail Close, Publicity Chairman.

On Saturday, March 9, Marjorie Blackmore, Gail Close, Margaret Close, Peggy Deibel, Kate Anna Drake, Betty McIntyre and Virginia Ponzo were initiated into Zeta Tau Alpha.

Miss Marybelle Carman, an alumna of Zeta Tau Alpha, is the Zeta housemother and she contributes a great deal toward making Theta Chapter a happier and more closely united organization.

Theta of Zeta Tau Alpha will continue to serve Bethany in the future and is going to work toward a closer "intersorority" feeling.

SENIORS—Dorothy Bissell, Peggy Euwer, Mary Jane Halter, Lulu Mae Hays, Lillian Henkel, Helen Hooker, Peggy Keim, Bobby Murray, Adabelle Pilchard, Jane Porter, Dorothy Ritter.

JUNIORS—Betty Jane Jolliffe, Jean Short, Dorothy Winfield, Virginia Wood.

SOPHOMORES—Sue Beth Archer, Gladys Armour, Gwendolyn Borden, Ruth Halter, Grace Henkel, Marjorie Miller, Betty Murphy, Joanne Schott, Margaret Stein, Helen Jane Taylor, Judy Wakefield.

FRESHMAN—(Active s)—Marjorie Blackmore, Gail Close, Margaret Close, Peggy Deibel, Kate Anna Drake, Betty McIntyre, Virginia Ponzo.

PLEDGES—Virginia Bell, Betty Jo Burgess, Jane Douglass, Faith Eidemiller, Jean Henderson, Mary Jane Hinkle, Irene Hutchison, Marion Lemon, Esther Mackey, Nyla McCrory, Dorothy Minor, Grace Runnion, Betty Wilson.

HOUSE PRIVILEGES—Barbara Noel, Mary Louise Sesler.

HOUSE MOTHER—Marybelle Carman.

MOTTO—"Seek the Noblest."

COLORS—Turquoise blue and steel gray.

FLOWER—White violet.

PUBLICATION—Themis.

Top to bottom—1. Miss Mary Belle Carman and her Zeta girls enjoying a midnight feed. 2. Zeta pledges learn their pledge rules and smile for the camera. 3. Trick mirror shot of Zeta actives listening to Prexy Murray.



Friendship can be false—as between thieves and pirates—a temporary attachment springing from interest, and may change in a moment to enmity and rancour. But friendship may be a noble and virtuous attachment springing from a pure source—a respect for worth and amiable qualities. This respect for worth and amiable qualities is imbedded in Kappa Alpha Order thru the person of Robert E. Lee—the real man, the American ideal. To establish in the hearts of its initiates something of pride, respect, and praise for just such worthiness of character and achievement as typified by Lee is the primary purpose of Kappa Alpha—and of Beta Beta Chapter.

An initiate into the Kappa Alpha Order learns much of hospitality and friendship, of membership, duty, of discipline and courtesy, and of the Order's organization. And, too, the initiate learns obedience to needful college laws.

Kappa Alpha's social life is outstanding with its annual "Dixie Ball," a costume affair held in the spring, being one of Bethany's most colorful dances. Other entertainment supplements the social program in the form of an informal pledge dance, a winter formal, monthly house parties, and picnics.

Leading among the school's athletes are "K. A.'s"; Allen Dowler, Gordon Carroll, C. Gordon, Jack Simeral, Norman Thomas, and Harold Siegelbaum who were members of the football squad, while William Laird, Darrell Fultz,

Harold Blank, and David Rodefer are priming for the forth-coming track campaign. We have the West Virginia Welterweight Boxing Champion in Harold Blank while Jack Simeral, D. Gordon, Richard Dye, Dick Roberts, Bill Laird, Harold Siegelbaum, and Ted Golden are aspiring for intra-mural boxing crowns.

Our Toast To Lee

by TED GOLDEN

"Knights, Gentlemen, Brethren; Lift high your glasses here tonight, and in the liquid spotless as his fame let us pledge for all time Spiritual Founder—The First, Last, and Incomparable Knight Commander of the Kappa Alpha Order—Robert Edward Lee, of Old Virginia."

Not only in athletics, but in scholarship does Kappa Alpha excel. Led by John Costello with a perfect 3.00 record, the chapter was second rank in campus scholarship at the end of the first semester.

Actively engaged in musical organizations are John Costello, David Rodefer, Harold Blank, Morrison Ratcliffe, John Medick, Richard Dye, and Ted

Golden, while Prexy Costello also treads the boards for Alpha Psi Omega.

An additional source of pride to the chapter is its group singing, which features "Waring-like" arrangements and harmony.

Consistently a "stiff" contender in inter-fraternity athletics, the "K. A.'s" are anxious for the opening of the softball season. With experienced freshmen and sophomore ball players to take the place of those lost last year, the club will undoubtedly be formidable.

Old fashioned hazing has been replaced by intra-fraternity games and contests creating a fine competitive spirit which has proved of a healthier and more worthwhile nature than that type of hazing which has gradually, but definitely, gone out of mode.

Costello, Gordon, Fultz and Lohr trying unsuccessfully to mix business and pleasure.

Psst! The camera's over here!



At the Spring Home Coming March 1-2-3, with the college celebrating its Centennial and Charter Day, Kappa Alpha was visited by many prominent "K. A.'s" from other chapters as well as her own, including W. S. Wilkin, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Bethany College. Beta Beta Chapter is fortunate in having an active alumni group which has continually shown an interest in the welfare of the Chapter.

Seventy-one Chapters, stretching from the deep south to the west coast, and penetrating as far north as Bethany, make up the Kappa Alpha Order, which has its national offices at New Orleans. Beta Beta, the most northern Chapter, is known as the "rebel" chapter.

*"The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood."*

—Markham

KAPPA ALPHA ORDER

BETA BETA CHAPTER

Founded—Washington and Lee—1865

Bethany Chapter—1903

Colors—Crimson and Gold

Flowers—Magnolia and Crimson Rose

Publication—Kappa Alpha Journal

SENIORS

John Costello
Darrell Fultz

Donald Gordon
Jay Lohr

JUNIORS

Alan Dowler
Chester Gordon

William Laird
David Rodefer

SOPHOMORES

Harold Blank
Gordon Carroll
Richard Dye
Ted Golden

Bill Griffiths
Bertram Major
Morrison Ratcliffe
Jack Simeral

FRESHMEN

John Medick
Harold Siegelbaum
Ted Steele

Norman Thomas
Harry Wilson
Richard Roberts

LOCAL ALUMNI

E. E. Roberts
George C. Hettler

S. C. Underwood
Frank Lappin
Linley Wells

CHAPTER OFFICERS

President	John Costello
Vice Pres.	Chester Gordon
Recording Sec'y.	Jay Lohr
Corresp. Sec'y.	Ted Golden
Treasurer	Alan Dowler

Top—Golden and Costello putting Gordon and Fultz in the mood. Bottom—The KA stags at ease.



They all laughed when she knifed him in the back; they didn't know she wanted his pin. Poor girl, no one ever told her that Bethany women just don't use that approach.

To illustrate the success of the Bethany system, we point with pride to the fact that three pins were hung in one night recently. You too can be successful if you follow the advice of those who know. As Rita Cleary puts it, "No method — no man."

Most of the girls interviewed realize that the men are safe so long as we aim for them, and only the stray balls hit home. According to Marion Shreffler, it just happens! If you must have an organized technique, cull what you can from the experiences of others, or observe the nearest alcove.

Obviously the first step in getting the elusive male is to make some sort of an impression on him. Since everyone in Bethany says "Hello" to everyone else, this procedure is not so useful as it would be out in the world, unless you can manage to slip a sly inuendo or a meaningful glance across at the same time. Helen Aurensberg advises the huntress to sparkle and be witty. She says, "Manage to be where he is without being obvious; then make him wonder what you're having so much fun about." The other approach is said to produce results, as June Crawford puts it, "Be nice to him (extra nice). If he asks you for a date and you already have one (If you do you don't need advice!) don't just say 'Sorry, I have a date.' Make him think you'd a lot rather the date was with him, but that you must struggle through with the other man. That softens the blow."

Another school of thought favors the indifferent attitude. Beware of this unless you're a Super-Omph girl. The feeling may be mutual! If you're sincerely indifferent, your worries are over, because the girls agree that the only kind of man a girl can get is the kind she doesn't want. It's all a matter of making the best of it. Of course, your affair may be an exception.

The first date is all-important. The test of its success is in the last line, but there's no need

to commit hari kari if he says, "I'll be seein' you." Check up on the evening and you'll probably find that you tried too hard to amuse him. Lynn Forsythe is an advocate of Being Natural. "If he doesn't like me as I am, we could never get along anyway," she declares.

"If you act like a brother to a man, all you get is a brother," quips Marge Finney, the Sig girl. Lynn agrees and adds, "Mother him, let him tell you all his problems and try to help him solve them—even if you're not too sure you're right."

"Treat 'em rough"

is the motto of Lee Shannonof, the Irish eye "Don't baby men, and above all, keep them guessing. The more you say the more there is to regret later." Have you noticed Smokey's harried look? It works.

Jitterbug Jinny Bell offers this, "The girl must know what she is after and have the pep to go after it; but she must be clever enough to make him think it's his idea and that he is sacrificing to please her." She adds, "As a relief from the wishy washy type, men sometimes enjoy a good conversationalist." This probably explains why Virginia spends so much time in the telephone booth!

Bethany men like effervescent women with personality, or so thinks Betty Weber. She is another girl who thinks that Pins Just Happen. Her argument is, that if you have to scheme to get them, they are no more than trophies.

The most favored method, described by Dottie Douglas, who ought to know, is to be natural and have fun without assuming anything you aren't ordinarily. No one gets roped that way. Most girls don't like "Lines." They rarely work with the right man.

Now to get the pin. Lillian Hinkle stands by the power of suggestion. She advises that you praise his fraternity—especially the Beautiful Pin. You could ask to see the engraving on the back and forget to give it back. She says, "Ask him what he thinks a pin should mean."

Best method yet. One girl lost a button on her dress and borrowed his pin to preserve her modesty!

A Pin In Ten Easy . . . or You Too Can Pin Him Down

by MARION BROWN

The general idea concerning the pin situation is that the whole thing rests on the girl's willingness to accept it without a thought to the poor sap on the other end who is giving it out. Contrary to certain very damaging circumstantial evidence that has come up within the last few weeks, we still maintain that a large part of the proposition depends on the fellow. After all, he is the original holder of the pin and it is up to him as to whether or not he is going to part with it.

Granted that there are two schools of thought on the subject; namely, that giving a pin out merely puts a monopoly on the particular girl and eliminates competition, and the other that there is a real affection between the parties concerned and the pin acts as a binding tie.

There is a certain amount of notoriety connected with both the parties concerned in a pin transaction and there are individuals on both sides who are interested only in this notoriety. Only through this means are they able to glow in the reflected beams of public discussion of the deed. The fellow feels that he has gained the envy of his brothers and is being looked upon as the great lover (in reality he may be being looked upon as the great chump). The young lady undoubtedly gets a great deal of personal satisfaction from the resulting serenade due to the momentary prominence it gives her in her particular dwelling place.

This we will grant is the very darkest side of the story and one which is not too often the case. Approaching a little more closely to the ideal situation is the case in which the pin-giving means a lot to one individual but not too much to the other. Here one is being fooled into thinking that everything is now settled while the other is still keeping his or her eye peeled and still playing the field pretty thoroughly. This is a pretty sad state as sooner or later someone is going to get a jolt, as has been evidenced all too clearly from time to time in the past.

Then, naturally, there is that situation in which the pin is put out as the culmination of a very brief but very tempestuous courtship, during which ceremony the parties vow undying fidelity through all the days of their lives, come earth-

quake, war, a gorgeous blonde or six feet of the handsomest manly virility that ever walked on two legs. This action seems based on the words of some very wise old sage who stated that he who hesitates is lost. It might even have been Confucius! The only trouble with this set-up is

that soon the novelty begins to wear off and there they are, stuck in a situation from which neither can gracefully escape. They both wait for some move on the part of the other which will give them

an opening for getting out of the thing by blaming it on the other party. One way to avoid such a thing happening is for the fellow to leave the pin at home for the first few weeks. However, come to think of it, that doesn't offer a sure escape either, as one pinning took place this year after twelve o'clock as the young man had to rush home to get his pin. The ardor of the ceremony was undoubtedly dampened somewhat as it took place under the eyes of a particularly observant house mother.

Naturally, the ideal pin transfer is that which most closely approximates the generally acknowledged definition, namely the next thing to an engagement. One or two pins have been given out which carry the full meaning, but the best most can do is to signify but not seal. When two individuals (naturally, male and female) feel that their views are harmonious, that there is a real attraction between them, that they find pleasure in each others company, and that there is a satisfaction one with the other then would be the logical time and the most understandable time to put out a pin.

To get back to the original idea, and that is that the fellow gives the pin. The common notion, when a pin is given out, is that the girl finally agreed to take it. Most fellows aren't running around with their pin in their hand trying to find someone who will be kind enough to take it. There is no continuous offensive to wear down the young lady's defenses and weaken her so that she will take the pin to keep the poor guy happy. The fellow, if he has any ideals in regard to the pin at all and what it means, gives the matter a great deal of thought before he will offer it to a girl. Whether she accepts it or not, still it is his pin and he is the one who offers it.

How To Keep A Pin

by ED ELSASSER

KEY LARGO

"Key Largo" would be worth seeing anytime just because it was written by Maxwell Anderson, but with Paul Muni playing the lead makes it doubly attractive. Muni plays the role of the young American idealist who joins the Loyalists in Spain, becomes greatly disillusioned, tries to get his comrades to desert with him, and then flees to save his own skin, leaving them to be shot by the attacking Insurgents.

The play begins with a stirring prologue set on a rocky hillside in Spain, as King McCloud (Muni) returns with news that their cause is lost. He has heard in the village that the Loyalist leaders are planning a retreat and are leaving King and his four companions to hold this rocky outpost to cover the retirement. This means certain death for them—and King argues logically and dramatically that why should they stay and perish when their deaths will mean nothing. One Spanish youth, who believes deeply in his cause, chooses to remain—alone. He would rather die for what he believes is right, than live when all that he believes in is dead. The other three, tempted at first to go with King, decide to die with him; there in the moonlight on the hillside in Spain. And King leaves, bewildered.

The scene changes to Key Largo, Florida, and the next acts are concerned with King McCloud's adventures in the Everglades. Here he has wandered in search of the family of Victor d'Alcala. He has made his report to the relatives of the other men he had "betrayed" on that night on the hill-top in Spain. At Key Largo he will complete his mission—one of expiation for cowardice. He hopes to ease his tortured conscience, but he finds later that he cannot.

Finally, he finds a symbol of France in Murillo, a vicious gambler who has brought his gang to the home of Victor's blind father and sister. There they prey on gullible tourists with their crooked "fortune wheel," and Murillo decides that he wants Alegre d'Alcala, whom King also loves.

The situation on the hill-top in Spain of the prologue is figuratively duplicated, and again King must choose between honor and his life. He chose death; death from the gun of one of Murillo's thugs.

The play is a beautiful thing, and is splendidly performed by an excellent cast. Mr. Muni's stirring performance as the tragic McCloud, will long be remembered.

REVIEW OF THE ARTS

EDWIN MARKHAM

We record this month the death of Edwin Markham, poet. We like to remember him because several years ago Mr. Markham visited Bethany.

Although the poem which made him famous was "The Man With the Hoe," he wrote many other famous ones. And he once made a statement which is particularly applicable to our times. He hoped to write the greatest poem ever written—which is not uncommon with poets. He said . . . "If I could have one wish fulfilled, it would be for a poem that would expose the mockery, the futility, the sterility of war in such a way as to warn every man who loves the world and humanity to watch vigilantly against war. That would be five or six stanzas which would disperse the armies of the world. If I had the time, the youth, the strength to write one great poem, it would be against war."

That would be a goal for any poet to strive for.

ART EXHIBIT

Art lovers in the Pittsburgh area have the unusual privilege this month of seeing forty-four world-famous paintings exhibited at the New York and San Francisco expositions last summer.

Included in the show are originals by Rembrandt, Tintoretto, El Greco, Rubens, Poussin,

Degas, Van Eyck, Watteau, Turner, and others.

Ordinarily, one could see these paintings only in the famous art galleries of Europe. Because of the European conflict they are considered safer in America. The paintings are insured for \$3,000,000 which gives one an idea of their value.

NATIVE SON

Richard Wright's "Native Son," a stirring novel of crime and punishment, is on the best-seller's list this month, probably because it was so widely praised before publication. The novel concerns a young negro, Bigger Thomas, and the whole dark background of his crimes.

The story opens with a prophetic killing of a rat in the room where Bigger, his mother, his sister and his brother live in squalor. Bigger, who has a bad "rep" and lives by shady practices, goes out to meet the poolroom gang which his environment provides. He plans a hold-up he is afraid to carry out and to hide his cowardice he terrorizes one of his friends. You see his character, and that is the point.

Then Bigger gets a job as chauffeur in the house of a Mr. Dalton, who is a philanthropist toward negroes and owner of many Negro tenements. Mary Dalton, his daughter, and her friend Jan, a noble radical, make Bigger drink with them. Through an accident, Bigger kills Mary. There is a gruesome dismemberment to hide the crime. Bigger thinks of demanding money, and makes his girl friend, Bessie, help him. His crime is discovered. After that there is the flight, a second murder, deliberate and brutal, the manhunt spreading terror over the whole South Side, then the spectacular capture, and the day of reckoning in court for all concerned.

Mr. Wright knows how to tell a story. As for being a worthwhile

book it is not.

A beautiful pictorial, thought evoking book, "The Land of the Free" by Archibald MacLeish may be found in our library.



Top, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet. Left to right—F. Nicholas, R. Braem, J. Achterman, J. Schott, N. Caldabaugh, R. Roberts, J. Wylie, B. Murphy, D. Reynolds, B. Schuller, M. Erskine.

Bottom, Interfraternity Council. Left to right—R. Martin, W. Webb, R. Cutlip, W. Keil, V. Herbert, E. Elsasser, J. Costello, W. Gordon, W. Ashley, A. Wright.

Top, Pan Hellenic. Left to right—B. Murphy, D. Ritter, H. Hare, P. Skilton, A. Peters, V. Richardson, D. Jackson, B. Murray, B. Schuller, K. Leitch, J. Bryan, E. Waterhouse.

Bottom, Executive Board of A. W. S. Left to right—M. Strain, Miss Carrigan, M. Erskine, H. Hicks, P. Euwer, M. L. Smith, M. Halter, P. Geyer, J. Short, H. Sarver, N. Caldabaugh, B. Murray, J. Smith.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet may be chagrined, but not balked, when a beer parlor moves into the same building housing the co-eds' pet project, the McKinleyville recreational center.

Moved out of the five room house loaned to them, the social workers set up shop in the basement of the McKinleyville school. From there, the refugee social workers migrated to a vacant storeroom. The owner plans to open a beer parlor in the same building.

Interfraternity Council will be revamped early in May when the new members take their seats. But before the shift, the 1939-40 members will probably have adopted a new constitution, supplanting the original one drafted in 1925 by Dean F. H. Kirkpatrick when he was president of Beta Theta Pi.

By the end of this month, Panhellenic President Bobby Murray will have turned over her gavel to Hilda Sarver of Kappa Delta. Under the rotating system, officers advance automatically.

Panhellenic's monthly meetings suffered from a dearth of business, though the co-ed legislators opposed the quota system of rushing, debated about pledging practices, and urged better understanding and unity among Bethany's four sororities.

Association of Women Students, more inflexible than smaller groups, won recognition last October when its student counselor plan swung into action. In essence, it gave freshman women students an upperclass ear into which to pour their troubles.

Bethany's 116 sophomores, along with thousands of other college sophomores in the United States, will be quizzed on everything from the length of the Maginot line to number of lines in a sonnet when the ninth annual national collegiate sophomore testing program sweeps college campuses from April 15 to May 3.

Sophomores will be freed from classes on April 29 and 30. They will spend a minimum of six hours and 35 minutes answering questions on English, general culture, and contemporary affairs. These represent the minimum testing for 1940 recommended by the Advisory Committee for National College Sophomore Testing Program.

The Advisory Committee is a board composed of educators from eight schools, such as Harvard, Stanford, Dartmouth, and Minnesota. With this group is Bethany, represented by Dean F. H. Kirkpatrick. The Advisory Committee is one of two committees running the program. It plans the tests. The Committee on Measurement and Guidance of the Americans Council on Education supervises the testing.

McKINLEYVILLE WELL-BABY CONFERENCE

"Now, we gently sponge Cynthia's other leg," murmurs Miss Morgan, one of the two Public Health nurses of Brooke County. At this point, Miss Hoagland, who has been idling about with her camera, again interrogates: "When do we put her in the tub?" and another clinic committee is off—in gales of laughter.

This clinic, wing of the Y. W. C. A., meets on the last Wednesday of every month with Miss Morgan to plan for the regular Well Baby Conference which is held the following Wednesday.

The girls of the committee act as hostesses, assist in dressing and undressing the babies, weighing measuring, and taking records. Therefore, in addition to routine details which must be arranged, other discussions ensue at the preliminary meetings. The picture here illustrates the latest of these on "Handling and Bathing the Baby," a demonstration given for the benefit of the girls who assist in this conference and any others interested. Cynthia, the special rubber doll, donated to Miss Morgan by a chapter of the Red Cross, has been washed many times for groups of Girl Scouts and women in the interests of Public Health Education.

It is interesting to note that this McKinleyville Well Baby Conference is in no way charitable or clinical in its actual work. Though it is loosely referred to as "The Baby Clinic," there is no treatment given. Its function, as that of the rest of the Public Health Program, is mainly educational and

it seeks to train mothers in the habit of periodic examinations of their youngsters. Weights and heights are checked and a thorough examination is given the child by the physician in charge. From this constructive and preventive measures can be suggested to keep the child in good health.

Dr. Jacob has been the physician in charge for the past sev-

eral conferences. Helenmae Weinik is now chairman of the Y. W. C. A. group of helpers, which has been previously headed by Nancy Caldabaugh and Josephine Wiley. Other girls who assist at the conferences are Jean Girton, Dorothy Reynolds, Jean Wilson, and Caroline Butchko.

Several members of the faculty recently participated in a critical review of the General Culture Test which is a part of the National Sophomore Testing Program of the American Council on Education. The faculty members had met at luncheon for discussion and study of the test. The criticisms and comments were solicited from Bethany by the Co-operative Test Service of the American Council on Education. The faculty members participating included: Dean Weimer, Professor Mahaffey, Professor Hoagland, Dr. Werner, Dr. Graham, Professor Dawson, Professor Allen, Mr. Eves, Miss Bibbee, Professor Shaw, and Professor Woolery.

Office appliance students Dice, Douglas, Garland, Leitch, Moser and Sturgis are tasting practical experience by working ten hours in each of six college offices.

by JOHN COSTANZA

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THE
Bethanian

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APRIL
1940

As we all know, the fraternity system plays a unique part in the life of the American educational world. It is, first and last, distinctly an American institution—there is nothing like it in the educational life of other countries. It may be that the intimate relationship of living together in fraternity houses is the most complete and sincere brotherhood in the world today. It is our duty and our privilege to lead it onward on irreproachable ground.

A college fraternity man, if he is to justify his existence, if he is to justify the comfortable home in which he lives, and if he is to be worthy of the money which his elder brothers are putting up for his support, should always be a great credit to the college which he enters. He cannot be a good fraternity man and a poor college man.

A college fraternity man cannot escape his own responsibility in the false assumption that his fraternity is not effected, either adversely or beneficially by his individual actions. He has been chosen to represent his fraternity as one of its members, and whether he wishes it or not, he

is, by virtue of his membership, an example not only to his fellow members but to his fellow undergraduates. Threats and the imposing of penalties by his fellow undergraduates will never raise the standards of an undergraduate—or of anyone else—but the knowledge that what he

does or says will be taken as an example, a pattern, by someone else, imposes a restraint and creates a desire to bring out and cultivate the best he has to give.

If this idea were properly developed, then when a man enters a classroom wearing a fraternity badge, his professor, getting a glimpse of that insignia would immediately put him down as a sincere and honest student, certainly a little above the average. What great things would be accomplished if this ideal were ever realized!

The matter of our local interfraternity council is of vital importance. Much of its importance and permanence depends upon the spirit underlying the men who sit in its sessions. Unfortunately, they are frequently concerned only with rushing rules and ironing out differences, instead of being organized with the idea of raising the high standards of fraternity men higher.

FRATERNITIES

by FORREST H. KIRKPATRICK

"It is an old trick, but it works," might be applied to the recent Congressional controversy over naval armaments. Part of Congress desired an eleven percent increase in our navy's building budget. Just a few days before—not a month before, or a few days after—but luckily, just a few days before, not too late, and not too long before, so people would forget it, someone discovered that Japan was building a huge navy. Little Japan that could not conduct a war without our economic aid, was building 8 big battleships to come over and blow us to bits. Quick, quick, pass the increased budget, what's a few millions more? We must be prepared for the little monster.

Yes, it's a good trick. It always worked for

Bismark. A good war scare and the legislative body of the German people gave him all the money he wanted to build up his army. He got his army. And as all war-machines, it went to war, just as our navy will go to war. Think of it, tons and tons of steel that would make tractors

for our farmers, steel frames for much-needed homes, being paid for by millions of American dollars which could really be put to work here in this country, being molded into huge floating

ships of destruction to defend us from the yellow scourge. Why not just stop selling Japan steel so they can't build battleships? Or isn't that ethical? If the administration and the legislature allow things like this, it is fortunate that American citizens can still vote.

OLD TRICKS

by BERT DECKER

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EDITOR-IN-
CHIEF

BERT DECKER

* *

BUSINESS
MANAGER

GEO. PETROFF

Editor's Notes

The cover was determined by our personality poll. The four students portrayed are Petroff, Underwood, South, and Edmunds. Bethanians elected them Women's Man, Man's Man, Man's Woman, and Women's Woman, respectively. People are more fun than anybody (In spite of Ginie Richardson's poem at the bottom of page eight) Turn to page two and see who else is foremost in the minds of Bethany's students.

Marion Brown and Ginie Richardson phlupdub on page eight to reveal how asinine Bethany conversation can be.

On page nine two hard-working, well-deserving seniors get a build-up. We wish that there were a lot more like them on the Bethany campus.

On page fourteen you will find an article on the bane of all would-be writer's existence. Rejection slips!

Due to illness and other reasons quite a few of our professor's have been forced to miss some classes. The impressions of a student who has taken over one of those classes for a couple of days should be interesting. You will find those impressions on page fifteen.

Some of us come straight to college from high school, some of us don't. On page thirteen Budd Deer tells of the advantages and disadvantages of working before coming to college.

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From comments heard after the questionnaire had been given, some explanation of the why and wherefore, the strategy and tactics, behind said survey should be given. Hence an explanation follows.

The questionnaire was compiled according to four psychological qualifications of four psychological types of individuals. We had in mind the man's man, the woman's man, the woman's woman, and the man's woman. Each "type" had four primary determinants. For example: the woman's woman was determined by the following in order of decreasing importance; intelligence, cheerfulness, helpfulness, and loyalty. In order to tabulate for intelligence, questions 2, 3, 4, 5, 16, and 18 were taken, the winners in each question being given five points,

second place receiving three, and the third, one and a half. The relative importance assigned to intelligence was 10 points. Hence, the scores of those mentioned above were then multiplied by ten. For cheerfulness, questions 9, 13, and 19 were used. The relative importance assigned to cheerfulness was seven.

The same method was used, the winners scores were tabulated, and these scores were multiplied by seven. The

same process was followed throughout the entire questionnaire with the other types. To determine which Bethanian was "the type" the total scores were added, and ace was high. Simple, isn't it? Or is it? But if it seems a bit screwy, take our word for it. It works!

If you don't take our word for it, it works anyhow. So there!

Elected Elite

MAN'S MAN

1. Underwood 2. Petroff 3. Stockdale

WOMAN'S MAN

1. Petroff 2. Jones 3. Underwood

MAN'S WOMAN

1. South 2. Edmunds 3. Gettys

WOMAN'S WOMAN

1. Edmunds 2. Sarver 3. South

1. Whom on the campus, do you think is most intellectually alive?

Man—Ken Underwood, William Rutter, John Costanza

Girl—Hilda Sarver, Mary Louise Sesler, Caroline Butchko

2. Remembering your Bible, whom would you nominate as Bethany's Solomon?

Man—Ken Underwood, Gordon Seidel, John Costanza

Girl—Mimi Strain and Josephine Wylie, Hilda Sarver, Barbara Schutt and M. J. South

3. If students were professors, whose lecture would you like to attend?

Man—Ken Underwood, Jay Lohr, George Petroff

Girl—Caroline Butchko, Jane Edmunds, Hilda Sarver

4. Whom do you think studies, not merely for gradees, but for interest in the subject?

Man—Jack Ryan, Bob Showman, Ken Underwood

Girl—Caroline Butchko, Hilda Sarver, Nancy Caldabaugh

5. Which students would you choose as "Mr. and Mrs. America?"

Man—Wright-Euwer, Funk-Ritter, Daub-Hinkle

Girl—Wright-Euwer, Funk-Ritter, Daub-Hinkle

6. With whom would you like most to have your picture taken for publication?

Man—E. J. Honenberger, Bill Neumann, Walter Kuhns

Girl—M. J. South, Jane Edmunds, Peggy Euwer

7. If you were one of the last two inhabitants of this planet, whom would you choose as the other?

Man—George Petroff, William Stockdale, John Costanza

Girl—Jane Edmunds, Louise Gettys, Barbara Schutt and M. J. South

8. Whom would you like most to cheer you up after a hard day's work?

Man—William Stockdale, Arthur Sheets, Thomas Jones

Girl—Jane Edmunds, Virginia Westland, M. J. South

continued on page 18



Top, left to right— Valet de luxe, George Davis; Home breaker, Don Rosensteele; Most considerate, Lester Raub. Center, left to right— Week end guest, Joanne Schott; Friends in need, Bill Stockdale and Lillian Henkle; Week end guest, Bud Kuhns. Bottom, left to right— Picture poser Honenberger, versatile Bobby Murray, connoisseur Tom Jones.



Top, left to right— Stranded, Irene Hutchison; Bethany's Solomon, Mimi Strain; Professor Butchko. Center, left to right— Dilettante, Mary Jean Weir; Shipwrecked Sheets; Personal Maid, Peggy Geyer. Bottom, left to right— Versatile Bert Decker, Nurse Barbara Schutt, Prime Minstress Jean Short.

CAMERA CONTEST



2nd prize—The Buffalo?—Robert Showman



1st prize—Silhouette With Highlights—Mary Jane South



3rd prize—The Big Snow—William Kiel.

WINNERS

Sigma Nu, thru her founding at the Virginia Military Institute, is a military fraternity, and this tradition is maintained to the present day in her rituals and terminology. The upholding of this tradition is a task which has been willingly assumed by the men who have passed through her doors in the sixty-seven years she has been on Bethany's campus. The present active group has done well in maintaining the standard set in other years. With the aim of promoting scholarship, character, congeniality and naturally moral and social virtues guiding us, as they should guide every fraternity man, we look back over the past year and forward to the next with equal confidence.

This year as a fitting portion of the Centennial Year Festivities, it is proper to note that the Fifth Division Convention of Sigma Nu was held at Bethany with delegates from such schools as Carnegie Tech, Ohio State, W. V. U., Western Reserve, Case, Mt. Union, and Miami University. Closely following this was the Annual Faculty Dinner held at the house for all members of the faculty, which is rapidly becoming a traditional affair. The usual complement of dances (formal and informal), smokers and open houses fill a well-rounded social year.

In varsity athletics Epsilon's men have more than made their weight felt and tell. Football saw Charles Cormany, Roy Hoffman, George Petroff and Pledge Dode Myers take an active part, all of them sporting their "B's" in testimonial of their work. The basketball crowds

saw more than once a Sig quintet on the floor composed of Bill Neumann, Jack Pryor, Eddie Byers, Petie Petroff and Pledge Don Wolf, the outstanding prospect of the year. All of which seems to take pretty good care of Epsilon's participation in varsity sports. In intramural activities also we have added to the weight of tinware on our mantel with such items as the cross-country marathon, the swimming meet, and one of the basketball crowns.

Let's take a quick

breeze through the house and see what we have in the way of club and organization leaders. Bob Showman and Robb Henry are respectively vice president and treasurer of the French Club, Slim Wright is president of the Sophomore Class, Roy Hoffman is a chem assistant, Bill Neumann is vice president of the Sophomore Class, Goff Ramsay is another chem assistant, Harry Hetzel is prexy of the pre-med club, Petroff is business manager of the Bethanian, Wally Mayor is manager of the boxing team, Ken Underwood, is retiring president of the Student Board of Governors, and Ed Elsasser is a managing editor on the Bethanian and president of the Interfraternity Council. All in all a fairly representative group in campus activities.

However, enough of blowing our own horn. The major point in the set-up of the laws of Sigma Nu is that each chapter should make it an aim to conform to and aid in every way possible the principles and ideals of the institution to which it is affiliated. With this thought ever in the back of our minds as a guide in our

SIGMA NU

by EDWARD ELSASSER



Henry Wright, Pryor and Davis gather for a Fireside Chat.

activities, particularly in this, the Centennial Year, we have attempted and are attempting to aid in any manner we can the program set up by the College. Improvements have been made on the exterior and interior of the house, and we firmly believe that we have made a start on the moulding of the men who have been connected with Bethany College and Epsilon Chapter with the end common to all fraternities of making a better man of him.

SIGMA NU FRATERNITY EPSILON CHAPTER

Flower—White Rose

Colors—Black, White and Gold

Publication—The Delta

Faculty—Prof. Wilbur J. Sumpstine

SENIORS

Charles Cormany	William Porter
Harry Hetzel	Goff Ramsay
William Kiel	Kenneth Underwood

JUNIORS

Robert Showman	Norris Whitlock
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SOPHOMORES

Edgar Byers	Roy Hoffman
Wilbur H. Cramblet, Jr.	Wallace Mayor
Bond Davis	K. William Neumann
George Davis	Ralph Pryor
Edward Elsasser	William Stophel
Robb Henry	Wyit Wright
Edward Laubersheimer	

FRESHMEN

Robert Addleman	Nick Metal
Richard Barker	Harold Myers
E. F. Brown	Walter Myers
Robert Fritz	Thomas Poston
Fred Haenzel	Loren Thompson
James Hawkins	Richard Umbel
Robert Kaiser	William Weaver
Harry Lammert	John Whitehill
Frank Long	Sanford Winters
William Loper	Donald Wolf



Top to bottom— 1. Sig Seniors in a moment of relaxation. 2. Actives and pledges draped rather unceremoniously about the room. 3. Pledges showing they have a voice in the matter.

"Huzzah for the college man—by his speech ye shall know him."—Horatio Q. Blitz.

College men have long been known for versatility and brilliance in conversation. The aim of the liberal arts college is to familiarize the student with all cultural and intellectual pursuits. This broad, varied makes a man talk like instead of a large state university where.* We point with pride to the Bethany student—a paragon of mental.

Consider, for instance, any gathering of large students discussing world events. We see them gathered about the fireside in the fashionable Gray Bonnet, mumbling momentous mumbo-jumbo into their beards. "Who's Hitler think he is? Anyway?" "Whataya mean gettin' a chocolat fudge cherry nut sundae, ya damn capitalist!" "If we get into the war, I'm goin' to Tahiti" "Get you!" In the field of national politics, discussion is particularly hot this year "Spitznoogle has a kind face," "Naw, 'Googy' Riggle is the boy—free ten cent cigars." "Nyaa—they were only nickle ones at the Beta house. "Oh," (giggle, giggle) "he has such a cute mustache!" (The female of the species is deader than the male.) And on the presidential question we have such sage sputterings as "We could do with a young and handsome president." "Yeah. Roosevelt does look slightly shopworn." "If the White House doesn't get Dewey, Hollywood will." "Speaking of Hollywood, did you see *Gone With the Wind*?" "That reminds me. Wasn't that Joe Blow you had a date with Friday night?" Etc. and etc.

A finer spirit of appreciation for Art is exhibited at a superior lecture series program. During the hush of first intermission we hear ecstatic murmurs—"That was a cute song." "Who are we listening to?" "Oh! I wonder if she's related to the Van Burens of West Aliquippa?" "I heard she has to wear formals on account of her bow legs." "Gad! Don't tell me that's Joe Blow with Gerty Gust again! I thought he went steady with Winnie Wheeze." Etc., etc.

The future wives and hostesses at Phillips Hall tables graciously lead the conversation—into

blind alleys of yesses and noeses. They offer such gems as "The European situation, Einstein's theory of relativity, the aesthetic value of Picasso—ad infinitum, which the more brilliant wits pounce on and expand into "Do you think we'll have a test in Biology?" "I made the list!"

"Speaking of Biology, I have a yen for the new waiter." "They forgot to take the saddle off *this* horse!" "I've seen cows hurt worse than this that got better!" "The salad looks like it was cut with a lawn mower."

"Guess who asked me

for a date to the Interfrat last night? Joe Blow!" etc. and etc.

Gibson's offers a picturesque picture of graceful couples gliding to the delicate rhythm of *I'm Looking for a Guy Who Plays Alto and Baritone and Doubles on the Clarinet and Wears A Size Thirty-Seven Suit*. We hear "Ouch, that radiator!" "That's all right, I've been walking on them myself for twenty years!" Across the modernistic bar are draped the "Make-mine-Lemon"-ers discussing the latest literary motto embossed on the mirror. "Payment of your bills promptly will be greatly appreciated." Agonized cries of "Don't pass or I shoot!" draw out attention to the bridge tables in the lounge. "Confucius say one look is worth a thousand finesses!" We hear "Powerhouse!" "Oh, so you had my king!" "We wouldn't have gone down if—" Etc. etc.

Their wits sharpened by twelve hours of sound snooze, students exhibit the depth of their mental capacity in eight o'clock classes. One, opening his left eye half way, prods his snoring neighbor—murmurs "Huglumphembg," receiving the profound reply, "Glumgflumbelgdm" or "I was *not*!" There follows a scholarly discussion of plmgnumbdngtswmldb—which is all anyone ever talks about anyway.

TALK, TALK, AND TALK

Ideas fill the daily talk of minds intellectual
The mediocre speak of things, concrete and architectural;
But far the lowest form of thought found only in the dullard
Is simple talk of fellowmen, and who he's seen and heard.

Virginia Richardson

* Many thanks to Monsieur Roget for his unfailing kindness.

A few of us get something out of college. Some of us nothing. Bob is one of the few at Bethany who has received more than his share. In dollars and cents it hasn't cost him much; he has worked his entire way, but there is hardly a student in Bethany who has done more for the college—and himself.

Some of us complain that we never have time to do any thing. Quiet little Bob never complains, and yet he has carried more than his share of both academic and extra-curricular load. During one short year he has been Secretary-Treasurer of the Interfraternity Council, Circulation Manager of the Bethanian—

Robert Martin

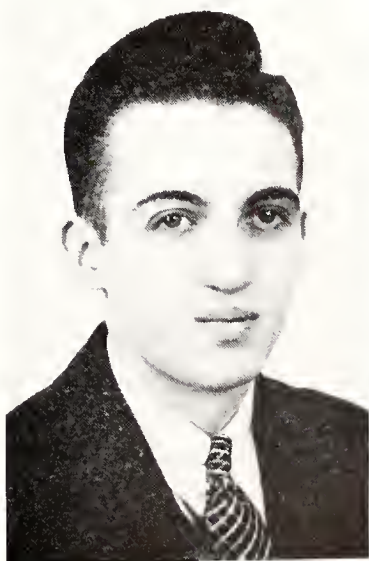
Through College On
Nothing A Year,—
Nothing But Work

he also wrote for it—Chairman of the Social Committee—where he did a good job—Vice President of the Education Club, and a member of the Bethespian Club. And he has not merely been a Club-goer but has been active. He has written the constitutions of both the Education and the Bethespian Clubs, and was producer of "Dime-Night," one act plays, of last Fall. In the meantime he carried 15 academic hours and audited 3, did practice teaching and managed to make better than average grades.

In his spare time he earned his way. Strasser's assistant for three years, this year he became an assistant in the Education Department. For the last four years he has served at the Gray Bonnet Tea Room. Summers he worked for the college.

With all this Bob has been no stay-at-home. He dates and dances. He

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PERSONALITIES

Practically every student in Bethany knows "Ken" (Student elected Man's Man, sometimes referred to as "Muscles" Underwood) as last year's Bethanian Editor and this year's SBOG President. All know that he did exceptionally well as both. Yet all do not realize that he had

been making straight A's this year while holding down the strenuous job of keeping the SBOG active and on its toes.

When asked how he managed to make straight A's in a college that is supposed to be tough academically, Kenny didn't hesitate. "Oh, I'm just so darn interested in the stuff!" he said. "I don't follow class assignments religiously, but I do read a lot. Grades are merely a by-product of an active interest in

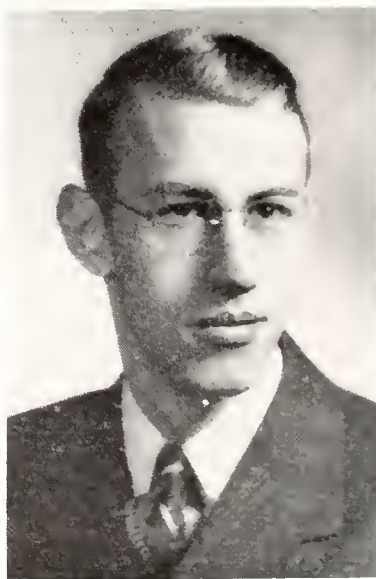
Kenneth Underwood

"Just Darn Interested" Is
Ken's Explanation of a
Good Academic Record

new ideas and facts." Asked what he considered "a lot" he said that he read about three books a week. He also added that it was not until his senior year that he began to see light, began to synthesize information. Ken also believes that the purpose of education is not to have seniors reach certain conclusions from their college life but to graduate with an open mind.

Unlike most Bethany students, Ken has been around here for years. While still in Bethany's high school, he worked on the Collegian staff, used the college library, and was a college cheer leader. He even got a taste of fraternity life. The K. A.'s once pushed him under the shower with his clothes on. Then they wrapped him in a towel.

cont'd p. 14



College students who imagine that they have got to go to Brazil or join the Communist party in order to accomplish anything worthwhile should take a peek around their own stamping grounds. They might be surprised when they learned the number of things waiting to be done, to be found.

A Bethanian might even stumble upon something noteworthy enough to have contemporary historians like *Time* magazine record it for a million readers. It has been done. And like Karl Haller finding a new bird, youth finding success can rely largely on gathering new facts and fitting them into a background of learning.

There is more to the story of Haller's bird than the terse chronicle in *Time* magazine of February 26. There is more to it than appeared in the special issue of a slick little pamphlet-magazine, *The Cardinal*, wherein the Audubon Society of Sewickley Valley in Pennsylvania prints a scientific report of the finding. The part of the story they told was the gathering of the specimen, the new facts in the case.

Haller, seeking to collect shore-birds and warblers between the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers in the eastern panhandle of West Virginia, heard a bird singing a peculiar song. That was enough to arouse Haller and his companion to investigate the source. First they guessed that the bird they could hear singing was the rather common Parula warbler. But they wanted to see the bird, to make sure. So Karl put the back of his hand up to his mouth and sucked in his breath. This made a squeaking sound that drew the bird to within 30 feet of the watchers. They saw the bird. It was singing the peculiar Parula song. But it

looked like a Yellow-throated Warbler!

Haller collected the bird, examined it. It had too many differences to belong to either of the species that it resembled. Could it be a new species? Two days later, Haller found a female bird of the same species. Then followed months of careful checking with existing bird specimens in museums containing thousands of North American eastern birds. The curators reported no specimens like Haller's

warbler. Karl Haller, fresh out of Bethany College, had found the first new bird in the United States in 21 years. Found it less than 100 miles from the nation's capitol.

Certainly people had seen or heard the new bird before. Haller reported it. They just hadn't realized that it was different from ordinary warblers. They did not have the knowledge that makes new facts understandable.

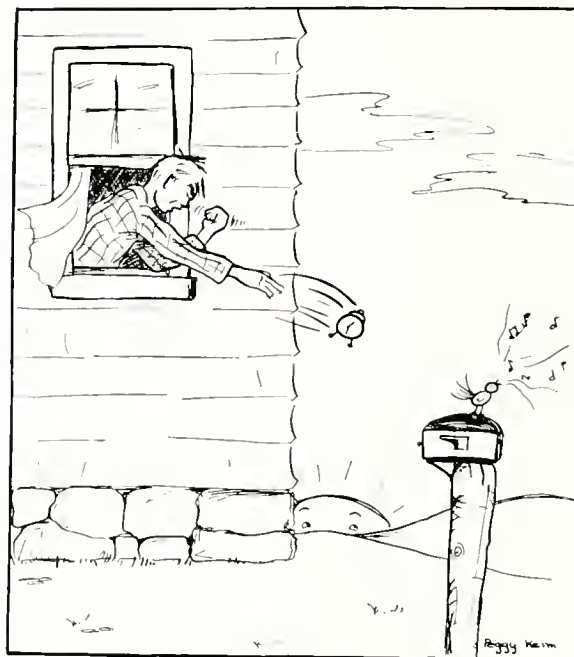
Karl had been studying birds for years, ever since he went to high school in Wheeling. He knew that the bird migration season at Bethany reaches its height about May 12. He knew that a hundred species of birds skip over the Bethany hills in the spring, on their way to Pennsylvania, to New York, to the tree limits in Canada. He knew that blue-headed vireos follow the moun-

tain ridges north, but that red-eyed vireos are not bothered by changes in altitude, and fly north along the valleys as well as along the hills. It was because he knew all these little things that Karl noticed a shade of difference in the singing of a warbler near the Potomac.

Even while he was attending classes on the hill, Haller found time to collect birds. Often he tramped out of Cochran Hall, armed with his gun and the

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That Chirp Beneath Your Window



In spite of the drizzling rain, a crowd of over three hundred took the night off on April 11, to shiver and shudder at Death taking a Holiday on the Bethany Commencement Hall Stage. Beta Gamma of Alpha Psi Omega presented the play which was written by Alberto Casella, and translated into English by Walter Ferris. The plot was exceptionally good. Death, curious as to why men fear him and cling so desperately to life, takes a three day's vacation as a mortal to investigate. Finding that life's sweetness is the eternal quest for Love, he falls in love with love and later with a beautiful maiden. The climax of the story is Death's ecstasy when he finds that love conquers even the fear of death.



In spite of the fact that the play was presented in a very impressive manner and was very enjoyable, the general interpretation was bad. "Death Takes a Holiday" is a comedy, not a tragedy. Not a farce, necessarily, but, since it had a happy ending, it should have been presented as a romantic comedy. There was too much impending doom in the actions of the characters. The whole conflict should have been centered around Death. The vital question was whether he would find a girl to love him. Every line pointed towards that fact. He did, as his triumphant last line "Love conquers over even Death" revealed. That should have made the ending a happy one. A romance with a happy ending is a comedy. The audience should have been made to feel that Grazia should go with Death. They didn't. They desired her to live.

The acting was better by far than the average Bethany attempts. David Huntsberger as Death, double-talked his impressive lines with a finesse that more than justified his being chosen for the leading role. As Death should, he dominated every scene in which he was on the stage. Oddly enough, he was Death adding life and tempo to every scene. Lillian Henkle, typed as a character by her many excellent performances during the last several years, proved

that she could portray an ingenue. As Grazia, an unsophisticated girl, she was as convincing as her portrayal of Mrs. Midgett in "Outward Bound."

The aged Baron Cesarea, played by Delivan Barnhart, supplied much of the humor, his body movements being especially good. One seemed to hear his bones creak as he tottered around the stage. Many of his lines were missed because of the audience laughter. Eleanor Achterman, who took the part of the Princess of San Luca, was regal when she should have been regal, and motherly when she should have been motherly.

Alda, portrayed by Ruth Braem, was another convincing role. Her love scenes with Death were just subtle enough. Virginia Wood, as Rhoda Fenton, did not overdo her terrified act with Death. James Huntsberger as Eric Fenton, was also convincing. In fact, with the possible exception of Jim Stoner and Janice Evans, who were a bit too wooden in their characterizations, the performances were well put across. Joseph White as Duke Lambert, Morrison Ratcliffe as Fedele, Gladys Miller as Cora all did their share.

As for the scenery, it was without doubt far better, added far more to the play than did the scenery of any recent Bethany production. It was simple, well lighted and it certainly set the mood. Everyone, from the least insignificant stagehand to the stage manager, should be proud of that set. In fact, all of Beta Gamma of Alpha Psi Omega should be proud of their presentation. It meant hard work, they did their best and what is more important, a good crowd came to see it, enjoyed it, and went away impressed.

Alpha Psi Omega put the capstone on their activities Monday evening, May 6, when the chapter tapped five students in year-end pledging services. Those pledged were Al Cain, John Costanza, Jane Edmunds, Jim Huntsberger, and Joe White. Two weeks after pledging, the new thespians will be initiated into the chapter.

Unheralded and unsung comes the ministerial department of the college. Yet in the opinion of some, it is the only department which really advertises the college, with the exception of the work of Professor Carter and by all means Coach Knight.

These preachers all carry a full college load, and successfully guide churches, which in some instances have been ruined by resident ministers.

The department is directed by two men, Professor Booth, Old Testament and Professor Green, New Testament. Together these men have helped train 225 for Christian service.

These ministerial students are not just average fellows. They couldn't be and accomplish the work they do. For instance the week preceding Easter this program was followed by one of them:

Attended 19 one hour classes

Took 4 mid-semester examinations

Prepared and preached 6 evangelistic sermons

Officiated at a baptismal service

Conducted an Easter Sunrise Service

Drove a total of 1165 miles

What are the duties of a student minister? He must be able to manage people, to raise a budget, to answer any number of sincere and

ridiculous questions pertaining to the Bible such as, "Who was Cain's wife?" "When will the second coming of Christ be accomplished?" and "Were there any nails used in the construction of the ark?" He must be able to raise people out of superstition to a high level of religious intelligence. He must be constantly on the alert to defend the place of Christianity in our modern civilization. He must be able to present a Christ to the world, who will lift men up, and protect them from their own

sordidness. He must be a student who will not tire on the eternal march to the "C."

The campus organization representing this group is the Ministerial Association headed by Darrell Fultz, President. Evelyn Neumeister as secretary. Interest is maintained by monthly meetings; the Christmas Stag Banquet and the Senior Farewell Dinner are the main events of the year.

At last month's meeting the leaders for next year were chosen.

The newly elected are:

Wayne Burdue, president; William Griffiths, vice-president; Marian Smith, secretary-treasurer. The Senior Farewell Banquet May 7, saw them installed and they are now preparing next year's program. These student-ministers are just like you—they have a job to do and are doing it.

Bethany Ministers

They talk 94 days each year.

by WAYNE BURDUE

SURVEY OF BETHANY MINISTERIAL ACTIVITIES

<i>Number of Services held per year</i>	650
<i>Year's attendance</i>	372,900
<i>Average increase in church's membership per year</i>	47
<i>Number of miles traveled</i>	47,000
<i>Time spent in speaking</i>	
<i>Minutes</i>	135,462
<i>Hours</i>	2,257
<i>Days</i>	94

Bethany College Ministerial Association. Standing, left to right—George Walden, Robert Smudski, James Stoner, Dale Sowers, Professor Green, Darrell Wolfe, Joseph White, Reverend Stevenson. Seated, left to right—Wayne Burdue, Eugene Keckley, Jack Keppel, Marian Smith, Evelyn Neumeister, Mary Lou Smith, Elizabeth Hewitt, Darrell Fultz, Earl Turner.



The age of the average college graduate is twenty-two years. Since most boys and girls begin in the first grade aged six, and continue their schooling unbrokenly for the next sixteen years this comes out just right.

However, this rule like all others, has its exceptions. A few there are who are exceptional in completing college before reaching twenty-two, but a great many more are over this average age when they receive their college degree. This larger

group of exceptions is made up mostly of people who have worked a year or more after graduating from high school before entering college. No figures are available as to the percentage of Bethany students who fall into this class, but by the effective method of personal questioning some thirty or forty students were found who do.

This group can claim, among other things, to be the most versatile group on the campus. Here in Bethany some of us attend classes with students who were at one time or another, an automobile mechanic, a steel worker, an accounting clerk, a truck driver, a glass designer, an assistant manager of a Five & Ten, an assistant in a chemistry laboratory, a department store merchandise checker, a filling station attendant, a dairy worker, or a steel riveter. In addition to these positions, most of the group at some time sold something, from automobiles to Fuller Brushes to magazines.

What benefit did they receive from these occupations? That's what we asked them and the answers were just as varied as the jobs. A knowledge of how the business world is run. A greater appreciation for education. The ability to meet people. A wider prospective for the choice of vocation. And, oh yes, the opportunity to make money.

As a group they feel that the maturity that comes with a few added years and the responsibility of a job is the chief advantage to spending the thirteenth grade in the school of practical knowledge.

So that you who have never had the privilege of working do not feel too bad about it, let's look at the disadvantages listed by the workers-before-college. Almost unanimous is the feeling that broken study habits should be placed first on

this list. The lay-off from formal study proved a serious handicap during the first year of college to all the group. Another serious handicap is the independence developed by a regular paycheck. To have known the feeling of earning money of your own, and then to give up that

steady income, is not too easily done. This earning money has yet another angle. Most of those questioned worked in order to make money to continue their educational program. This neces-

sitated a period of what was called "stalling." That is they had no interest in the job at hand, only in the money they received for doing it.

Most of our ex-workers graduated from high school with the desire to attend college. Incomplete and hazy as their plans may have been, they knew that someday, if given a chance, they would continue where they had left off. A job was a matter of necessity, a means of gaining the wherewithal to complete their formal education.

The few remaining, who were not aiming at college but were working for their bread and butter, rose in the company they worked for as far as possible with the equipment they had. When this stalemate was reached, they saw that in order to become more efficient and more successful, they must attain additional knowledge. And so back to books, and study habits and classes and profs.

Were these years of regular employment well spent? Without exception the answer was "Yes." The best proof of this is that the group would advise most high school graduates to spend a year working before starting to college. They feel that it would hinder only those students who have definitely decided to study medicine or some other professional work that requires an unusually long period of preparation. The others should work and, the interviewees point out, there would be far fewer dissatisfied college students. Those who had worked the longest were the most emphatic that everyone would be benefited by a period spent in the work-a-day world before college was begun.

Should You Work Before College?

by BUDD DEER

The average college student today gripes if a professor asks him to change a comma on a term paper, but did you ever think how one of our future Peglers, Hemingways, O'Neills, Pettys, or Tarkingtons feels when his submitted play, story, cartoon, poem, or such is returned to him with a slip of paper stating, "We regret the enclosed does not meet with our requirements."

Think of the let-down! For a month, perhaps two months, our young writer has had the hopes of selling his manuscript, and using the money to pay on his fraternity bill, his college bill, buying a book that he has needed for half a semester, or using part of the money to stall out some other creditor. Now, his play, short story, or poem has been returned, and he is out just about 50c for postage and return postage. Then, too, the manuscript is usually so dog-eared when it is returned that it has to be retyped. (Even though the average manuscript is not read by the editor, it is put through a machine which musses it up and makes it look that way.)

Now, our young inspired writer has had his first set-back, his first bump on the road to fame. Is he discouraged? Does he say, "Writing is a heluva idea!" Does he give up, and throw his manuscript away? NO! NO! A THOUSAND TIMES "NO!"

He drags out his battered typewriter, slips a piece of paper into it, and begins banging away on another copy. As soon as it is finished he sends it away to another publishing house, and while he is waiting for an answer to that, he works on another article, play, or story.

There are approximately fifteen students in Bethany College, who have, and still do, submit their writing to publishing houses for sale. Many of these have sold manuscripts; many have not; but all hope to someday sell something.

Peggy Keim, senior journalism major, has about twelve rejection slips already this year, and still going strong. They are for cartoons, gags, short stories, and articles, and are from such magazines as *Esquire*, *Colliers*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and others. Just recently, Peggy sold a cartoon to the *Progressive Farmer*.

Ruth Braem, sophomore, has received about

five rejection slips, all from *Liberty Magazine*, and all for short stories. Beatrice Keropian, also a sophomore, states that she is "even." She has submitted one short story, and received one rejection slip.

Wally Mayor, sophomore, had reason to celebrate the other day, so he says. He received his first check for an article, after many tries. His enormous check was for the magnificent sum of \$2.50.

Bert Decker, Editor of the *Bethanian*, who has about 45 or 50 rejection slips so far, says, "Contrary to general belief, rejection slips do not fill my soul with sorrow. The old law of averages will catch up on me one of these days, and I'll really sell one manuscript." He tries to write stories and articles.

The author of this story has also received many rejection slips, but is most proud of his "letters from the editors." To quote one, "Murder For Two" (a play) has afforded our readers much pleasure for it is an entertaining bit of writing. HOWEVER....." At this point, the author does not wish to quote any more of the letter.

Every one of these "rejected but not dejected, writers" feels that someday Barnum's saying will come true, and a "sucker" will be found. Then he will be on the road to Fame, Fortune, and the "Saturday Evening Post."

PERSONALITIES, UNDERWOOD—*cont'd*:
took him home to his mother and told her that he had been a bad boy. He decided to stay here in Bethany and go to college because he feels if you know one place well you know the world.

Ken wants to be a free-lance magazine writer. He will most likely be successful as a writer but we are not sure of the "free" part. It's funny how Finney will finish him there.

Nobody, Ken thinks, can be a writer unless he has something about which to write. A successful writer must have a message and a wholesome philosophy which he uses as a criteria or a measuring rod for evaluating all experience. Ken has both. He will succeed.

Have you ever stood on a cliff expecting to be pushed over at any moment? This is one of the best ways of describing my feelings when I first faced the class to deliver a lecture on the "Decline of the Papacy." The usual thing, to take the roll, passed uneventfully with the exception of a few of the fellows trying to get their friends counted present by answering for them. I then made an assignment at least a section too long for coverage in one assignment, as I found out when I began to prepare it for the following class.

I began the lecture, which was very trying from my standpoint, as my throat became very dry. In the midst of my lecture in came Jerry, apologizing for the interruption. As this had been just one of several of the same sort, I was just a little provoked at this time but resumed where I had left off. In the back of the room sat several girls talking away for all they were worth. Imagining they were exchanging stories of their dates over vacation, I called upon them to answer several questions on the material we were discussing—only to find them lost in a fog. This was profitable for one soon pays attention if he thinks there is a possibility of being asked to recite.

The previous assignment had been to rewrite the chapter stressing only the important facts as would be done in high school text. So, assuming this to be a good place to conclude my lecture, I called for the members of the class to read various parts of their chapters. All through the lecture, and even now, various thoughts ran riot within me. Wondering whether or not the material was being covered—was the presentation too boring to the class? was I being unfair to call on certain members of the class rather than others? To offset this difficulty, I drew names at random from the enrollment cards; this to avoid common enough things which are liable to be misconstrued on any college campus such as a fraternity prejudice, or a personal grudge. All these things and many more kept recurring in my mind.

Now after having the actual experience, I can readily see why teachers get prematurely grey. Fifteen minutes before the period ended,

in marched, or jittered, "Ginney" Bell, thus completely upsetting the dignity (if any) of the class. After the class had settled down, we resumed asking questions and shortly the class was over for the day.

The second morning I was in a dither because I slept in, or should I say, overslept. But by the grace of Father Time I managed to get my bulk (sometimes spelt with a beginning "h") to the class on time. Due to the speed at which I

was forced to walk up the hill, my wind was very short. To cover this up and give me a little time to regain my composure, the blackboard was the recipient of my immediate attention. After placing the assignment on the blackboard and calling the roll, I began to lecture with considerable more assurance than the previous day. Everything progressed very well this second class with very few interruptions by late arrivals and very little "bulling" going on in the very last rows.



George Davis

I will long remember these two classes as one of the most valuable of my college experiences. It is uplifting to be on the other side of the lecture desk for a short while to at least get a peek at how the faculty must regard us. There was in the natural course of events a little "apple polishing" done and as there was an assignment, I got the usual run of excuses that any one of us might give to one of our profs. Considering that the class met on April 1, I was pleasantly surprised to notice that no one attempted an April Fool's joke at my expense. The cooperation given by the students certainly made by experience one to be remembered.

CORRECTIONS:

The Betas won the Intramural Basketball league instead of the Sigma Nus.

The Sigma Nus won the Intramural swimming meet instead of the Alpha Kappa Pis.



Bethanian



Buffoonery



WOMEN'S HATS

The bane of my existence
Is women's hats.
Their sur-realist consistence—
It drives me bats.
They're square, they're round,
They're squat, they're tall
They're feathered, fruited,
Trimmed, et al.
They're chic in spring,
Passe in fall.
Methinks the women,
Like their hats,
Are nats.

—G. S.

SUFFERING IN SECRET

There's many a dame on a diet
(And nearly all of them try it.)
But rare is the one
Gets her dieting done
And about it, keeps perfectly
quiet.

—Norris Whitlock

THE CALLING OF THE GREEN
OR ODE TO STRASSER'S HALL
A pall of smoke o'erhung the
room,
A figure bent, with shoulders
stooped,
While peering through the pur-
ple gloom,
Three other 'round the table
drooped.
One's eyes searched starkly
through the haze,
Another's gleamed from grayish
socket—
A voice choked out, a little
dazed,
"Eight ball, the corner pocket!"
—Angelo Daniel

SOME

A man who is fickle
A man who is vain
He loves the ladies
And hops a train.

OTHERS

A man who is faithful
A man who is true
He loves a lady
And marries her too.

ME

I could be faithful
I could be true
But I love to ride railroads
Just for the view.

—D. D. D. D. D.

The State Department is buzzing
today;
Lude, sing, kooku.

They've just had a wire from
Ambassador Quay
Lude, sing, kooku.
In which he discloses,
And likewise exposes,
A secret of state
Hitherto consecrate
That former Mikados
Just loved..... avocados.

—G. S.

A PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHT WRITTEN ON THE PREMISE THAT I'M NO GOOD

If I could really seem to be—
Make everybody think
That I'm a truly noble soul,
An idealistic gink;
And never do a single thing
To ever let them down,
Then I would be, just as good
As any goop in town.

—D. D. D. D. D.

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THAT CHIRP BENEATH—*continued*:

state's permission to collect birds. In the two years he spent at Bethany, he added 150 birds to his private collection, which now contains some 800 specimens representing 200 or more species found in West Virginia.

Private collection does not mean that Haller adorns the walls of his home with stuffed birds. Nearly all skeleton and tissue is removed from the birds collected. The specimens are then merely bird skins, thinly packed with cotton. The collection has meant hundreds of hours spent collecting, preparing and classifying specimens. The reason many birds of each species are collected is to show the variation worked by environment forces, and to show the entire life cycle of the bird. Haller's collection will soon be placed in the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburgh.

Much of Haller's interest in ornithology is the result of his association with Dr. George M.

Sutton, who was graduated from Bethany in 1922. Dr. Sutton is now at Cornell University, and is recognized as the outstanding bird artist in America. For three months in the spring of 1937 Haller and Sutton tramped the state of Oklahoma, studying the distribution of birds. This expedition was sponsored by the Carnegie Museum and Cornell. When Haller discovered his bird, he named it Sutton's warbler, though scientists will know it as *Dendroica Potomac* Haller.

There is a tendency to dramatize anything that is the least bit unusual in a world that is prosaic

continued on page 18

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THAT CHIRP BENEATH—*continued*:

to most people. There is a tendency to say something absurd about Haller, like "College man last year, scientist today." It did not happen that way. There was more to it than the effect. There was interest and experience. Perhaps the whole story is a hint not to toss your alarm clock out at the chirping bird that wakes you tomorrow morning. Get up and stick your head out the window. The chirping bird may be one that you have never seen before.

ELECTED ELITE—*continued*:

9. Whom would you nominate as your "friend in need?"

Man—William Stockdale, Dick Wallace, Joe White and Darrell Wolfe

Girl—Lillian Henkel, Nancy Caldabaugh, Joanne Schott

10. Who is the most versatile?

Man—Bert Decker, Ken Underwood, Jim Huntsberger

Girl—Bobby Murray, Peggy Keim, Jane Edmunds

11. Whom would you like to consider most considerate of you?

Man—Lester Raub, Goff Ramsay, Thomas Jones

Girl—Barbara Schutt, Marjorie Wilt, Caroline Butchko, and M. J. South

12. If you were a 100% invalid, whom would you like to have around?

Man—George Petroff, Sherman Gibson, James Stoner

Girl—Barbara Schutt, Peggy Keim, Jane Edmunds

13. Whom do you think would make the best valet or personal maid?

Man—George Davis, Harry Hetzel, Arthur Sheets

Girl—Peggy Geyer, Lois Moelter, Marion Lemon and Louise Gettys, Marjorie Black

14. If you were a waiter, whom would you like to see sit at your table?

Man—Thomas Jones, E. J. Honenberger, Harold Taylor

Girl—M. J. Weir, M. J. Halter, Peggy Euwer

15. If you were king, whom would you want as your prime minister?

Man—Ken Underwood, John Costanza, Harry Prosser

Girl—Jean Short, Hilda Sarver, G. M. Stewart, Peggy Euwer

16. If you were married, of whom would you be most jealous, or of whom do you think your mate would be most jealous?

Man—Don Rosensteele, George Petroff, Thomas Jones

Girl—Irene Hutchison, Louise Gettys, M. J. South

17. If John Kieran resigned from "Information Please," which Bethanian would you choose to take his place?

Man—Ken Underwood, Gordon Seidel, E. J. Honenberger

Girl—Jean Short, Hilda Sarver, M. L. Sesler

18. Whom would you like best to take home over the weekend?

Man—Walter Kuhns, Thomas Jones, Bill Neumann

Girl—Joanne Schott, Jane Edmunds and M. J. South, Betty Murphy

19. With whom would you like most to be marooned for months on a desert island?

Man—Arthur Sheets, George Petroff, William Wells

Girl—Irene Hutchison, Jane Edmunds, Joanne Schott and Louise Gettys

PERSONALITIES, MARTIN—*cont'd*:

finds time to go to Pittsburgh and Wheeling for concerts, shows and art exhibits. An avid reader, he has added over 200 books to his personal library during the last four years.

Bethany had given a lot to Bob. Bob has given to Bethany. He is a good example that we only get as much out of college as we put into it.

SPRING

On my eternal quest for love
I stumble, flounder, quiver.
Beautiful Spring, gives me a shove
But where, I know not whither.

D. D. D. D. D.

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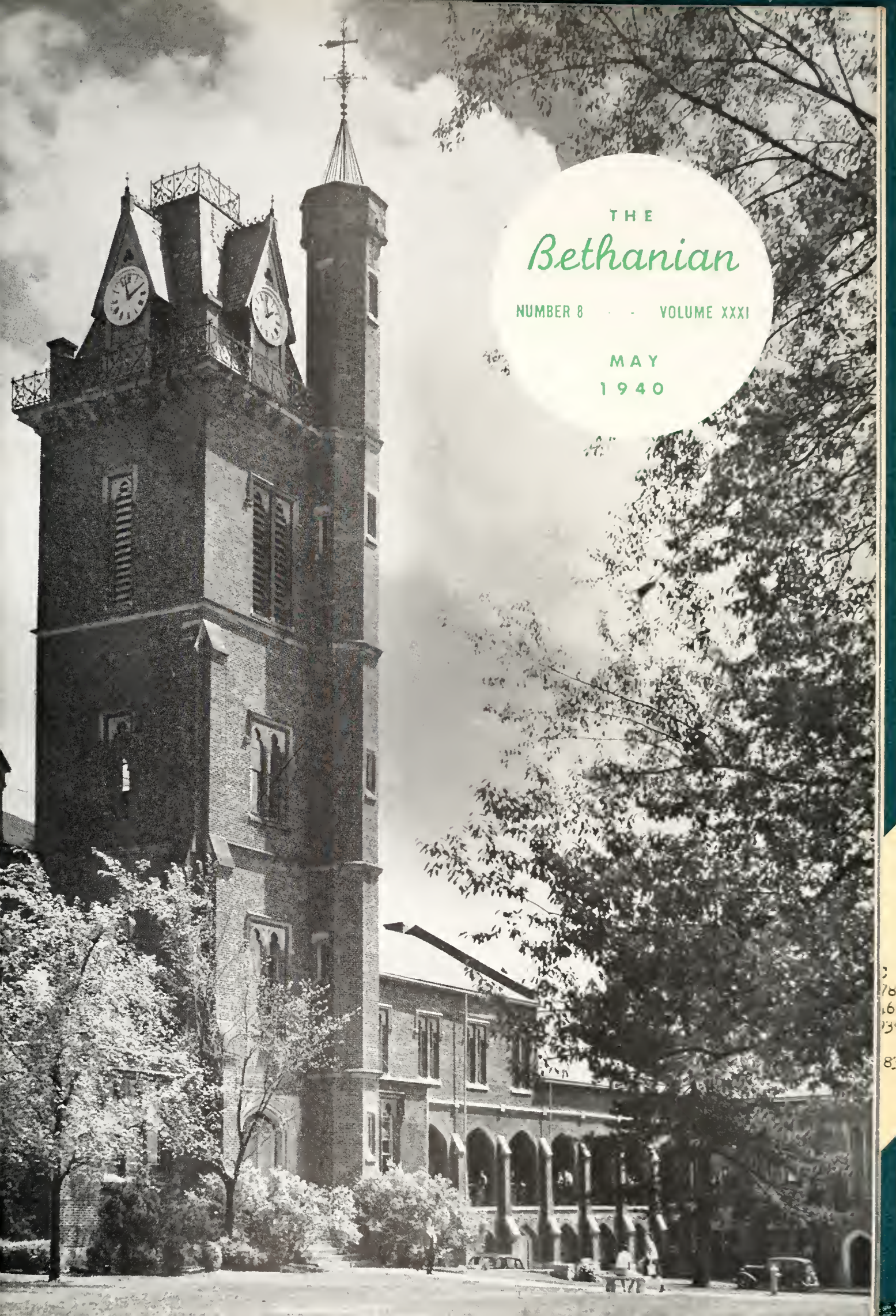
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THE
Bethanian

NUMBER 8 VOLUME XXXI

MAY
1940

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Seniors! After you have left Bethany's beautiful campus for the jolting realities of life, there are a few things that you must not forget. You must remember that your professors have taught you some certain vital facts, and what is more important, tried to teach you how to interpret those facts. The Bethany history department can never be accused of having been one-sided about foreign controversies. There has been no indoctrination. Unbiased facts have been taught. Do not forget them.

Do not forget that this war is being fought by the Allies against an aggressor, a criminal and blood-thirsty aggressor, whereas on the other side the German soldiers are giving their lives to free their country from the domination of aggressors. Do not forget that historians do not put the entire first World War guilt on Germany. That too was a struggle for world domination. Do not forget the terrible treatment that the French and English inflicted on the Germans, a treatment so drastic that Wilson came home heart-broken, all but three of his "Fourteen Points" thrown in the ash-can. Do not forget the English seven month blockade on Germany after the World War. Do not forget the misery and starvation in that helpless country, caused by that unnecessary blockade. Do not forget that during the first World War the Germans considered themselves to be fighting in self-defense. If some nation invaded this country, licked us, gave New England to Canada, California and Texas *back* to Mexico—remember, we took it from her—Florida back to Spain, starved us, we too would work for the day when we could rebel against our conquerors. We too would follow any madman as long as he would feed us and give us the means to freedom. Do not forget that that is why Germany is fighting.

Do not misunderstand. This is not an attempt to justify Germany's precipitating this war. War cannot be justified. But do not forget that England and France are as much to blame for this conflict, if not more, than Germany. Don't take sides.

Do not forget that we have no fear of Ger-

many. The Germans failed at Narvik because that objective was a hundred miles too far from German base of supplies. Do not forget that England was too far away to invade without first taking Holland and Belgium. And England is less than two hundred miles from the German

airdromes. Do not forget that we have three thousand miles of water between us and Europe. Do not forget that Hitler has no quarrel with us anyhow.

Do not forget that 94% of our trade is domestic and there is no need of our spending millions of dollars and lives to save the other 6% of our trade.

Do not forget that consequences of the last war. Do not forget the thousands of Yanks that went over to "free the world for Democracy" and never came back. Do not forget that the world has less democracy today. Do not forget some of the Yanks who came back, armless, legless, blind, shell-shocked, warped in mind and morals. Do not forget that most of them came back to a country economically out of balance, a country which cheered them, but had no jobs for them. Do not forget that the last war took our finest young men and gave us human wrecks and the depression.

Do not forget the spreading of falsehood and engendering of hatred for the "bloody Hun." Do not forget that the people who claim that war cannot be abolished until the fighting instinct in man has been eradicated overlook certain highly relevant factors. The Yanks would not enlist in sufficient numbers unless aroused to extreme fury. Conscription, coercion, and intimidation were required to keep our doughboys at the front even after they had been drafted and indoctrinated with hatred. Many were driven to war by artificially created hatred and by fear of the terrifying pressure of public opinion. Distortion and falsehood create hatred. We were talked into the last war. Do not forget that.

Public opinion is made up of ideas, traditions, passions, loyalties, myths, and ideals. Each one of us contribute to these. Emotions can change any of these. We must let nothing do so. Do

continued on page 17

DO NOT FORGET

War—terrible, useless, futile.

Truth—first victim of War.

Civil Liberties—maintained by Truth.

Democracy—based on Civil Liberties.

United States—democracy.

Stay Here And Defend It!

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENT BOARD OF PUBLICATIONS OF BETHANY COLLEGE	The Bethanian <i>Entered as second-class matter on January 14, 1920 at the post office at Bethany, W. Va., under the Act of March 1, 1875.</i>		EDITOR-IN-CHIEF BERT DECKER
	Subscription: Four Dollars a Year		* *
	VOL. XXXI	MAY, 1940	NUMBER 8
			BUSINESS MANAGER
			GEO. PETROFF

Editor's Notes

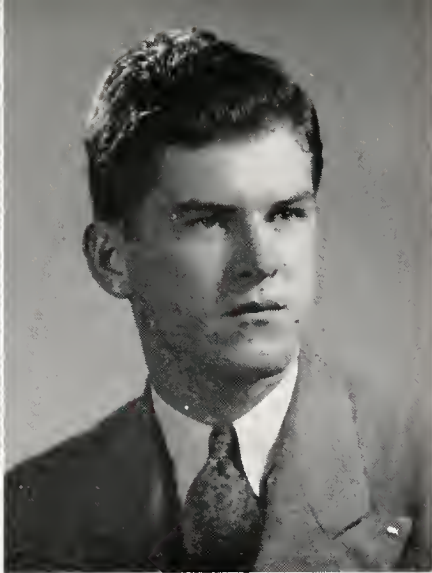
It is with regret that on the inside cover we must ask the seniors not to forget the means of keeping us out of the war. We would much rather ask them not to forget to come back to Bethany, not to forget that the college has tried to teach them to think correctly and sanely, to act intelligently and bravely, and to be humane and honest with the world and themselves. The *Bethanian* and all Bethanians wish them the best of the best.

From page two to page nine, you will find the members of Bethany's one hundredth graduating class. We suggest that you mark in the margin who you think will go the farthest, then ten years from now check back and see how right you were.

The last darn rag
Is in the bag
The staff's completely thru.
No time for rests,
We take our tests
And hope we pass a few.

May's Contents

DO NOT FORGET . . .	<i>Inside Cover</i>
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KATHRYN ALLEN, Hopedale, Ohio. Major: French. Activities: Phi Mu Sorority, 2, 3, 4; treasurer 3, 4; French Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3; Education Club 2, 3, 4, historian 4; McKinleyville Mission Work 4; Association of Women Students; Band 1, 2, 3; Orchestra 1, 2.

WILLIAM ASHLEY, Charleston, W. Va. Major: Chemistry B. S. Activities: Phi Kappa Tau vice president 3, president 4; Student Board 3; Interfraternity Council 3, 4; Business Manager Student Board of Publications 3; Pre-medical Club vice president 2, secretary-treasurer 3.



WILL BARNHART, Bethany, W. Va. Major: Music A. B. Activities: Bethespian Club 2; Alpha Psi Omega 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3; Orchestra 1.

DOROTHY BISSELL, McKeesport, Pa. Major: Music A. B. Activities: Zeta Tau Alpha, house manager 3, treasurer 4; Treble Clef 1, 2, 3, secretary 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Bethespian 1; Bethanian 2, 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; A. W. S. 3, 4; Choir 2, 3, 4.



ORELLA HUNTLEY BLISTAN, Scottdale, Pa. Major: Physical Education A. B. Activities: W. A. A. 1; Cabinet 2, 3, 4; Treble Clef 1, 2; Choir 1, 3; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, treasurer 3; French Club 1, 2.

JANE BRYAN, New Castle, Pa. Major: Music. Activities: Phi Mu president 3, 4; Education Club 3, 4; German Club 2, 3, 4; Bethespian Club 1, 2, 3; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Treble Clef 1, 2, 3, 4.



CAROLINE BUTCHKO, Sharon, Pa. Major: Biology B. S. Activities: Chairman of Independent 3, 4; German Club vice president 2, president 3; W. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2; Gargoyle Club 4; McKinleyville Baby Clinic 3, 4; S. B. O. G. 4; Radio Club 3; Physical Science Club 2, 3; Collegian Staff 1.

NANCY CALDABAUGH, Glendale, W. Va. Major: Biology B. S. Activities: Secretary Women's A. A. 2, 3; Sociology Club 3, 4; College Social Committee 3; McKinleyville Clinic 3, 4; Y. W. C. A.; Association of Women Student vice president 3.

WILLIAM CALLENDINE, Wheeling, W. Va.
Major: Physics B. S. Activities: Beta
Theta Pi; Basketball 1, 2, 3.



JOHN EDWARD COSTELLO, Belle Vernon, Pa.
Major: Economics A. B. Activities:
Kappa Alpha, secretary 3, president 4; In-
terfraternity Council vice president 4; Band
1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Choir 4; Col-
legian 1; Bethanian 1, 2; Bethespian Club
1, 2, 3, 4; Alpha Psi Omega; Pi Gamma Mu;
Economics Club 3.



WARREN COUGHANOUR, Uniontown, Pa.
Major: Chemistry B. S. Activities: Beta
Theta Pi, steward 4; Varsity Basketball 1,
2, 3.

RANDALL BROWER CUTLIP, Charlotte, N. C.
Major: History B. A. Activities: Alpha
Kappa Pi president 3, 4; Moo, Moo, Moo 2,
3, president 4; International Relations
Club 2, 3; Interfraternity Council 4; Ath-
letic Board of Control 2; Board of Student
Deacons.



JAMES W. DAUB, Pittsburgh, Pa. Major:
Economics A. B.; Activities: Beta Theta
Pi treasurer 4; Glee Club 1; German Club
1, 2; secretary-treasurer 3, 4; Choir 1.

PAUL WILSON DEAFENBAUGH, Bellaire,
Ohio. Major: History A. B. Activities:
Alpha Kappa Pi, treasurer 3, 4; Collegian
2; International Relations Club 2, 3; Pi
Gamma Mu.

PEGGY JANE EUWER, Pittsburgh, Pa. Major:
Psychology B. A. Activities: Zeta Tau
Alpha vice president 4; A. W. S. vice presi-
dent 4; Homecoming Queen 4; Sociology
Club 3, 4; W. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Golf Club
secretary 3.

DARRELL C. FULTZ, Wellsville, Ohio. Major:
Biblical Literature A. B. Activities: Kappa
Alpha secretary 4; S. B. O. G. 3, 4; Inter-
fraternity Council 3; Ministerial Association
1, 2, 3, 4, president 4; Cross Country 1, 2,
3, 4; Track Team 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity "B"
Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Bethanian 2, 3; German
Club 1, 2.





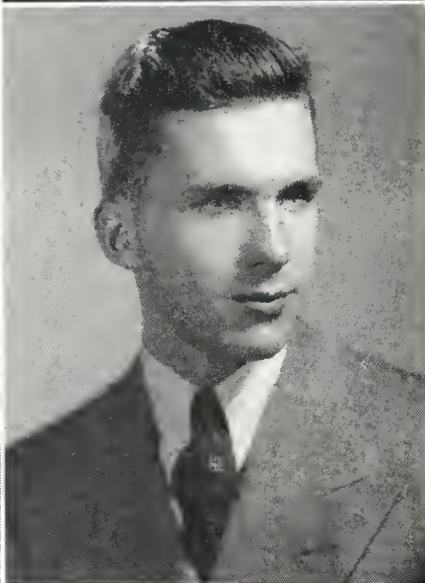
JOE ALBERT FUNK, Bethany, W. Va. Major: History A. B. Activities: Beta Theta Pi; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Deacon.



RUTH DEANE GASSER, Wilkinsburg, Pa. Major: Psychology A. B. Activities: Alpha Xi Delta; Y. W. C. A.; W. A. A.; A. W. S.; French Club 1, 2, 3, president 4; International Relations Club 3, 4; Art Club 1, 2, 3.



SHERMAN C. GIBSON, Bethany, W. Va. Major: Economics A. B. Activities: Beta Theta Pi; S. B. O. G. 3, 4; Tennis 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2; Bethespian 1, 2.



DONALD GORDON, Canton, Ohio. Major: Economics A. B. Activities: Kappa Alpha vice president, treasurer; Economics Club 3; S. B. O. G. 4; Track manager 2; Moo Moo Moo 3, 4.



ELEANOR GRAY, Oil City, Pa. Major: French A. B. Activities: Phi Mu vice-president 2; Y. W. C. A.; A. W. S.; S. B. O. G. 4; Education Club; Bethespian Club 1, 2; French Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Collegian Staff 2; McKinleyville Mission Work.



MARY JANE HALTER, Wheeling, W. Va. Major: Physical Education A. B. Activities: Zeta Tau Alpha; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; W. A. A.; A. W. S. executive board 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 4; Bethespian Club; Treble Clef Club 1, 2, 3.



HESTER ANN HARE, West Alexander, Pa. Major: English A. B. Activities: Alpha Xi Delta, treasurer 1, 2, 3, president 4; Student Guide 4; Senior Committee; 2nd honors 2, 3; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3; W. A. A. 3, 4; Bethanian Staff 2, 3; Library Association 3, 4.



MARY ELLEN HAYES, Quaker City, Ohio. Major: English A. B. Activities: Phi Mu; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2; A. W. S. 3, 4; Education Club 3, 4; International Relations Club 2; McKinleyville Mission 1, 2, 3, 4.

LULU MAE HAYS, Utica, Ohio. Major: Music A. B. Activities: Zeta Tau Alpha; Treble Clef Club 1, 2, 3, 4; College Choir 2, 3, 4; Bethespian Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3; Education Club 3, 4.



LILLIAN HENKEL, Pittsburgh, Pa. Major: French A. B. Activities: Zeta Tau Alpha historian 4; Alpha Psi Omega 2, 3, president 4; Education Club 3, 4; French Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Bethespian Club 1, 2, 3, treasurer 4; W. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3.



VICTOR J. HERBERT, Wellsburg, W. Va. Major: History A. B. Activities: Beta Theta Pi president 4; Interfraternity Council president 4; Senior Class president 4; S. B. O. G. 4; Band 1, 2; Track 2; Student Deacon.

HARRY T. HETZEL, Connellsville, Pa. Major: Biology A. B. Activities: Sigma Nu; Pre-medical Society president; German Club; Physical Science Club.



IVAN ALLEN HOLLAND, Uniontown, Pa. Major: Physical Education A. B. Activities: Football 4; Basketball 4; Education Club 4; Intramural Council 3; Chapman College, Los Angeles, Cal.; Basketball 1, 2; Baseball 1, 2.

E. J. HONENBERGER, Butler, Pa. Major: Psychology A. B. Activities: Phi Kappa Tau; S. B. O. G. 3, vice president 4; Bethespian Club 1, 2; Bethanian Staff 3; Bethany Beacon 3.



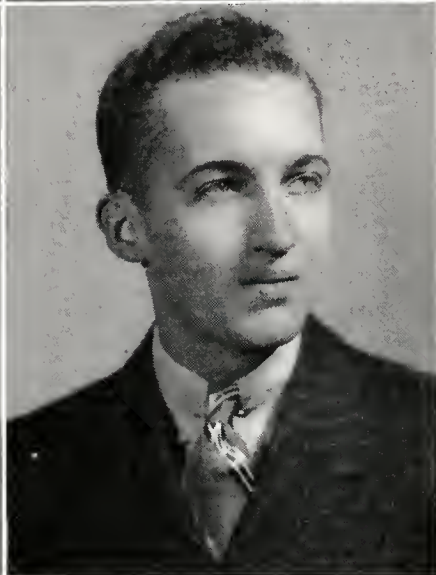
HELEN M. HOOKER, Tarentum, Pa. Major: Sociology B. A. Activities: Zeta Tau Alpha 2, 3, secretary 4; Bethespian Club 2, 3; Sociology Club vice president 3, 4; Y. W. C. A. 2, 3; A. W. S. 3, 4.

MARGARET KEIM, Altoona, Pa. Major: Journalism B. A. Activities: Zeta Tau Alpha; Treble Clef 1, 2, 3; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; S. B. O. G. 2, 3, 4; secretary, vice president 3; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Writer's Club 3, 4; Art Club 1, 2, 3; Education Club 2, 3; Bethanian 1, 2, 3.



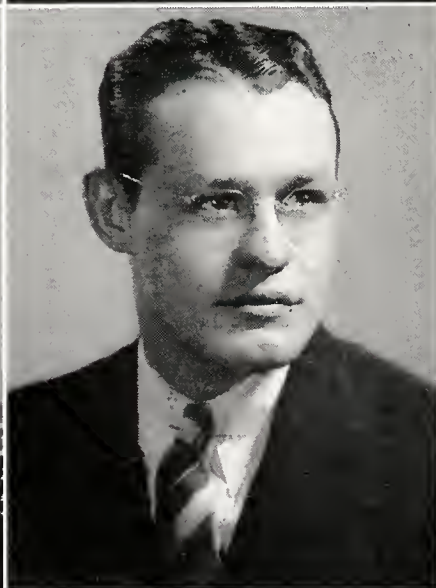
WILLIAM F. KIEL, Wheeling, W. Va. Major: Economics A. B. Activities: Sigma Nu treasurer 3, president 4; Interfraternity Council; Rifle Team 1; Economics Club president; Bethanian Staff.

LESTER JAY LOHR, Scottsdale, Pa. Major: Chemistry B. S. Activities: Kappa Alpha secretary; Pre-medical Club, vice president 4; Education Club, treasurer 4.



MARIE A. LOWE, Sharon, Pa. Major: Latin A. B. Activities: Phi Mu; Triple Trio; Treble Clef; French Club; Education Club; Y. W. C. A.; A. W. S.

ROBERT LEE MARTIN, Wheeling, W. Va. Major: English A. B. Activities: Alpha Kappa Pi 1, 2, 3, 4, secretary 3; Chairman College Social Committee 4; Senior Class vice president; S. B. O. G. 3, 4; Interfraternity Council 3, secretary-treasurer 4; Education Club 3, vice president 4; Bethanian 3, 4; Bethespian Club 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 3; Collegian Staff 1, 2.



GLADYS ELIZABETH MILLER, McDonald, Pa. Major: French A. B. Activities: Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Bethespian Club 1, 2, 4; French Club 2, 3, vice president 4; Education Club secretary 4; W. A. A.

RAYMOND CARL MOORE, Akron, Ohio. Major: Chemistry B. S. Activities: Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Track; German Club; Physical Science Club 1, 2, 3; Athletic Board of Control 2, 3; S. B. O. G. 2, 3; Varsity "B".



BOBBY ANNE MURRAY, Pittsburgh, Pa. Major: Journalism A. B. Activities: Zeta Tau Alpha 1, 2, 3, president 4; Panhellenic Council 3, president; Bethanian Staff 1, 2, 3, 4; Collegian Staff 1, 2; Writer's Club 2, 3; Art Club 1, 2, 3, president 4; International Relations Club 1, 2; Cheer leading 1, 2, 3, 4; A. W. S. executive board 4; Y. W. C. A. 1.

WILLIAM B. MURRAY, New Cumberland, W. Va. Major: Biology B. S. Activities: German Club 1, 2, 3; Science Club 1, 2, 3; Radio Club 3, vice president 4.

AURELINE M. McDONOUGH, McKeesport, Pa.
Major: Psychology A. B. Activities:
Alpha Xi Delta marshal 3, secretary 4; S.
B. O. G. 3, treasurer 4; Writer's Club 2, 3;
Collegian Staff 1, 2; Bethespian Club 1, 2,
3; Beacon—co-editor 3; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2;
A. W. S. 3, 4; S. B. O. G. 3, 4.



VIRGIE EVELYN NEUMEISTER, Orrville,
Ohio. Major: Biblical Literature B. A.
Activities: Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3; Band 1, 2;
Orchestra 2; Art Club 1; Bethespian 1, 2,
3; Ministerial Association 1, 2, 3, secretary
4; W. A. A. 3, 4; McKinleyville Mission
1, 2, 3, 4; Collegian Staff 1, 2; Pre-medical
club 3.



ANNA MAE PETERS, Edgewood, Pa. Major:
Psychology. Activities: Kappa Delta treas-
urer 2, 3, vice president 3, president 4;
Rifle Club 2; W. A. A. 1; Y. W. C. A. 1;
A. W. S. 3, 4; S. B. O. G. 4; Art Club 1, 2,
3, 4; Pan-Hellenic 4.

GEORGE N. PETROFF, Uniontown, Pa.
Major: Biology B. S. Activities: Sigma
Nu 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 1, 2, 3, captain 4;
Basketball 1, 2, 3, captain 4; Track 1, 2;
Pre-medical club 2, 3, 4; German Club 2, 3;
Athletic Board of Control 1, 2, 3, 4; Busi-
ness manager Bethanian 3, 4.



ADABELLE PILCHARD, Bethany, W. Va.
Major: Sociology A. B. Activities: Zeta
Tau Alpha; W. A. A. (Cabinet) 1, 2, 3, 4;
Education Club 3, 4; Sociology Club 3,
president 4; Y. W. C. A. 1.

JANE C. PORTER, East Liverpool, Ohio.
Major: Psychology A. B. Activities: Zeta
Tau Alpha, treasurer 3; Women's Athletic
Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Cabinet, 2, 3, 4, vice
president 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3; Bethespian
1, 2, 3; Collegian 1; International Relations
Club 4, secretary treasurer 4; A. of W. S.;
Student Board of Governors 3, 4.



WILLIAM F. PORTER, East Liverpool, Ohio.
Major: Economics A. B. Activities: Sigma
Nu; Economics Club 3, 4; S. B. O. G. 4;
Football 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3; Moo Moo Moo.

GOFF STEWART RAMSEY, Walton, W. Va.
Major: Chemistry B. S. Activities: Sigma
Nu; German Club 1, 2; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Or-
chestra 1, 2, 3; Physical Science Club 2,
3, 4; Chemistry assistant 4.





DONALD REGIER, West Liberty, W. Va.
Major: Economics A. B. Activities: Orchestra 3, 4; Men's Glee Club 4; German Club 3, 4; French Club 3; Senior Fellow in Economics 4; Pi Gamma Mu.



VIRGINIA ANNE RICHARDSON, Dormont, Pa. Activities: Kappa Delta; Pan-Hellenic Council; Gargoyles; A. of W. S. Executive Board 2; Bethespian Club 1, 2, secretary 2; Y. W. C. A. 1; Radio Club 1; Collegian 1; Bethanian 2, 3; Feature Editor 2.



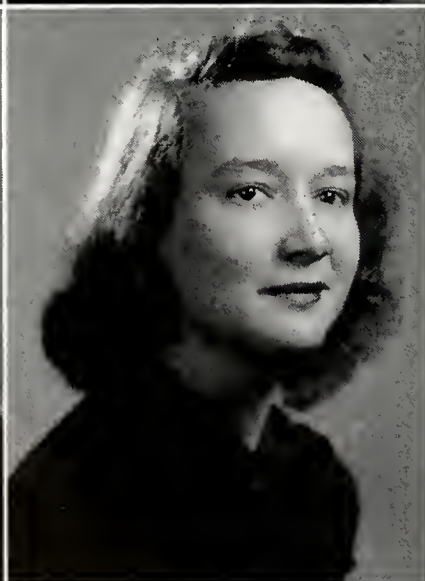
DOROTHY M. RITTER, Elm Grove, W. Va.
Major: English A. B. Activities: Zeta Tau Alpha president 3, rush chairman 4; Education Club 3, 4; Pan-Hellenic council 2, 3, 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3; Writer's Club 3, 4; A. of W. S.; Collegian 1.



MARILYNN ROBERTS, Bethany, W. Va.
Major: English A. B. Activities: Alpha Xi Delta; Writer's Club 2, 3; Y. W. C. A. 1; A. of W. S. 3, 4; Bethespian Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Bethanian Staff 3, 4.



RUTH ELEANOR ROSSER, Bethany, W. Va.
Major: Physical Education A. B. Activities: Y. W. C. A. 1; W. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Cabinet 1, 2, vice president 3, president 4; Treble Clef 1, 3.



CATHERINE JANE SMITH, Indianapolis, Ind.
Major: French A. B. Activities: Alpha Xi Delta 1, 2, 3, 4; librarian 3; historian 4; Treble Clef 1, 2, 3; French Club secretary 2, 3, 4; Y. W. C. A. librarian 3, 4; Class secretary 3, 4; A. of W. S.; Golf Club 3; Bethespian 3, 4.



MARY JANE SOUTH, Uniontown, Pa. Major: Psychology A. B. Activities: Kappa Delta president 3; A. of W. S. secretary 4; Executive Board 3, 4; Class secretary 3; Class treasurer 4; president of Gargoyle Club 4; Bethespian Club 1; Art Club 2; S. B. O. G.; Social Committee 4.



GERTRUDE MAE STEWART, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Major: Economics A. B. Activities: Alpha Xi Delta house manager 3; assistant treasurer 3; treasurer 4; Cheer leader 1; Economics Club, secretary-treasurer 3; A. of W. S. 3, 4; Bethespian 1, 2, 3; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2.

DORIS BERTHA THIELE, Buffalo, N. Y.
Major: English A. B. Activities: Kappa Delta Sorority, assistant treasurer 2, treasurer 3, 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3; president of Education Club 4; German Club 3; A. of W. S. 3, 4; Bethespian Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Art Club 1, 2, 3.



KENNETH UNDERWOOD, Bethany, W. Va.
Major: Journalism A. B. Activities: Sigma Nu; Editor of Collegian 2; Class president 2; Editor of Bethanian 3; president S. B. O. G.; Tau Kappa Alpha.

•

GEORGE WALDON, Independence, Mo. Major: Biblical Literature A. B. Activities: Phi Kappa Tau, secretary; Band 4; Orchestra 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Ministerial Association.



MARJORIE WILT, West View, Pa. Major: Physical Education A. B. Activities: Alpha Xi Delta; Treble Clef; vice president of Bethespian Club; Education Club; Y. W. C. A.

•

ALFRED E. WRIGHT JR., Uniontown, Pa.
Major: Biology A. B. Activities: Beta Theta Pi; Class president 3; vice president Beta Theta Pi 3; Interfraternity Council 4.



JOSEPHINE WYLIE, Pittsburgh, Pa. Major: Biology A. B. Activities: Alpha Xi Delta; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, membership and social service chairman 2, 3, president 4; German Club 1, 2; W. A. A. 1; Sociology Club 3; A. of W. S. 3, 4; Student guide 4; International Relations Club 4; Sociology Club secretary 4.

•

LAURA ZBIEC, Latrobe, Pa. Major: Music A. B. Activities: French Club 1; German Club 2; W. A. A. 1, 2; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; S. B. O. G. 2, 3; Bethespian 1, 2, 3, 4; Collegian Staff 1, 2; Mixed quartette 3, 4; A. of W. S.; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Treble Clef 1, 2, 3; Student Board of Publications.



SENIOR'S SELECTIONS



Top, left to right— The outstanding senior boy caught standing out; Versatile Petie can canter too!; E. J. is likely to get places. Bottom, left to right— Caroline sees success ahead; the outstanding senior girl caught standing in; Invaluable to seniors . . . and guppies.

Looking over its ranks at a final meeting, the class of 1940 selected six of its members as most prominent seniors.

Bobby Murray had the unusual honor of being elected to three of the four titles given to girls. She was named the most outstanding girl, all around girl, and the girl who has contributed the most to the college. Ken Underwood rivaled her

by gaining two of the four titles given to young men. Ken was named the most outstanding boy and has contributed most to the college.

In Caroline Butchko the seniors saw the girl most likely to succeed, while E. J. Honenberger was named the boy most likely to succeed. George Petroff was acclaimed the most all around boy in the class.



THE QUEEN

Her Realm --- Her Attendants



Mary Jane South, student-elected Inter-fraternity Queen, and her two attendants, Jane Bryan and Peggy Euwer, smile for the camera.



Some people are just naturally speed-demons. Such a person is "Ginnie" Richardson, who came to Bethany three years ago as a freshman and who graduates this spring with two majors. She doesn't know which class she skipped, as she was in too much of a hurry to notice; but the fact remains that she has enough academic credits to graduate, and she did it in three years. That, in Bethany, is an achievement. Especially when one of those majors is journalism, in which one has to pound night and day at a typewriter to merely get through the courses. Ginnie does better than that. Most of her grades are B's.

Virginia Richardson

Four years in three.
And two Comprehensives.

Ginnie shows speed in her typing. Her little "Remmy" crackles like twin-machine guns as her dexterous digits dance over the keys. Term papers, short-stories, features, plays, advertising copy fly from her type writer like woodchips from an electric planer. "Remmy" is slowly evolving into a mimeograph.

The blonde K. D. is no mere bookworm, she has found time for dates, dances, and deviltrey. Being president of the "Richardson Literary Service, Incorporated, (She and Remmy) which would turn out anykind of a term-paper for fifteen cents a page and guarantee a B, did keep her busy, but found time to get a Beta pin. Ginnie will most likely be back in 1960 to celebrate the next centennial.

PERSONALITIES

None of the seniors has worked any harder to get a diploma from Bethany than Joe. No one would appreciate a diploma more than he, since he has worked every penny of the way. Few indeed are the students that have the ambition to go to college and run a florist business on the side.

It is pretty tough to take a chance at losing a diploma for which you have worked so hard. It is hard on one's sense of values

when one must decide whether to take such a chance or give up a chance in a very profitable business venture. Joe was offered the chance of leasing a very good floral plant in Wellsburg.

Two large buildings, two small ones (all four totaling 6400 square feet of hot-houses) plus two

acres of ground, a delivery truck, were his for the taking if he would take over by May the fifteenth. The business would demand his attention, there were orders to fill, and a two-man staff to keep busy. Preparation for comprehensives would sort of take it on the nose. Joe was on the spot.

Apparently, Joe had good judgment. Apparently he decided that a sheepskin is merely a recognition of the fact that one has an education, not an education itself. He took the job. If he not an education itself. He took the job. If he passes his comprehensives, good, if not, tough

Joe, whose hobby is flying—he gets his license

continued on page 14

Joe Funk

Ambitious, Industrious
And Educated

Ginnie studying by braille system.



Wellsburg's future florist.



Seven prominent men, experienced in business, industry, religion, and education, brought a touch of the outside world to the campus on May 10 and 11, when Bethany conducted symposiums on the relation of colleges to these larger fields.

On the first day the speakers insisted that business should pay more attention to human relations. They also thought colleges should provide broad, flexible training as well

as specialization. Men who spoke the first day were Clyde M. Vandenburg, director of public relations for Packard Motor Company, Mark M. Jones, president of the Akron Belting Company,

Howard T. Lewis, of the graduate school of business administration at Harvard University,

and Holgar J. Johnson, president of the Institute of Life Insurance in New York City.

On the second day classes were curtailed while Dr. George A. Buttrick told that both religion and education need to tolerate each other more. Dr. Frank P. Graves, New York State Commissioner of Education, talked of the worth of small liberal arts colleges, of Dolbear, of the need for alumni support. Dr. Floyd W. Reeves, director of the American Youth Commission of the American Council on Education, reminded that "there are more young men and women with ability out of college than in college," and that it is becoming increasingly difficult to keep freedom of thought and action alive on American campuses.

Special convocations were held each afternoon of the symposium. Each of the days speakers were granted honorary degrees of Doctor of Laws. Dean Stanton C. Crawford, University of Pittsburgh, and graduate of Bethany in 1918, also received a degree. Dean Crawford presided at the Saturday afternoon session of the symposium.

At informal conferences granted to students afterwards, Jones condemned colleges for failure to turn out able leaders, for a widespread ignorance of the principles of "democratic capitalism" and American economic history. Reeves admitted that the New Deal has done little to solve unemployment or its causes in our economic system.

One hundred and twenty-five high school girls, lightly clad in shorts, play suits, and gym suits, cavorted across the Bethany campus on Saturday, May 4, taking part in Bethany's seventh annual play day.

Despite the chilly weather the girls, who came from 25 different high schools in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Ohio, played team sports from before noon until late afternoon.

Miss Blanche Burrow, physical education instructor, mobilized her Women's Athletic Association to direct the teams in their play.

Each high school sent a team of five girls, together with an instructor or adult recreational leader. Cars began to arrive at the information booth opposite the lower campus gates before noon. They were directed up New College avenue, and they parked opposite Gateway Hall, where they registered for the events of the day.

At noon the girls took time out for a luncheon in the basement of the Bethany Memorial Church, where women from the town served them hot dogs, salads, ice cream on a stick.

At noon the girls took time out for a luncheon in the basement of the Bethany Memorial Church, where women from the town served them hot dogs, salads, ice cream on a stick.

Most of the talks were sprinkled with statements worth quoting. "A man with references can be found for any job, but a man with ideas is exceedingly hard to find."—Vandenburg. "This hodgepodge of meaningless superstructure (federal bureaucracy) must be torn down."—Jones. "Reverence must welcome the new psychology and the new eugenics, however brash their adolescence; and the new probings into social and economic life."—Buttrick.

Campus concert by Weimer, Inc



Centennial Celebrations

Symposium

Open House

From the end of the basketball season on to the end of the year, Bethanians must rely upon interfraternity athletics mostly as an outlet for any display of the irrepressible spirit which is always so evident about this campus! Granted that the track team does have two or three meets each spring but, for an all too apparent reason, we cannot have them here and so it must needs travel to said meets in whatever means of conveyance happen to be on hand at the time. From the looks of things this year, it won't be long till the Bethany teams are getting their warm-up on the way to the meet.

Our meets this year have been at W & J, Carnegie Tech and the Tri-State meet at Geneva. The best showing was made at Carnegie Tech when seven more points in our favor would have given us a little more to write about and in a more sanguine mood. With "Smoky" Laird, Norm Fair, Bill Stockdale, and Bob Kaiser, the latter on condition primarily, showing the way, the rest came through as best they could although the shade of Bob Sovetts must have squirmed at some of the times that were chalked us. Among those who showed up for the first turn-out early in the spring and were still there when the meets started were Dick Umbel, Lou Finch, Dode Myers, Dick Barker, John McCord, Roger Waterman, Wib Cramblet, "Dinty" Moore, and the Four Horsemen of anything athletic at Bethany, Tommy Cullison, Horse Taylor, Dick Jackson, and Bud Kuhns.

It has been quite some time now since our ears have heard the Tower Bell ring out for anything except when it is carrying out its regular duty of tolling the hour five minutes after the hands give it warning. Let's hope that the occa-

sion arises to ring it in true Quasimodo fashion before that quaint tradition is forgotten and relegated to that same sacred spot where so many Bethany traditions have disappeared to.

Due primarily to the too typically Bethany weather this spring interfraternity sport has been slowed up in just about every field. At the time of the writing of this article we are in the midst of the play-offs for the mushball cup with the Phi Taus leading the Betas at two games to one and

far be it from me to make any predictions not only as to the outcome but also as to whether there will be a resumption of the play-off or not. There is also a tennis tournament of sorts going on but no one seems to be aware of just where that stands. The Sigs are ahead in the handball tournament having been successful in all their matches to date but if the *Bethanian* is going to get out before the students get out we will have to go to press with these various items still in the play-off stage. And in the middle of final exam week, at that!

All in all we can look back, athletically at least, to the past year without patting ourselves on the back and console ourselves with the old adage which is always good at this time of year, namely, watch out for Bethany next year.

PERSONALITIES—*continued*:

the first of June—was certainly flying blind. "Gee!" he grinned, "I feel as if I am in a tail-spin and don't know whether to use my chute or try to save the ship." If education is the reconstruction of experience which adds to the ability to direct the course of subsequent experience, Joe is educated.

Stockdale, Laird and Fair pass us by.



He (anonymous) is up and over.



There is no species of griping so popular in Bethany today as the educational brand of belly-aching. It has been intimated to me that many things are wrong with our college by faculty and students alike who may be said to represent the alpha and omega of reliability on such subjects. The college is swarming with educational prestidigitators. The remarkable thing about this condition is that there are very few seniors who are claiming the distinction of being educational experts. I found that out when I discussed the contents of this paper with them. It would seem that as they approach the stern realities without these cloistered halls, they have become cautious, indeed skeptical in their outlook. I have noticed the change within the last month. The tart quality of the unripe is gone. The pedantic sarcasm is no more.

The seniors have learned a lot since that first week when we came to get "oriented." It was all so simple then. We listened to speeches and stood in line. We were addressed by one dean on what we ought to do and by another dean on what we ought not to do. In the morning we were warned by a professor that we came to college to get an education and in the afternoon confided in by the coach that an education is the last thing any red-blooded young man comes to college for. Advice was the last thing that we lacked when that curtainraiser week came to a close. If we had assimilated one-tenth of it—which we did not—we would have enough to last to the end of our days. Much of it we couldn't understand. It took us four years to know what was being hinted at by the statement "that we must seek adjustment to our highest potential, respond to our creative urge, seek to integrate what we learn into an universal harmony of knowledge, and strive to live the abundant life." But when a big brother told us how to get a bid to a sorority dance—brother—we comprehended.

Seniors have found out that there is no royal short cut to learning. Even though it seems that we have spent our lives so far learning less and less about more and more until we have become intellectually unbuttoned. Students cry for survey courses, outline courses—see civilization on

the "educational rubberneck bus." Yet it already seems that some lectures start with the origin of the cosmos and come down to the election of John Dewey. Mr. Reeves, of the American Youth Commission talked in Commencement Hall but a week ago of the need of coordinating courses, of the disastrous trend of departmentalization in our colleges. True, but we can go too far the other way. One college, I know of has a course in the "Story of Civilization." It covers six

centuries an hour. Students tell me that the lecturer flashes through the Eocene, the Miocene, and the Pliocene ages right down to the Obscene which is the contemporary era. The greatness and decline of Rome are masterstrokes in seven minutes; the Darwinian theory is elucidated in four and the industrial revolution gets by while the professor pauses for breath.

Some students cry for the abolition of the lecture system and the substitution of more active participation by the student in the classroom exercises. The usual academic lecture we are asked to believe is a process by which things pass from the notebook of the professor to the notebook of the student without going through the heads of either. So let it be amputated from the curriculum. Anyhow the lecture is a survival of scholasticism, a medieval hangover. Where students cry, is your democratic freedom, in schools, when the *ex cathedra* dogmatists deliver pontifical discourses from the rostrum with no opportunity for the benches to hit back. If you wish to avoid tyranny encourage the student to assume a "challenging attitude" toward everything the professor may say whether it be an assertion that the earth is a sphere, or that the Germans have captured Berlin.

About the same teacher, I have heard from fellow students that he makes them work too hard, or not hard enough. He discourages thought by making the subject too simple, or dampens enthusiasm by making it too complex. Ideas about teaching, like those concerning American government, are all created free and equal.

But teaching is an art, and a true art can never be enslaved to formal rules. Teaching,
continued on page 18

Senior Message To the College

by KENNETH UNDERWOOD

Administration officials have long said that the two week senior reading period preceeding the Senior Comprehensive Examinations was perhaps the most educational feature of the college curriculum. Alumni have written to the college telling of the value each has received from this period of concentrated study. But what do this year's seniors, the ones who are now passing through the experience think of it? Is the reading period, in the participants' minds, all that it is supposed to be?

About half the members of the senior class were questioned while they were in the midst of reading, so their answers are what they think now not what they will see in retrospection.

The great majority of seniors like the reading period. Some like it because of the variation from the usual classroom-lecture-preparation grind of the college year. Others like it because they feel it to be necessary to a correlation of the college courses they have already taken. Another reason for the seniors' liking the reading period is the fact that it was the first time many of them actually had time to study. Or should it be had time for actual study? One senior expressing the last of these reasons said, "I like it because it's the first time I've had time to study *and* sleep."

The minority vote on the subject said it was too boring or that it was too much of a strain. Those reporting boredom said that they had no new work to study and the old stuff they were

supposed to review was too dull. One girl left her academic work entirely and spent her time on reading popular novels.

Those who found it too much of a strain were those who had such tasks as making up incompletes as well as the readings for the comprehensive. Although they said the Reading Period was too much of a strain, these people failed to mention how they would have man-

aged classes as well as comprehensive preparation and the wiping off of an incomplete.

Actual time spent in study by these would-be graduates was six and a half hours a day, on an average. This ran from a low of three hours to a high of ten hours a day spent in bookin'.

The rest of the day was spent in doing everything, anything, and nothing. Loafing, dating, catching insects for freshman biology students, these and other as interesting occupations took up the days and evenings. Quite a few took a two or three day vacation before beginning to study, and went home to visit the folks. One group of girls set themselves up on an eight hour sleep, eight hour study and eight hour recreation schedule. They made it work too—for the first day or two. After that they slipped off the schedule, but it was the recreation, not the study or the sleep, that was slighted.

Very few of our graduates-to-be were worried about their comprehensives. Some admitted that they should be, but shrugged and let it go at that. Those who did said it was only psychological.

Reading Period, Pro and Con

Porter puts on the steam.



Deep concentration by Doris and Annie.



DO NOT FORGET—*cont'd*:
 not forget that it is our present idea to stay out of this war, that no foreign entanglements is a tradition, that we have a passion for peace, that our loyalties are to our youth that we refuse to send into useless conflict, that our ideal is love and good-will to all mankind. We can stay out of this war. Refusal to listen to lopsided loquacious emotionalism, refusal to believe there is any reason for going to war, can and will keep us from Europe's conflict. We are determined to stay out. Do not forget that.

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Interpretation of facts is not only a necessity, as it was explained by one of our recent symposium speakers, but it is also a very interesting occupation.

Reading through a book that contains nothing but facts, such as the World Almanac, is dusty, unless we realize what those facts mean.

In the 1940 edition of the World Almanac, under the heading of Colleges of the U. S., that Have an Endowment of \$2,000,000 or more, we find the name, Bethany College. Checking farther, we find that of all the colleges listed here only five have a smaller student body than has Bethany. This makes Bethany one of the smallest wealthy colleges in the country.

What does that have to do with the students of the college? How does it help them or does it?

It does in many obvious ways, and some not so obvious. The beautiful campus is the first to come to the eye. Its upkeep and maintainance are possible because of this generous endowment fund. Smaller cost for an education is another benefit the student receives from attending a college heavily endowed. From this fund, money is appropriated for student employment, aids, fellowships, and scholarships.

Better facilities is yet another advantage. A larger library, more and better classrooms, laboratory materials—all these are due to the fund created for the support of Bethany.

But perhaps the biggest advantage of a large endowment both to the college and to the students is that of selection. By being financially well-fixed, the college can choose those high school graduates that it wants—those who will be a credit to the college. That is why 65% of

this year's Freshmen were honor students in high school.

A college is made up of three elements; faculty, facilities, and students, and the most important of these is students. Good students can go far in making up for deficiencies in the other two departments, but without good students the finest faculty in the world would be of no avail. With the power to select only those persons she believes qualified and worthy of a college education, Bethany is building a good college.

To an ordinary observer glancing through the World Almanac, Bethany is just another name in the list of those colleges fortunate enough to have a large endowment. To us who are attending Bethany it means the opportunity to gain a better education.

SENIOR MESSAGE—cont'd:

seniors believe, is an intensely personal thing; it cannot be standardized any more than leadership can. Every good teacher has his own way of doing it.

There is no best method of instruction. Education does not succeed or fail on the issue of methodology but on the capacity and the personality of the teacher himself. That ought to be commonplace, but it isn't. It ought to be the message of the seniors, and it is.

This is their swan song. It is their message. There is no substitute and there never can be any substitute for men in the process of education, for earnest, enthusiastic, capable men in the faculty

and student body. Given these you have a great college; without them all the new fangled methods, and new Gothic buildings will never avail an institution much. It is the men that made Bethany in the past. The Campbells, the Pendletons, the Dolbears, the Bournes, the Woolerys, the Cramblets, the Chris Grahams, the Dagny Andersons, the Chuck Phillips's.

It is men, not methods or measures or buildings that determine whether a college shall be first-rate or second-class. Or, to put it more accurately, first find the men and the rest of the educational problems will take care of themselves.

Then teachers will tell the whole truth so far as they know it. Then our books will be carried underneath our arms, and will be in the hands of students being read rather than looking for a resting place in the stacks.

The opportunities we enjoy here now are because of great men. If we fail to become a greater school it will be because of the good men we lose or fail to employ. Men before buildings, seniors would say. Men before winning teams.

When we say we believe in Bethany we mean that we believe in her men—in the faculty and the student body.

Keep the college small but the men great!

Bethany Facts

by BUDD DEER

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